F O R U M and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

CAREFUL observers of the passing scene keep telling us that things are not as well with us as they seem. It is an old story — perhaps the oldest in the world; and it comes from that peculiar faculty of man to look ahead of him as well as behind, taking thought to preserve for to-morrow the benefits he enjoys to-day. Thus all the prophets from Jeremiah to H. L. Mencken have thundered their denunciation of our follies, and by doing so, have forearmed us by forewarning us of the dangers which threaten our security.

IN an evolutionary world whose only permanence is change, the times are always out of joint. Goethe has compared the progress of humanity to the reelings of a drunken peasant on horseback. For alas, poor Yorick cannot keep his saddle: he sways about giddily from side to side, and when he lurches too far to the left, he can only avoid a tumble by lunging too far to the right. This drunken peasant has written the history of mankind, and in perspective it looks like a mad man's chart of endless zigzags. Excesses in one direction have always bred kindred excesses in the opposite direction. In literature a stilted classicism gave place to a wildly exotic romanticism. In politics absolute monarchy was overthrown by absolute democracy, and the imbecile laws of the mob have become as irksome to honest men as ever were the harsh edicts of single tyrants. In business a similar reversal has taken place. Time was when traders and merchants were thought to be a lower order of humanity, and now look at them! Our business men are the salt of the earth, the leaders of the nation.

BELIEVING that the age we live in is chiefly distinguished by the dominance of business over all other human interests, the Editor of THE FORUM invited four distinguished critics to meet at his house and discuss the future which our present business generation is preparing for us.

Contents for OCTOBER

What I Believe. *Living Philosophies XIII* . . . . . ALBERT EINSTEIN 193

Hoover the Medicine Man . . . . . ELMER DAVIS 195

Dark Days Ahead. *A Dialogue on the Bankruptcy of Business Leadership* . . . . . JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, STUART CHASE, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES 200

Sex Madness . . . . . LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D. 208

Economic Imperialism. *The Makings of the Next War* . . . . . RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL 213

Bailey's Beach. *A Short Story* . . . . . ESTHER FORBES 218

Two Woodcuts . . . . . GAN KOLSKI 224

The Twelve Greatest Dates . . . . . WILL DURANT 226

$500 for Dead Men's Bones. *A Prize Contest* 232

Rocket Ships. *A Visit to Mars* . . . . . WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT 233

If There Be. *A Poem* . . . . . HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING 239

Adventures of a Dictator. *At the Deathbed of an Empire* . . . . . WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS 240

Dowries for Daughters . . . . . R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS 242

The Disunited States of Europe . . . . . SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA 246

Opinions about Books

Roosevelt, The Story of a Friendship . . . . . JOHN CHAMBERLAIN VIII

This Land of Liberty . . . . . GEORGE N. SHUSTER VIII

The Outlaw Years . . . . . R. L. DUFFUS XIV

Forum Definitions. *What is Evil?* XXX

Travel. *Travel in Russia* . . . . . WILLIAM C. WHITE XXXIII

Our Rostrum XXXVIII

Downtown. *Forecasting the Future* . . . . . DONALD REA HANSON XLII

Women's Club Bureau L

Toasts LII

VOL. LXXXIV — No. 4

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F O R U M

Next Month

POLLYANNA, OUR PATRON GODDESS

James Truslow Adams

Mr. Adams believes that we Americans are afraid to face the naked truth about ourselves and the forces that are molding our lives. His spirited article is a challenge to us to grow up, develop our critical faculties, and think clearly.

WE TRY TRIAL MARRIAGE

Helen Conway

A true confession by a woman who ignored the established customs regulating marriage. She resolved to build her happiness on the basis of the new sex theories advocated by Bertrand Russell and his school, and found that . . . well, we ought not to spoil her intensely interesting story by revealing the results of her personal experiment. It will be much better to let her tell you in her own words in THE FORUM next month.

THE REAL HOOVER

Ashmun Brown

In the current issue Elmer Davis paints a picture of President Hoover which is by no means flattering. Next month a well-known Washington correspondent who has watched the President at close range and seen him in action will give readers of THE FORUM quite a different interpretation of our Chief Executive. You can then decide for yourself which is the real Hoover and which is the Hoover myth.

THE WETS GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE NECK

Arthur Briggs

Up to now the wets have had rather the better of the argument in the pages of THE FORUM — not through any design of the Editors, but because the drys seemed unable to produce a convincing champion. We now believe that we have discovered a David for the dry cause in Arthur Briggs; he slings enough gibes, arguments, and embarrassing questions to put the wet army on the defensive. His article is a one-man debate against the whole camp of embattled anti-prohibitionists.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Lewis Mumford

Until now all the contributors to THE FORUM'S series of Living Philosophies have been men of the older generation. Next month the younger generation will be heard from, the first paper being by Lewis Mumford; and this will be followed by similar articles by Joseph Wood Krutch and Irwin Edman.

THE GREATEST DATES IN HISTORY

H. G. Wells

The last of three articles in which distinguished historians select the most important events of all time and show how these great moments of the past shaped the present as we know it. On the basis of these selections THE FORUM has announced a $500 prize contest which is open to everybody everywhere; for full details see page 232 of this issue.

MACHINELESS MEN

Stuart Chase

No economist has been so ruthless in criticizing our machine-age civilization as Stuart Chase. Recently returning from a visit to Mexico, he brought back with him a charming account of the civilization, so little known to us, of our nearest neighbor to the south. He shows it to be derived from the ancient cultures of the Aztecs and Mayas, surviving in quiet dignity and beauty untouched by the machine.

FOREWORD

Continued

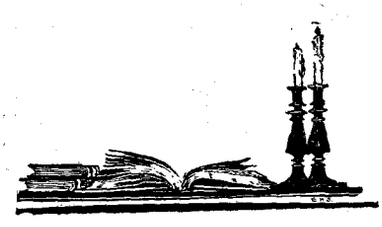
James Truslow Adams, Stuart Chase, Henry Seidel Canby, and Howard Mumford Jones responded, and the dialogue which begins on page 200 of this issue is the result. Unlike all the other dialogues we have published, the participants in this one found themselves in substantial agreement about the main facts. All of them thought that our real leadership today is a business leadership, and that it has been lacking in wisdom and foresight.

ONE important point, however, they did not mention, although it bears directly upon the subject under discussion. And that is the change which seems to be taking place in the fundamentals of American character. The complexity of modern life is unquestionably having its effect upon our moral fiber. It is a well-known platitude that adversity brings out a man's real strength, if he has any, while prosperity gives full play to his weaknesses. And this is equally true of a nation. In a recent letter to us, Mr. Adams made some acute observations on this matter. He said that our national characteristics are changing, for we are substituting "self-expression for discipline, prosperity for liberty, restlessness for rest, spending for saving, show for solidity, newness for oldness, dependence for self-reliance, gregariousness for solitude, luxury for simplicity, national for local, success for integrity, easy generosity for carefulness, impression for thought, facts for ideas, practical for ideal, fear of opinion for independence, social democracy for class, the mediocre for the excellent."

WHEN a deeply thoughtful American can reach this conclusion, it is time to pause and take stock of our situation. For as John Jay Chapman said in "My Secret Journal" (THE FORUM, April, 1928):

"Old Grover Cleveland thought God stood behind us
And loved this land peculiarly. Amen.
I hope so. But the feeling should not blind us
To taking some precautions now and then;
For God will have his hands full: He'll soon find us
A nation with no educated men.
I'd not be blasphemous. — Let's think it o'er.
At least he never saved that kind before."

— EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL



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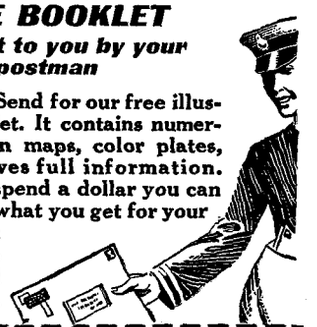

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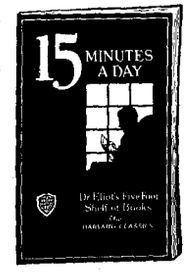

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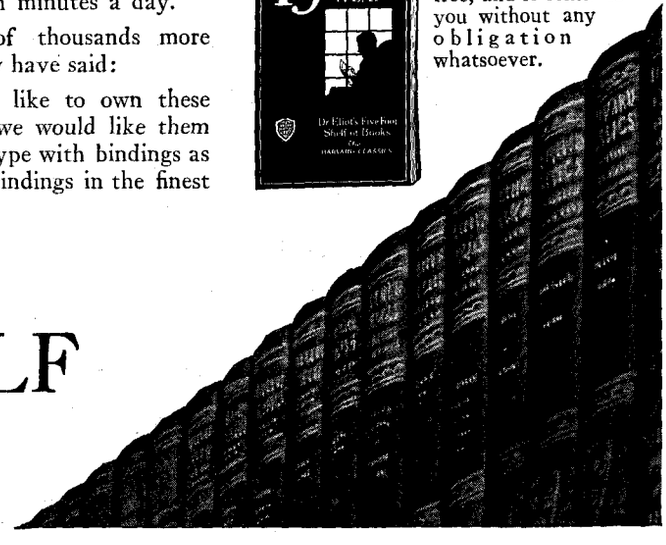

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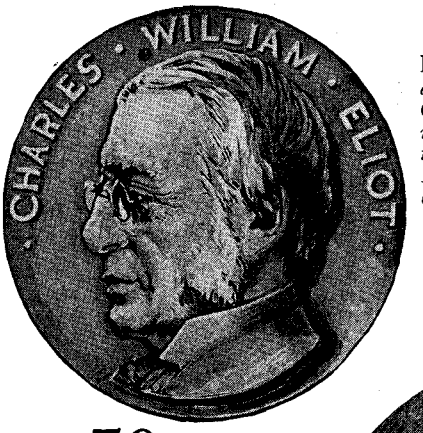

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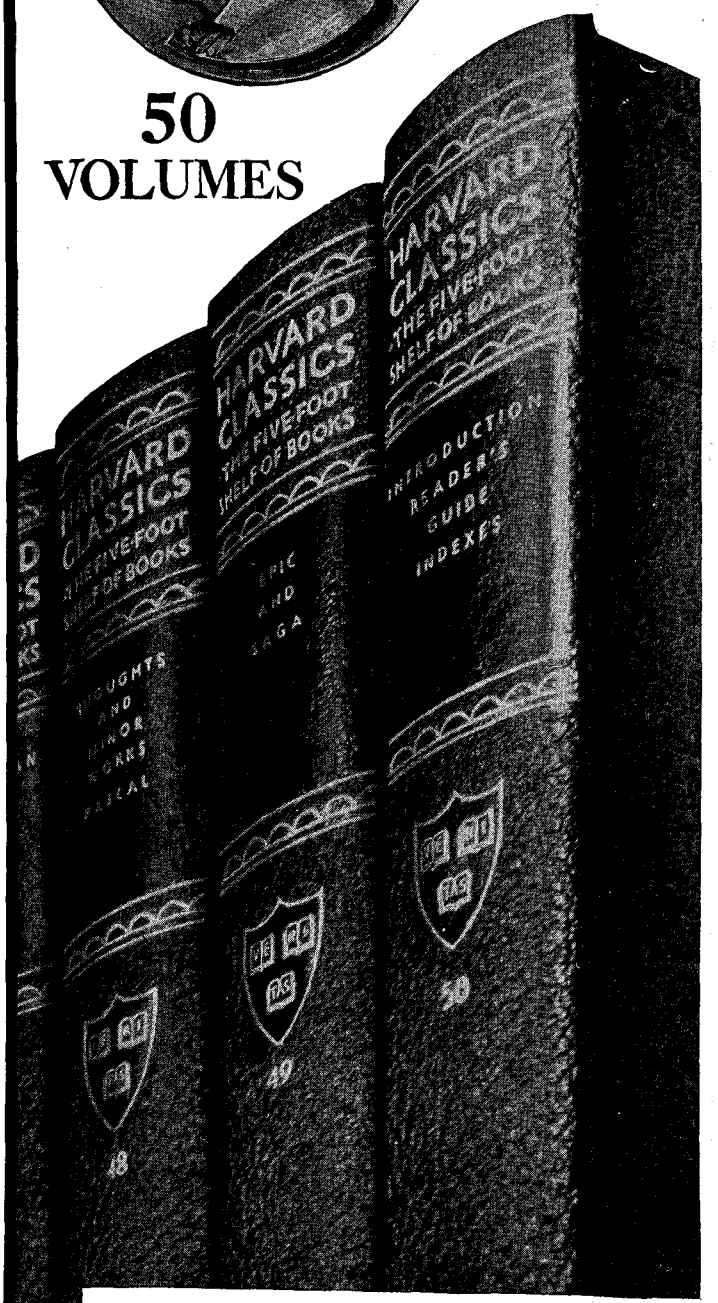

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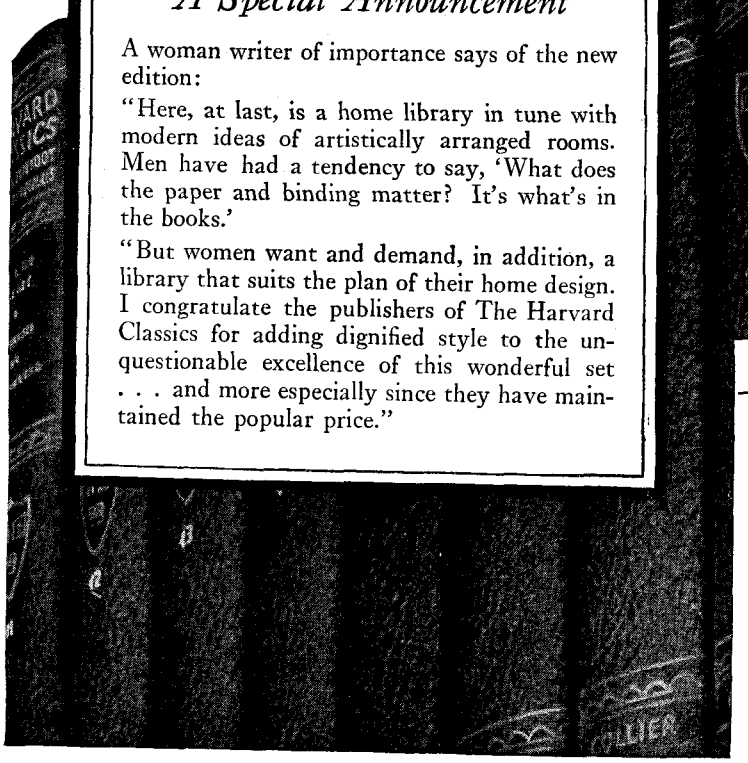

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

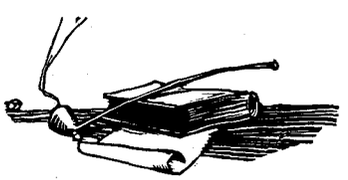
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN **GEORGE N. SHUSTER**
R. L. DUFFUS

T. R. Whitewashed

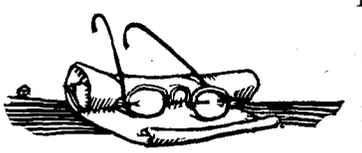
ROOSEVELT, THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, 1880–1919, by Owen Wister; Macmillan, $4.00.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

THIS BOOK is the work of a cultivated personality, of one rich in enviable experience of the Great World. Owen Wister is an Older American, one of the breed of Henry Adams, Justice Holmes, and others with whom he had fruitful contacts; and he writes with a charm that is at once magnetic and insidious. The magnetism gathers force because of our twentieth century nostalgia for a civilization that could produce an Owen Wister and endow him with cultivated traits that one looks for in vain in the typical university product of a racketeering age like the present. But the book is the more insidious, in certain respects, because of this very strong pull upon our sympathies.

Not that Wister is to be condemned for his admiration for Roosevelt; the man was, after all, an admirable character in many ways. H. L. Mencken has called him a "mean" man, but the record doesn't bear the prejudice out. One may be repelled by Roosevelt's treatment of Colombia in the Panama Canal case, and still account him a force for good in the President's seat. No matter how much of a common scold T. R. may have become subsequent to 1914, he did stand out as a valuable protest in an age that had been given over, from 1865 to 1900 and after, to uncritical expansion. Mr. Wister sets forth Roosevelt's symbolic and practical virtues as a "trust-buster" very logically indeed.



But Mr. Wister has his own *déformation professionelle:* as one who supported Roosevelt in his efforts to involve us in the World War he cannot see Woodrow Wilson: and he cannot think from the World War as a premise, as we all must do if sanity is to prevail. In a corporate world the enemy is not any one country or group of countries, but War itself; and if Mr. Wister won't take the suggestion from a young pup this side of thirty, let him read Stuart Chase on the subject.



To judge from the final pages of his book, Mr. Wister has never troubled his head over the war guilt question from the day the Germans rightly sank the Lusitania (it was their only way of answering the British blockade) until the present. Messrs. Barnes, Fay, Ponsonby, and others might never have written a line for all the effect they have had on Mr. Wister!

Lord Bryce said of Roosevelt that he could not always look at a thing; and Mr. Wister is open to the same criticism. To counteract the false impression given by the closing passages of this book one should go over, carefully, the *Roosevelt, An Autopsy*, of Mr. Mencken, and "Roosevelt: The Story of an Animosity," by Bainbridge Colby, in the August 1930 issue of *Current History*.

Then there is the insidious matter of Mr. Wister's recurrent Toryism and priggishness. "The one type of citizen more undesirable than Haywood," he says, in speaking of Big Bill, "is his sheltered, drawing-room sympathizer." This type of sympathizer Mr. Wister sets down as a "parlor political pervert." Does such an epithet suggest, for example, John Dos Passos and a number of other admirers of Haywood who are courageous and who are endowed with a salutary vision of evil, even if they are politically misguided? The young Wister who submitted a first novel to Howells would hardly have spun out the phrase so glibly.

It is to be suspected, also, that the young Wister would not have acquiesced so easily to Roosevelt's essentially tractarian view of the offices of literature. Roosevelt helped pull the teeth of Booth Tarkington as a writer, a thing that Tarkington, perhaps inadvertently, admits in *The World Do Move*. Did Roosevelt's admonitions cripple Wister to some extent? Lacking the positive evidence, one can only surmise: but it is not comforting to watch Wister let Roosevelt go so easily. Wister lived rather honorably through the period of what Newton Arvin has happily called the "kept writer"; how fine it would have been if the creator of "The Virginian" had maintained a tough-mindedness in criticizing the feebler spirits of his own age!

But we carp too long at a book that will continue to have immense value as a revelation of its times. Some of Mr. Wister's most charming pages are devoted to biographical treatment of Henry Adams, Justice Holmes, Henry Cabot Lodge, Winthrop Chanler, Ambassador Jusserand, and others of the White House "familiars" of Roosevelt's day. These pages must not be missed, for they belong on the shelf beside *The Education of Henry Adams* as priceless source material for one seeking the key to our American civilization of the industrial epoch between the Civil War and the World War. They are by all odds the best pages in a remarkable book.

Liberty's Knell

THIS LAND OF LIBERTY, by Ernest Sutherland Bates; Harper, $3.00.
Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

A LIBERAL might be defined as a person who considers the United States an area of three million odd square miles which produced liberty for one hundred

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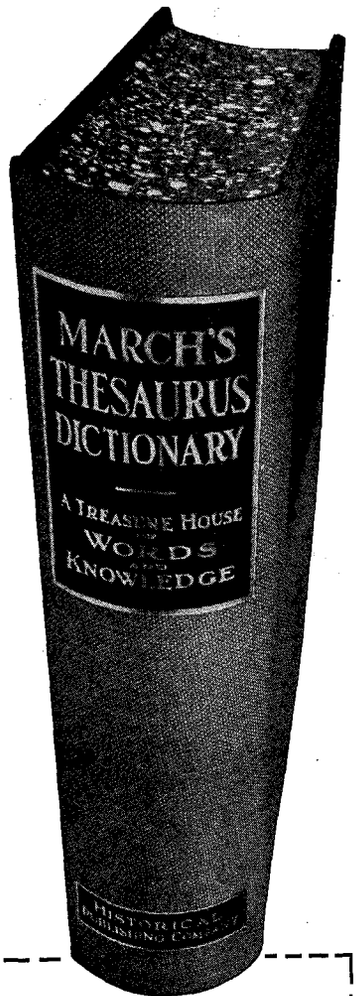

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the plight of the submerged and perspiring professor. All this is narrated in English which blazes, crackles, spits, and engenders heat like a good bonfire or a torchlight parade.

A book so readable and alive can be guaranteed not to show a trace of dullness or debility. It suffers badly, however, from a superabundance of material and emotion. Though all the topics are spicy enough, some of them hardly affect the discussion. Christian Science pot-shots at Mr. Dakin, for example, are deplorable, but concern constitutional rights no more than does a wealthy burgher's campaign to keep his grandmother's gambling debts out of the papers. By reaching out for so much of this evidence, Mr. Bates in the end finds himself without space to write about essential matters.

His chapters on war-time hysteria and its aftermath, for instance, are good enough to make one bemoan the fact that the story is neither complete nor fully convincing. Nothing is said about La-Follette, or about the effect of the chauvinistic high tide upon the army itself, or (finally) about the actual dimensions of government opposition to all anti-Wilsonians. Similar incompleteness qualifies most sections of the book, impairing the strength of the argument and scattering the reader's attention.

But possibly the overdose of emotion is even more regrettable. It sometimes leads Mr. Bates, normally a lucid thinker, to disregard the exact trend of his reasoning. Speaking at the close of his book of the younger generation, he attributes to it "a new frankness, a new intellectual honesty": and while Wordsworth sought instruction from the vernal wood, Mr. Bates gets "more reason to hope" from "girls on a beach" than from "all the solemn sermons." I shall not quarrel with this conception of homiletic, but it does seem that if the machine age accomplishes all the terrible things attributed to it in the first chapters of the present book, its production of Mr. Bates' young ladies is one of the most surprising miracles on record.

More apparent is a recurrent failure to avoid overstatement. By no means all professors chug along in "ramshackle Fords," nor does every business man cavort in a Packard. When Mr. Bates argues that all antagonism to published obscenity is really opposition to ideas, he is simply not telling the truth; and his denunciation of the enemies of birth control ignores entirely their chief argument, which is that contraception will be used in the name of social welfare to take from the poor their right to have children.

One also thinks that Mr. Bates' general description of the development of intolerance would have profited by a sum-

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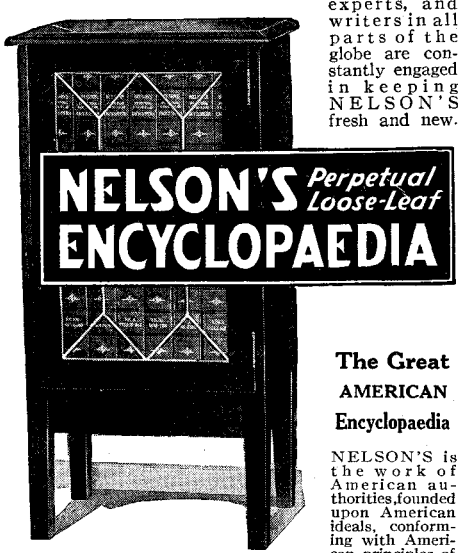

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mary of what religious groups did both for the ideal of freedom and for the current habit of intolerance. Finally, such a problem as this surely needs to be seen in a comparative spirit; and Mr. Bates may not unfairly be accused of having bounded over the tyrannical narrowness which formerly characterized legislation in nearly all the states and of having attributed to Europeans a liberality they do not possess. In short, this is a fine, spirited book which will be read to the accompaniment of sincere repartee.

Bloody Frontiers

THE OUTLAW YEARS, by Robert M. Coates; Macaulay, $3.00.
Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS.

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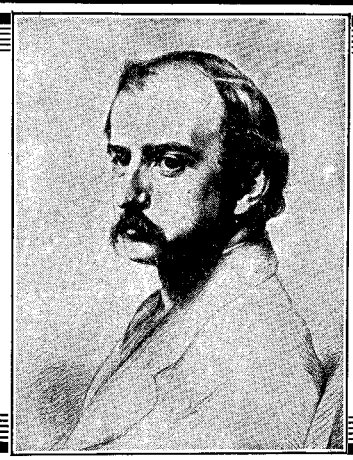
Mr. Coates gives us with considerable gusto some pictures which make the later days and the further West seem a little tame: Steigal slowly cutting off Harpe's head with a butcher knife; Samuel Mason, doughty soldier under Washington, turning robber and murderer, then killed by his own men and his head brought back to the authorities in "a large, lumpy ball of clay"; Murrel's bloodthirsty depredations and the equally bloodthirsty vengeance taken by law and order when his plot to raise the slaves and set up an outlaw republic was discovered.

The trouble with this phase of the story is that the usual reader can stand about so much blood, after which his capacity for being horrified tends to diminish. If Mr. Coates' story were just a recital of atrocities, as at times one fears it is going to be, it would not be half so good. But Mr. Coates has also a sense of atmosphere. He sees the wilderness itself as a kind of evil *deus ex machina* inspiring to ungodly deeds men who might have remained within the law had they lived in a less terrifying region. Just how far he is justified in so placing the blame must be a matter of opinion. Perhaps the dense-



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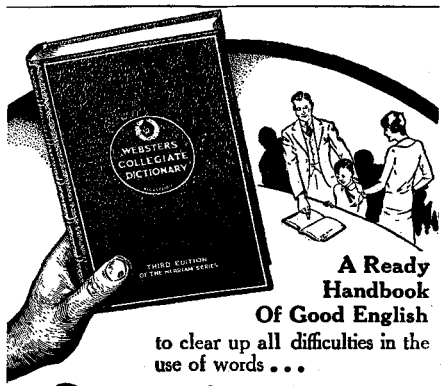

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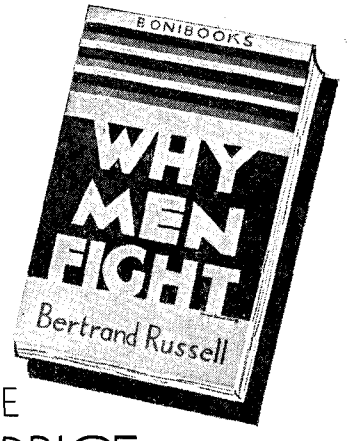

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Books

ness and darkness of the primeval forest did react on men's emotions in a way that the empty, sunny plains to the west of the Mississippi did not. But the hypothesis is an interesting one, however we view it, and it heightens the dramatic effect of Mr. Coates' narrative.

By 1835 this dismal phase of pioneering was about over: "The bandits had been born of the wilderness: its thickets and swamps had been the background and its lonely trails the scene of all their operations. And now the wilderness itself was vanishing; the scene had shifted, and like actors on a vacant stage they were left with no background for the consummation of their plotting. . . . The dark passions, the bitter abnegations, the solitary lives and wild convocations of those early days had been fading in men's minds."

Here is something for us to think about when we are tempted to romanticize the frontier. It is this underlying conception that transforms what might have been mere melodrama into something of solid — though Mr. Coates will probably shrink at this adjective — historical value. Of course frontier life was not all banditry and morbid lonesomeness. The rivers pouring to the Gulf broke the forest gloom and turned men's minds outward. The homely virtues of hospitality and neighborliness flourished. Abraham Lincoln was born in the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky and grew to manhood not far north of the great Natchez "Trace."

Mr. Coates has not emphasized those shining qualities of the early western scene that produced Lincoln. He is to be taken, therefore, not with a grain of salt, for the gist of his story is unquestionably accurate, but with the understanding that some redeeming facts have been left out.

Books in Brief

PARTIES, by Carl Van Vechten; Knopf, $2.50.

SUBTITLING his latest cartoon "Scenes from Contemporary New York Life," Van Vechten is again narrating the antics of the sophisticates. This time he is concerned with drinking: drinking as practiced under the prohibition statutes; drinking not as an art but as a profession. By noon his people (varying from an old German Countess to speakeasy riffraff) are feeling high, by twilight they are drunk, and after dark their real life, such as it is, begins. This reader is inclined to doubt whether either the chronicles or the characters are worth recording. In general — there are occasional amusing passages — both are stupid, despite their obvious "smartness." Van Vechten's parties are like many others in that their aftermaths are a dark-brown taste and a hangover.

SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH, by Sheila Kaye-Smith; Harper, $2.50.

IN A NOVEL of quiet beauty and deep feeling Miss Kaye-Smith has written of two shepherds of Sussex souls, one a Church of England rector and the other a man whose business is selling tea and whose calling is that of an evangelist. Both love and are loved by women: Mr. Bennet by his faithful, gentle wife — a beautifully done character which so easily might have been made sentimental; George Heasman by Theresa, a hoyden whose passion leads her to a tragic end. These relationships, along with the fight made by Mr. Bennet to retain certain episcopal rites which he has practiced for years and which are countermanded by a new Bishop, form the plot of the book, the setting of which is that English countryside and village life the author knows so well. Expertly written, portraying a simplicity of life and soul, this novel is a worthy addition to those already published under Miss Kaye-Smith's name.

SEED, by Charles G. Norris; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

THESIS novels are usually not very good novels, and this story which avowedly centers about birth control is no exception. Mr. Norris has tried so hard to be fair to both the defenders and opponents of birth control measures that his arguments (and in some passages the book reads more like an argument than fiction) for each side have lost their effectiveness. The thread on which the debate hangs is the decline of a once powerful California family. One is shown that certain branches would have benefited by a judicious exercise of contraceptive methods and that others, which took advantage of those methods, would have been happier had they disregarded them. The characters are without exception wooden — mere exponents of contrasting schools of thought, and the action, especially toward the last, is uninteresting. The author is to be complimented on his fairmindedness and also on attempting to treat a subject concerning which there is so much prejudice on all sides, but as a novel his book leaves much to be desired.

I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER, by Claude Houghton; Simon and Schuster, $1.00.

ENTERTAINING and well written, this book, one of the first of the Inner Sanctum dollar novels, left us with the feeling that we had been the victim of a

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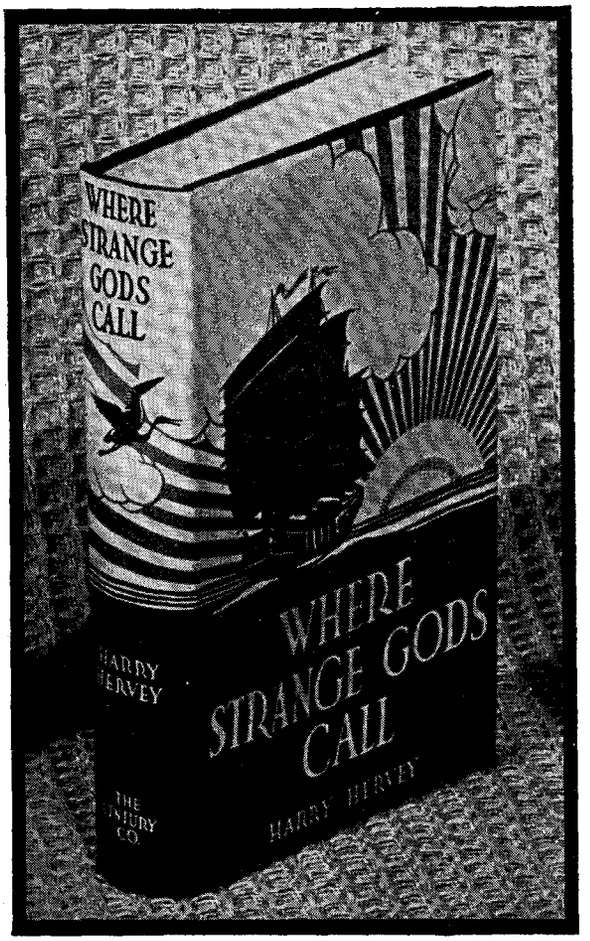

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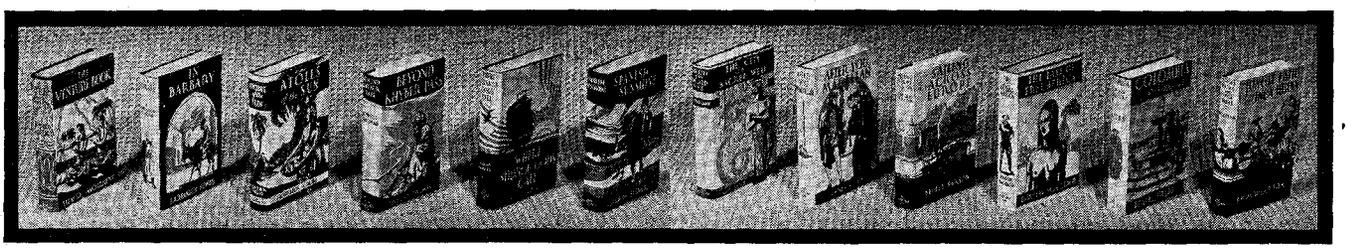

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Books

genteel hoax. The author creates considerable suspense by means of writing at length about his chief character — and then, at the end, introducing him to the reader in the final line. There are no explanations, no apologies: Jonathan Scrivener merely knocks at the door and presents himself. This, we realize, is subtlety, but for us it is subtlety carried a bit too far. Otherwise, however, the yarn — we prefer to discount the elaborate philosophical discussions the book contains — is an interesting one. Like Mr. Balderston's play, *Berkeley Square*, it will provoke many arguments as to just what happened; which probably proves its worth as a mystery novel.

PAUL ROBESON, NEGRO, by Eslanda Goode Robeson; Harper, $2.50.

AT A TIME when the pitch of interest in Paul Robeson is running high because of his performance as Othello in London, comes a book by his wife giving glimpses into his life and work. His rearing, schooling, athletics, and Phi Beta Kappa key are duly recorded; his popularity is almost overemphasized in the desire to prove it. All that is acceptable without so much militant persuasion and so many press clippings. In spite of the avowed intent to reveal the intellectual Negro of Harlem rather than that of the night clubs, his intimate life is still a closed book; one does not gain much more knowledge of the race than one had previously. No doubt the status of the Negro in the United States is responsible for there being here too much desire to defend the Negro in general and too little insight into Robeson the man. It is an interesting document but not penetrating biography.

LONE COWBOY, by Will James; Scribner, $2.75.

WITH PONIES bucking and high-tailing up a draw every so often in most every chapter, *Lone Cowboy* is no story for a fellow who hasn't no soft spot in his heart fer hosses. But if he likes the tang of sagebrush, and herding cattle, and bucking ponies and gentle, and hills and prairieland and the West — then Will James sure sets him on the right trail. *Lone Cowboy* tells the story of his life from the time he was a little shaver and an orphan raised by a French trapper to when he was owner of an outfit that sure suited him fine, after drifting from Canada to Mexico, and up to the West Coast. He fought his fight single-handed, got piled off here and there, but he never gived up or pulled leather. And through them years of trapping, bronk-busting, rustling (though there's not much of that — just enough to get back at some fellow

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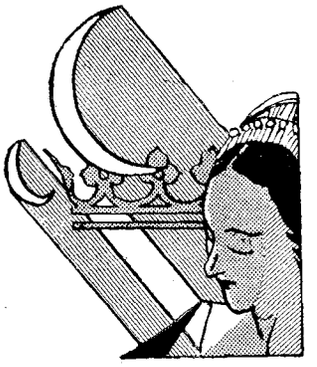

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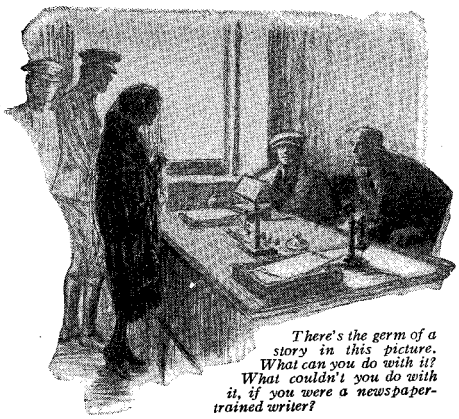

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Books

who'd been mean to him), wild-horse running, and the ups and downs of a cowpuncher's life, he drawed — drawed cattle and cow country and other things he knowed — but mostly hosses. He talks like as if he *knowed* what he was a-saying, and the pictures he drawed to tell you what you couldn't a knowed if you hadn't a seen it sure are real.

THE KRAMER GIRLS, by Ruth Suckow; Knopf, $2.50.

HER FEET firmly planted again in Iowa soil, Ruth Suckow's new book is considerably better than its most recent predecessor, *Cora*. The two older Kramer sisters, and especially the staunch, dynamic Georgie, sacrifice themselves to their ambitions for young Rose in the hope that she will escape from small town life and "amount to something." But Rose, after being innoculated with a college education and encountering briefly the tumult of a great city, is irresistibly drawn back to the old ways and to marriage with a former schoolfellow, a marriage which brings her many hardships but finally a kind of tranquil contentment. The book is sharply and faithfully realistic, but it has likewise a compassionate mellowness which differentiates it somewhat from Miss Suckow's earlier work.

KINDNESS IN A CORNER, by T. F. Powys; Viking, $2.50.

FANTASY IS tricky stuff. It is apt either to be wholly enchanting or else to fall flat with a dismal thud. *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* was an admirable book, ironic, tender, and wise. *Kindness in a Corner*, although conceived in the same spirit, is predominantly dull. It is the tale of a gentle, scholarly clergyman, Mr. Dottery, and of how he is tempted by a little village wanton whom he is prone to confuse with Saint Susanna. For good measure, Mr. Dottery's corner of the world is populated with a crowd of oddities who are so persistently quaint as to be pretty tiresome. Exception should be made, however, in favor of Mr. Truggin, the sexton, whose panegyric on the grave, on the dirt of God, is one of the brightest spots in a gracefully written but aggressively whimsical book.

AN AMERICAN JEZEBEL, by Helen Augur; Brentano, $3.50.

ANNE HUTCHINSON, early-American humanist, emerges as a brilliant, sensitive, and compelling personality in Helen Augur's admirable biography. An Englishwoman who came to Massachusetts Bay to practice religion in the way that seemed right to her, she was too magnetic a propagator of a faith too little bound by dogma, to seem anything but dangerous to the stern fanatics of Boston colony. She and the disciples of her faith were eventually subjected to trial and forced into exile, where Mistress Hutchinson was finally tomahawked by Indians. The spirit of her teachings is so closely akin to Christianity as it is most kindly interpreted to-day, that Anne Hutchinson seems like a modern and very practical mystic, lost and misunderstood in a rigidly authoritarian age.

PAY DAY, by Nathan Asch; Brewer and Warren, $2.50.

A DAY in the life of a thirty-dollar-a-week clerk with a pimply face and a sex obsession is on the face of it poor material for a novel. But Nathan Asch writes so extremely well that one is fairly compelled to read and to admire the technical achievement. The characters are commonplace, frequently repulsive, but the rank vitality of their Manhattan environment pushes their actions into a plane of importance. The pace of the story gives one an exact illusion of the tempo of street, subway, elevated; one breathes the same humid yet somehow stimulating air that these people breathe, and one is forced into a measure of sympathy for Jim's feeble struggles. Through the story like a scarlet thread runs the news of the contemporaneous execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, acting in its contacts with various temperaments as an ironic commentary on their indifference, lassitude, smugness, or stupid rebelliousness.

THE WAY HOME, by Henry Handel Richardson; Norton, $2.50.

IN THE MIDDLE volume of her trilogy, which opens with *Australia Felix* and closes with *Ultima Thule*, Henry Handel Richardson gives us the busiest years in the lives of Richard and Mary Mahony. *The Way Home* begins with the unhappy venture in England and then brings the couple back to Australia, where gold mines have made Richard wealthy enough to retire from doctoring. Yet he again becomes the victim of his own restlessness. Distraught in a house ("Ultima Thule") overrun by his wife's relatives, he resolves once more to leave this alien ground — to him all ground is alien, wherever he is — and thus, now father of three children, sells his property and carts the protesting Mary and his family off to England. The book ends with the news that Richard's broker has absconded, and with Richard, leaving Mary to settle affairs, dashing back to an Australia which, as those who read *Ultima Thule* know, will prove far from *felix*. For a third time Mrs. Richardson shows her

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A New Artistic Movement is Born

Mrs. Fitzherbet. *By George Romney.*

ONE evening a group was discussing the new interest in art. Magnificent art museums have gone up and millions have visited them. But these are a relatively small number and there are other millions who can't go because of the time and money needed. These museums are in the larger cities, out of reach of those in the towns.

It was the opinion that, in spite of museums, we do not have the opportunity for the expression of our artistic desires that we deserve. To see the best involves an expensive trip throughout the United States and Europe, for the majority of the world's art treasures still remain abroad.

Then one of the men said, "Let us form an association which will give these millions of art-hungry people art where they want it—in their homes, not a hundred or a thousand miles away; in Europe or in some private collection. Let this association publish selected works of art from America and Europe, help people to choose the best, and distribute them at the lowest possible cost."

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Mona Lisa. *By Leonardo da Vinci.*

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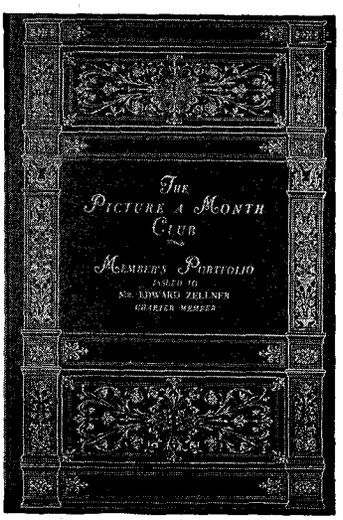

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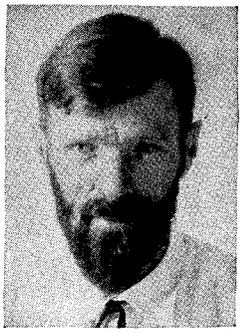

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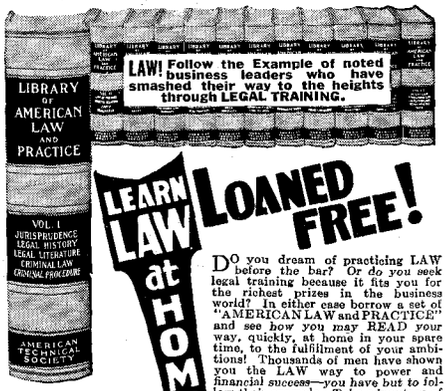
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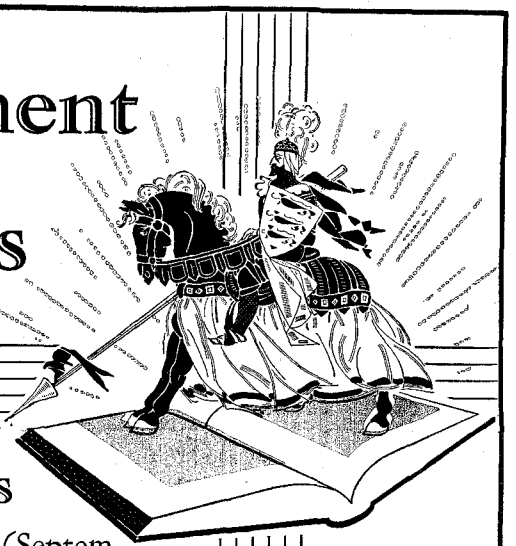

for 12 world-history dates

In three successive issues of The FORUM and Century (September, October and November) Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant and H. G. Wells break lances in a tilt for the best list of twelve dates which were most important in making world history.

They don't agree with each other and, of course, you won't agree with any one of them. So the Editor of FORUM and Century is offering three prizes for the best list of dates submitted by readers, but not to include any of the dates listed by van Loon, Wells, or Durant in their articles. Read the date listing articles, then pick out the twelve most important dates they have left out, tell why each one marks one of the world's greatest events or a turning point in the history of nations, — and send your list in to the Contest Editor of FORUM and Century. The prizes are substantial and well worth a bit of time and thought to get:

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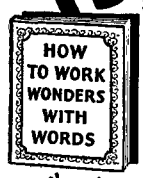

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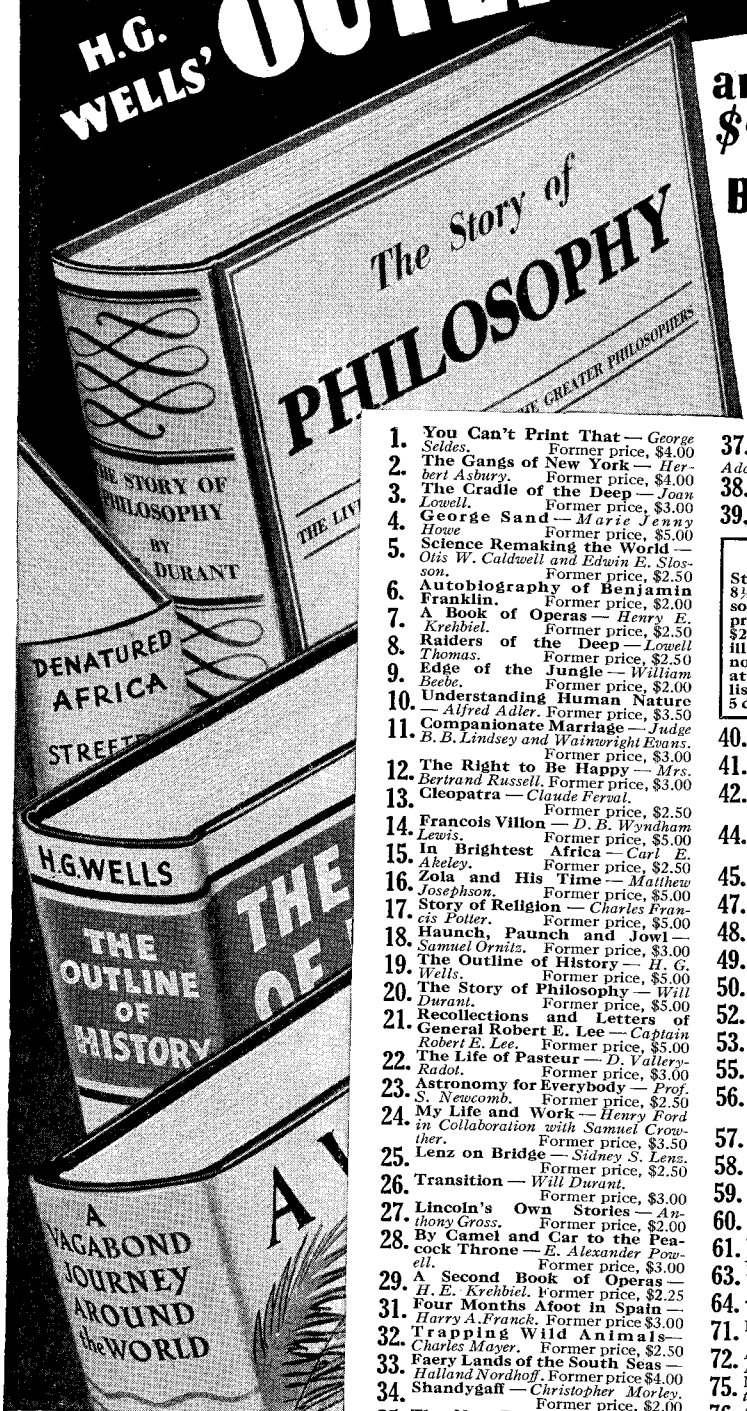

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painfully holding himself back from any tendency to eloquence. The result is an extremely fair and straightforward biography, a clear and sympathetic portrait of the Dominican friar who moved like a black cloud through the gaieties of Renaissance Florence, spouting fiery denunciations of sin and worldliness. One regrets the toning down in such episodes as the burning of the vanities, but it is very successful in dealing with the political complications of the time. Savonarola is justly remembered as a figure of wrath, but, as the author shows, he had tenderness too, and he was loved by some as much as he was feared by the many.

CLOSING HOUR, by Norah Hoult; Harper, $2.50.

OUT OF the same suburban London which was the scene of her earlier *Poor Women* comes Norah Hoult's *Closing Hour* picturing the degeneration of an able solicitor by the public-house route. The incidents of a few days are skillfully arranged to indicate a gradual and rather pleasant descent to Avernus. The humiliation and utter misery of his wife, the terror of his children, he considers as malicious attempts to interfere with his manly freedom. Carmichael was intended, one perceives, to be a figure of Irish charm, but the attempt is far from successful. His devotion to his friend Powell (a figure which also fails to come to life) is too mechanical for pathos, and the swelling eloquence of the assembled males in the hour before closing time is so realistically treated that it leaves the reader cold sober.

MASTERING A METROPOLIS, by R. L. Duffus; Harper, $2.50.

THE PROBLEMS of guiding the physical development of a great city are outlined by R. L. Duffus in *Mastering a Metropolis*. He has drawn his information from the technical reports of the Committee on the Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs, but he has condensed it in such a way as to make it extremely interesting even to those who have no more concern with the planning of cities than that they happen to live in one. The author points out that the problem is much the same as that of the housewife who has to figure out how to place in a lopsided, three-room apartment all the furniture that has come into the family by purchase, wedding gift, or inheritance and still bear in mind that the icebox must not be in front of the window, the piano in the way of the front door, or the baby's crib next to the dumbwaiter shaft. The reader, awakened to a broader view of the city in which perhaps he lives, finds in it some of the fascination of a chinese puzzle.

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"I Gambled 2¢ *and* Won $35,840 *in* 2 Years"

A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

THIS is the story of a gamble — a 2c risk — which paid me a profit of $35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

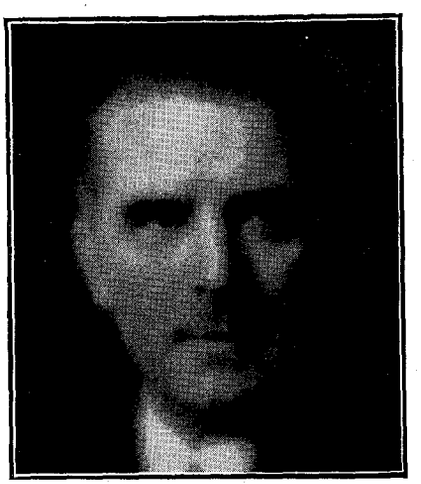
Almost any $40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money — a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die — just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.



When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the *will* to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word — Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate — how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * * *

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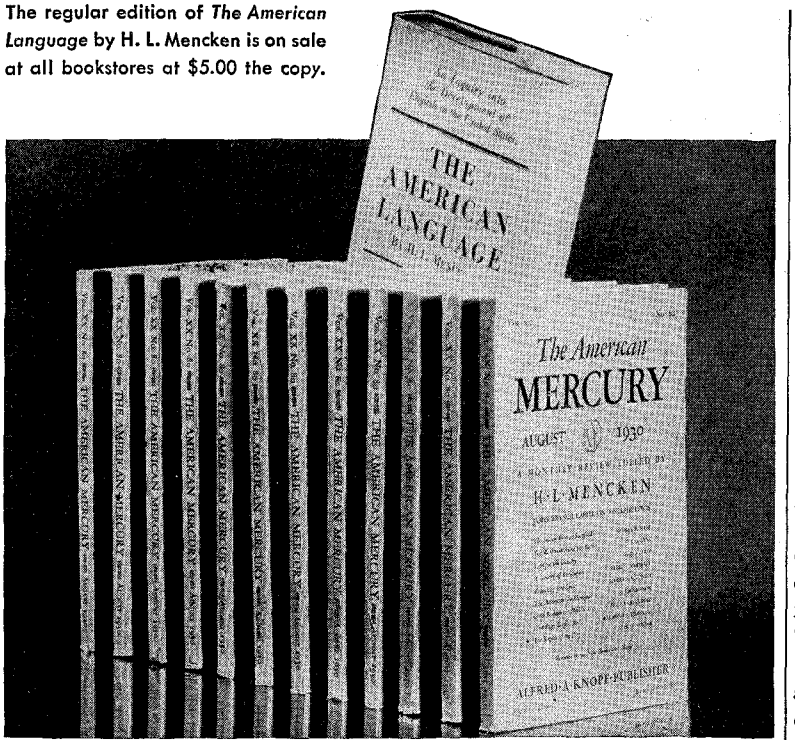

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Walt Whitman in "November Boughs" wrote "Language, be it remember'd, is not an abstract construction of the learn'd, or of dictionary makers, but is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes, of long generations of humanity, and has its bases broad and low, close to the ground."

In the preface to "An American Primer" Walt Whitman is further quoted as saying: "This subject of language interests me—interests me: I never quite get it out of my mind. I sometimes think the Leaves is only a language experiment—that it is an attempt to give the spirit, the body, the man, new words, new potentialities of speech—an American, a cosmopolitan ... range of self-expression. The new world, the new times, the new peoples, the new vista, need a new tongue according—yes, what is more will have such a tongue—will not be satisfied until it is evolved."

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Forum Definitions

What Is Evil?

LAST MONTH we devoted six pages to a dialogue in which Corra Harris, Hamilton Holt, Sir Herbert Ames, Irving Batchellor, Percy Mackaye, and Dr. Charles A. Campbell discussed the problem of evil. In those six pages, not one of them succeeded in defining evil to the satisfaction of the others.

"I have seen many definitions of evil," said Mrs. Harris, "but not one that defines it, even in Genesis." In the course of her own attempts to define it she stated that evil was "going contrary to the voice of conscience, whether a man is a heathen or a blind rationalist" . . . "that state of mind from which all sin is derived" . . . "mental dishonesty."

FORUM readers, however, were not afraid to tackle the problem of defining evil in 100 words. The following definitions were chosen as the best of those submitted, and awarded prizes.

1. Evil is that action or thought, the operation or advocacy of which would result in physical, mental, or moral harm either to the person from whom it emanated or to others affected by it. Natural forces cannot be either good or evil, however disastrous their effects; evil is purely a human and social phenomenon, frequently determined by time, place, and circumstances. (*Miriam Allen deFord, San Francisco, Calif.*)

2. Evil is the interpretation placed by an individual or social group on such manifestations of the phenomena of life, both human and otherwise, as appear to them to be in conflict with the individual or general welfare. Thus evil is relative. Likewise it is fundamentally dynamic; it would be hard to conceive of the existence of evil in a dead or static world. And, finally, the criteria of evil are outgrowths of the mores to which the individuals or the groups subscribe. (*Robert N. McMurry, Chicago, Ill.*)

3. Evil is that which is contrary and destructive to the conventions and morals of the group to which an individual belongs. (*Clarence L. Romrell, Sugar City, Ida.*)

4. In the older conception, evil is that which is displeasing to the Deity. According to present day views, it is whatever has as its chief consequence anti-social effects including those secret thoughts and acts which lower one's self-respect. No material thing in itself can be evil; only its misuse is evil. (*R. L. Edwards, Oxford, Ohio*)

Next: — *What is* BEAUTY? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by October 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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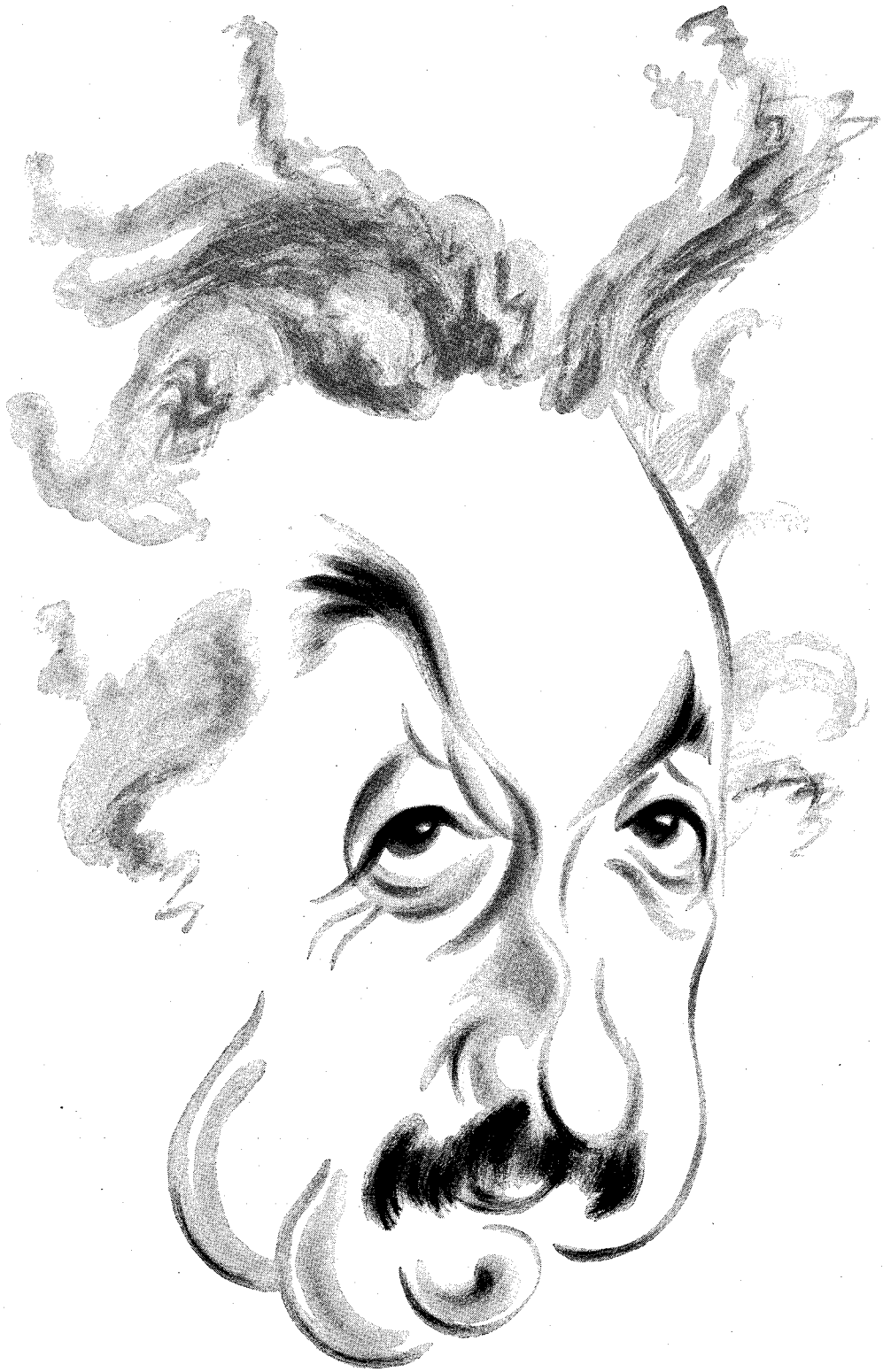

Einstein with His Cherub Smile

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F O R U M

OCTOBER, 1930 VOL. LXXXIV, NO. 4

What I Believe

Living Philosophies XIII

by ALBERT EINSTEIN

STRANGE is our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.

From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men — above all for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends, and also for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built upon the labors of my fellow men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received. My peace of mind is often troubled by the depressing sense that I have borrowed too heavily from the work of other men.

I do not believe we can have any freedom at all in the philosophical sense, for we act not only under external compulsion but also by inner necessity. Schopenhauer's saying — "A man can surely do what he wills to do, but he cannot determine what he wills" — impressed itself upon me in youth and has always consoled me when I have witnessed or suffered life's hardships. This conviction is a perpetual breeder of tolerance, for it does not allow us to take ourselves or others too seriously; it makes rather for a sense of humor.

To ponder interminably over the reason for one's own existence or the meaning of life in general seems to me, from an objective point of view, to be sheer folly. And yet everyone holds certain ideals by which he guides his aspiration and his judgment. The ideals which have always shone before me and filled me with the joy of living are goodness, beauty, and truth. To make a goal of comfort or happiness has never appealed to me; a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle.

Without the sense of collaborating with like-minded beings in the pursuit of the ever unattainable in art and scientific research, my life would have been empty. Ever since childhood I have scorned the commonplace limits so often set upon human ambition. Possessions, outward success, publicity, luxury — to me these have always been contemptible. I believe that a simple and unassuming manner of life is best for everyone, best both for the body and the mind.

My passionate interest in social justice and social responsibility has always stood in curious contrast to a marked lack of desire for direct association with men and women. I am a horse for single harness, not cut out for tandem or team work. I have never belonged wholeheartedly to country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family. These ties

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have always been accompanied by a vague aloofness, and the wish to withdraw into myself increases with the years.

Such isolation is sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut off from the understanding and sympathy of other men. I lose something by it, to be sure, but I am compensated for it in being rendered independent of the customs, opinions, and prejudices of others, and am not tempted to rest my peace of mind upon such shifting foundations.

My political ideal is democracy. Everyone should be respected as an individual, but no one idolized. It is an irony of fate that I should have been showered with so much uncalled-for and unmerited admiration and esteem. Perhaps this adulation springs from the unfulfilled wish of the multitude to comprehend the few ideas which I, with my weak powers, have advanced.

Full well do I know that in order to attain any definite goal it is imperative that *one* person should do the thinking and commanding and carry most of the responsibility. But those who are led should not be driven, and they should be allowed to choose their leader. It seems to me that the distinctions separating the social classes are false; in the last analysis they rest on force. I am convinced that degeneracy follows every autocratic system of violence, for violence inevitably attracts moral inferiors. Time has proved that illustrious tyrants are succeeded by scoundrels.

For this reason I have always been passionately opposed to such régimes as exist in Russia and Italy to-day. The thing which has discredited the European forms of democracy is not the basic theory of democracy itself, which some say is at fault, but the instability of our political leadership, as well as the impersonal character of party alignments.

I believe that you in the United States have hit upon the right idea. You choose a President for a reasonable length of time and give him enough power to acquit himself properly of his responsibilities. In the German Government, on the other hand, I like the state's more extensive care of the individual when he is ill or unemployed. What is truly valuable in our bustle of life is not the nation, I should say, but the creative and impressionable individuality, the personality — he who produces the noble and sublime while the common herd remains dull in thought and insensible in feeling.

This subject brings me to that vilest offspring of the herd mind — the odious militia. The man who enjoys marching in line and file to the strains of music falls below my contempt; he received his great brain by mistake — the spinal cord would have been amply sufficient. This heroism at command, this senseless violence, this accursed bombast of patriotism — how intensely I despise them! War is low and despicable, and I had rather be smitten to shreds than participate in such doings.

Such a stain on humanity should be erased without delay. I think well enough of human nature to believe that it would have been wiped out long ago had not the common sense of nations been systematically corrupted through school and press for business and political reasons.

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead: his eyes are closed. This insight into the mystery of life, coupled though it be with fear, has also given rise to religion. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms — this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness. In this sense, and in this sense only, I belong in the ranks of devoutly religious men.

I cannot imagine a God who rewards and punishes the objects of his creation, whose purposes are modeled after our own — a God, in short, who is but a reflection of human frailty. Neither can I believe that the individual survives the death of his body, although feeble souls harbor such thoughts through fear or ridiculous egotism. It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvelous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature.

Next month, the credo of Lewis Mumford

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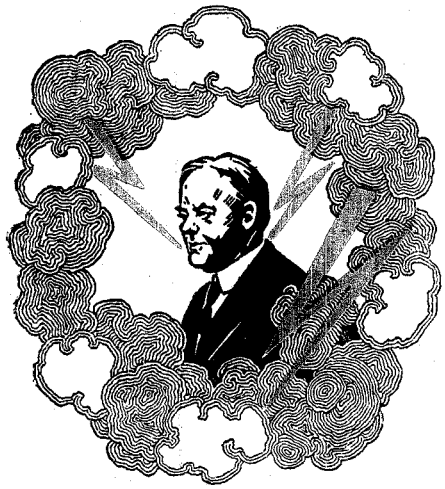
Hoover the Medicine Man



Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

by **ELMER DAVIS**

I

It was a great festival of practical idealism, that August day at Palo Alto a couple of years ago when Mr. Hoover accepted the nomination for the presidency. The true, the beautiful, and the good were indorsed with fitting solemnity; the American home received a glowing tribute; and the prosperity which small-minded persons had ascribed largely to our natural resources and to luck was shown by Mr. Hoover to be really due to the virtue of the American people under the wise guidance of Republican administrations. "Given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years," he declared, "we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation." Obviously, then, people who opposed Mr. Hoover opposed also the abolition of poverty; if Hoover could make that argument stick (and he did), the election was in the bag.

So no wonder Mr. Hoover remarked, in the course of that address, that "there must be no place for cynicism in the creed of America." That was in part a piece of campaign strategy, a bold challenge to the urban intelligentsia who mostly supported Smith, a proclamation of the faith in Main Street that Hoover reiterated at Elizabethton. But there is no reason to doubt that he honestly meant it. He believes (or did then) in America and in Hoover. When America was offered the opportunity to elect Hoover and insure the continuance of prosperity, cynicism could be little better than treason.

Well, well. Mr. Hoover's term is one-third over, and the cynicism industry is about the only one in which business is really brisk. There, and there alone, the Hoover administration has promoted a vast increase in output and a notable gain in employment. No wonder our unhappy President wrote to a friend last winter about the hair shirts of penitence which certain individuals, organizations, and newspapers insisted on draping over his thin-skinned torso. People talk of Hoover (perhaps prematurely) as a one-term President; it will be easy to blame all our present misfortunes on him, and by refusing him a renomination make him the scapegoat who is chased off into the wilderness laden with the sins of the people.

I have sometimes suspected that that ancient scapegoat, after he got over the annoyance and humiliation of his solemn expulsion, may have had a better time off by himself in the wilderness than did the people he left behind. For when they had got rid of the scapegoat, they thought they had got rid of their troubles too. They failed to realize that causes still had effects. They went ahead pursuing the same old ambitions (then, as now, the abolition of poverty was the chief of them) by the same old methods; and presently they had accumulated a new assortment of sins and failures

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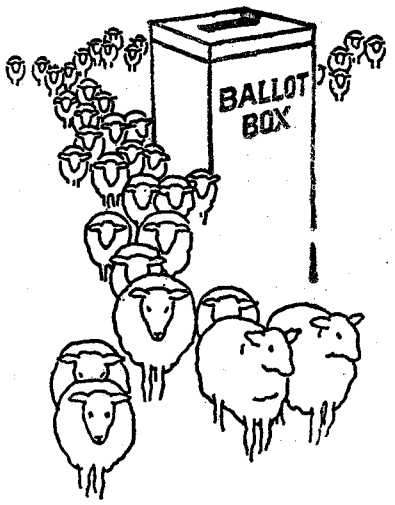
which had to be unloaded on another scapegoat.

Mr. Hoover has let himself in for an unnecessary amount of trouble by implied promises which he must have known, in his saner moments, neither he nor anyone else could perform without a lot of luck (piously termed "the help of God"). But he made those promises because he knew the people expected them; he was elected because the people believed them; and if what must up to this date be called "his failure" has hurt the people more than it has hurt him, we have got exactly what we deserved.

II

We haven't heard much about the abolition of poverty since the stock market collapse of last fall. We shall probably hear a good deal about it this fall, from Democratic campaign speakers; and their scorn will be heaped on the Republicans who were reckless enough to promise it, rather than on the voters who were credulous enough to believe it. But it is not a topic that Republicans are likely to play up for some time to come. It is true that Mr. Hoover himself never promised (as some of his supporters did) that poverty would be abolished in his administration. He said that we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day. If that day now seems more remote, the blame might be thrown on God — but not by Republican politicians; they are committed to the doctrine (and have pretty well persuaded the nation to subscribe to it) that God is a Republican too.



The stock market panic, and the business slump that followed it, would have happened under any President. But few presidential candidates have ever so positively guaranteed to prevent anything of the sort as did Mr. Hoover. And he knew better. Six months after the stock panic he gave, before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, a dispassionate and thoroughly sound analysis of the causes of the disaster. They were "certain forces inherent in human minds." Slumps follow crazy booms; and crazy booms are due to various factors of which the chief is what Mr. Hoover politely called "the natural optimism of our people" — in other words, the faith that you can get more out of a thing than there is in it.

Hoover must have known that in 1928, and in the early months of 1929. Why didn't he say it? Because it was not what people wanted to hear. No President, it has been argued, would have dared to say it. Well, Washington would have said it; but Washington was Washington. The two Adamses would have said it; and they were both one-term Presidents. Grover Cleveland would have said it; and he achieved the unique distinction of being a one-term President twice. No President would have said it unless he had guts; unless he dared to tell the people something they did not want to hear, for their own good, and at the possible expense of his own political future.

We hear it said that Mr. Hoover's troubles have arisen from the fact that he is not a politician; he is an engineer, used to dealing with calculable problems and rational factors, not with illogical emotions. But was it a rational engineer who refused to tell the truth about a crazy boom because he was running for President? Was it a scientific analyst who promised that his election would preserve prosperity when he knew that "certain forces inherent in human minds" were driving us toward the edge of the precipice? No, it was a politician who said that — a man who told the voters what they wanted to hear. "He would be a rash man," said Mr. Hoover in this Chamber of Commerce speech, "who would assert that we can produce the economic millennium." Well, he virtually asserted it when he was running for President in 1928; but there was no law compelling the voters to believe him.

And in that very Chamber of Commerce speech, the politician got the better of the economist. For six months past business had been very sick, but "the natural optimism of the American people" had started another boom in the stock market. With that to support him (and very little else) Mr. Hoover took

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a chance and predicted that "we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort shall rapidly recover." And the very next day the bottom fell out of the stock market once more — a painful proof of the esteem in which the President had come to be held as a prophet.

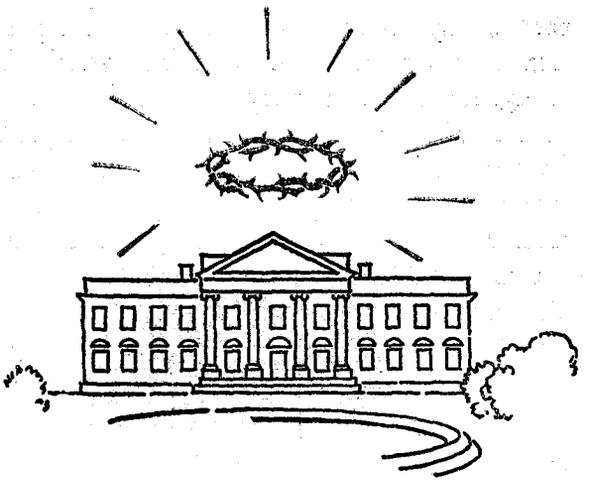
Those campaign speeches of Mr. Hoover's make interesting reading now. For example, at Madison Square Garden he attacked Al Smith as a Socialist. Not that he mentioned him, of course: during the campaign he was politely unaware that any individual candidate was running against him. The nearest he ever got to personification of the enemy was when he spoke of "our opponents." The observer who followed the campaign only from Hoover's speeches would have thought that the Democratic candidate was Malicious Animal Magnetism.

But in his Garden speech he did condescend to some specific discussion of Smith's policies, even though he avoided his name; and they were damned as Socialistic. Smith, it was alledged, threatened to put the government in business against public utilities, for the benefit of the consumer. Within eighteen months Hoover's Farm Board was trying unsuccessfully to peg the grain market in opposition to natural economic forces, for the benefit of the farmers and against the interest of the consumer. But as this did not interfere with the public utility companies, no doubt it could not be construed as the entry of government into business.

III

Hoover forced his own nomination against the majority of the professional politicians of his party (though Mr. Vare helped, at the decisive moment); so he was represented to non-partisan highbrows as greater and better than his party, a non-political scientist who would use the politicians for a nobler purpose than they could conceive. We were to have a government by experts, not by party hacks. (Memory is short; nobody looked back eight years to recall Mr. Harding's promise of government by the "best minds," and performance of government by the Ohio Gang.)

Well, the Cabinet, like most Cabinets, is a compromise between efficiency and expediency. For Chief Justice Mr. Hoover, a conservative



presiding over a nation whose present temper is conservative, appointed the leading conservative lawyer of the country; fairly enough. But for the next Supreme Court vacancy he appointed a man whose chief merit was that he came from North Carolina. Judge Parker's rejection by the Senate was dictated, in the main, by motives no more worthy than those that caused his appointment; after which Mr. Hoover appointed a first-rate man whom the Senate promptly accepted. But he had picked the second-rate man first.

Hoover had had a wider experience abroad than any American President since John Quincy Adams; it was reasonable to expect that he might adjust the problem of America's relations to the world, which Wilson had bungled and Harding and Coolidge had hardly dared to tackle. Well, one factor in good foreign relations is a competent diplomatic service. Hoover made good appointments in Latin-America, but he seems to have thought that anybody was good enough for Europe. Amateur diplomats no more promising than Edge and Sackett and Willys have occasionally given brilliant service in crises of the past, but it doesn't pay to crowd your luck too far.

Hoover has got us a naval limitation treaty which is the best that could be got, things being as they are — a good deal better than nothing. If taxpayers who feel poor since the stock market collapse groan at the thought of building a billion dollars' worth of warships, it is chiefly Hoover's fault that the advance publicity led them to expect parity and reduction too.

Foreign trade, said Mr. Hoover at Boston during the campaign, is vital to the welfare of the nation; but it is a silly fallacy to suppose

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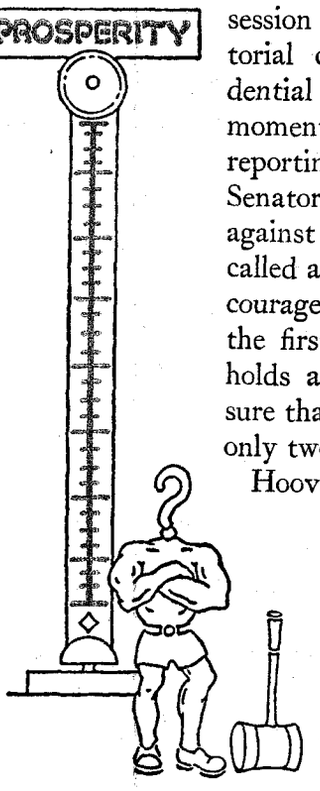
that a high tariff which prevents foreigners from selling to us is going to impoverish the foreigners so that they cannot buy from us. American manufacturers who sold goods abroad thought otherwise when the tariff rates were jacked up to the highest points in history; but not a word against the high rates came from Mr. Hoover. Meanwhile, a year after his inauguration, the month's foreign trade, both importing and exporting, showed a decline of almost exactly one-fourth from the month in which he took charge of the government. This, one would suppose, might have suggested to the engineering mind that there was something wrong with the formula; but Hoover never said so.

As to his prohibition policy, nothing need be said; except to remark that aside from appointing the famous Wickersham Commission he offered another remedy, in his inaugural address, for the evils that attend prohibition enforcement. If citizens would stop drinking, he said, the trouble would soon be over. Nobody can give him an argument on that.

But it would be unfair to list Mr. Hoover's failures without mentioning his one striking success. His paramount issue — greater even than the abolition of poverty, to judge from his campaign speeches — was the glorifying of the American home. To be sure, Mr. Hoover never told us just what dangers threatened the American home, or how it was to be glorified by his policies; except that there must be a job for every man and a car in every garage. The unemployment statistics, the cavernous depression of the automobile industry, might suggest that Mr. Hoover has not done as much for the American home as he intended; but in one respect that home is better off than it has been for years.

During the golden days of Coolidge prosperity the divorce rate steadily increased; since last November, all the evidence shows a marked decline. Why? Well, kept women are luxuries. In the days of the bull market men could afford them, and the counsel fees and alimony to which they led; since last November, husbands and wives have stayed in the American home because they haven't had money enough to get out. The Hoover panic has saved many a home and desolated many a love nest — though it hardly seems likely that that argument would reëlect Mr. Hoover in 1932.

The President has suffered so many setbacks in dealing with Congress that everyone says he is afraid of a fight. It seemed an omen of a better day (according to a hundred editorial writers) when he warned the Senate that the naval treaty must be ratified even if he had to keep the Senate in special session to do it. Here, said the editorial chorus, was courage — presidential leadership. Yet at that very moment Washington dispatches were reporting that not more than twelve Senators out of ninety-six would vote against the treaty. It can hardly be called a compliment to praise a man's courage for not throwing in his hand the first time he is raised, when he holds a straight flush and is pretty sure that the man who raised him has only two pair.



Hoover's timidity never came out fully till he reached the White House, but it could have been inferred from a reading of his campaign speeches. The American home, a job for every man, the abolition of poverty — those were his issues. If he were the real engineer that his record indicated, he was making that kind of campaign because he thought it was what people wanted. Facing an opponent who was what he was, said what he thought, promised what he might reasonably hope to deliver, Hoover said what he correctly judged the majority of voters thought, and promised what the majority wanted. Adult Americans elected him for the same reasons that would have led Americans under the age of ten to elect Santa Claus. His fault? Yes, but ours too.

For consider the one issue on which (to date) he has not wabbled. His handling of prohibition has not been brilliantly successful, but it has been consistent and honest. From the beginning of the pre-convention campaign he has said he was dry, and behaved accord-

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ingly. Yet wet Republican newspapers urged wet Republicans to vote for him on the theory that though he talked dry he was really wet, that his dry speeches were only lies to catch the dry vote. It was the wets who were caught, but the falsehood that caught them was their own, not Hoover's. A perfectly unconscious falsehood, of course; Santa Claus would bring all good girls and boys whatever they wanted.

IV

So many people are beginning to look for a Moses — Dwight Morrow or somebody else — to lead us out of the morass in which we flounder that a discussion of the Hoover administration may seem ancient history. But even ancient history teaches lessons, to those who care to learn them; and we ought to learn this one. We ought to learn it, particularly, because Mr. Hoover is, as Presidents go, a man of considerable knowledge, an expert. We might easily have got a worse President in 1928.

I am satisfied that if Senator Frank Willis had not died at the beginning of the pre-convention campaign, he would be sitting in the White House to-day, the target of the abuse of all the people whose paper profits have vanished. By the mere habit and practice of politics, Willis would almost certainly have avoided some of Hoover's mistakes; just as certainly he would have been a broken reed to lean on in a real crisis.

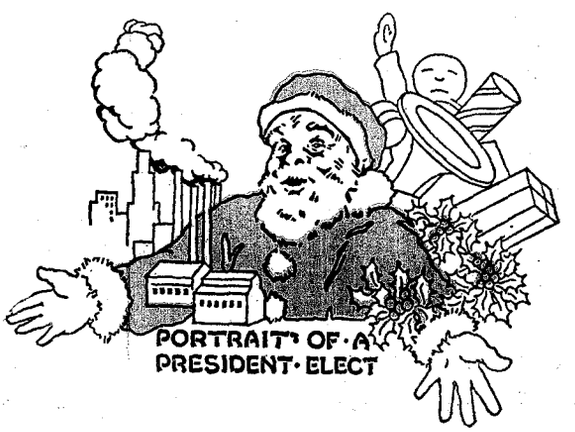
But the failure of a Willis would have had no more effect on the public mind than the failure of a Harding: people would have shrugged their shoulders, asked what could you expect, and gone on to vote for another man of the same type whenever he got a nomination. The failure of Hoover — a much more intelligent man — is likely to discredit intelligence.

And that would be a misfortune worse than any we have suffered in the last year and a half. Hoover has got in trouble not because he knew too much, but because he did not know enough; not because he was an expert, but because he ventured into a field where he was not an expert and, venturing there, left his intelligence, and the resolution he has shown in other jobs, behind him as excess and unnecessary baggage. Hoover the first-rate engineer might have done a good deal to cushion the shock of the inevitable business slump, both before and after; but he turned the job over to Hoover the third-rate politician — because he believed that was the way to hold the favor of the people.

What becomes of Hoover is less important than the state of mind that elected Hoover — the confidence that a man who promises the impossible can accomplish it, if the impossible is what we want; the choice of a man who promises agreeable impossibilities rather than a man who knows, and says, that two and two make no more than four. Has the collapse of Coolidge prosperity killed that native faith? I am afraid not. If the end of Hoover's term is no better than its beginning, our next President may be a Democrat. And where is there a Democrat (except Al Smith, whose candor and Catholicism alike disqualify him) who would dare tell the voters unpleasant truths when his opponent offers them palatable nonsense?

There may be such Democrats, but their names do not instantly spring to mind; nor do Democratic voters show any great eagerness to drag them out of private life and force them into the public service.

To be answered in a subsequent issue



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DARK DAYS AHEAD

A Dialogue on the Bankruptcy of Business Leadership

PERSONS of the DIALOGUE

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS — Historian (*Founding of New England, The Adams Family,* etc.); erstwhile stock broker.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY — Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature;* erstwhile Yale professor.

STUART CHASE — Writer and investigator extraordinary of our economic failings; erstwhile public accountant.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES — Author and dramatist, Professor of English Literature at the University of North Carolina; erstwhile ditto at the University of Texas.

PLACE — The home of Henry Goddard Leach in New York.

TIME — After dinner (with a stenographer in the corner taking down every word of the conversation).

ADAMS. A few days ago I came up to New York from Southampton. In the smoking car of the train I met a stranger — a distinct hundred-per-cent American go-getter. We were talking about the American Telephone and Telegraph as an investment. He said it was a gold mine, and that when they finally got all their dialing system in, they could save about thirty per cent of this part of their labor costs by letting thirty per cent of the switchboard girls go.

I said: "And what about the girls? In every line they are cutting down the amount of labor. There has been a lot of talk about soul-killing jobs under our modern system of industrial organization, but some labor is necessary to live. What are we going to do with this progressive unemployment?"

His answer was, "Oh well, we'll have a war and kill them off."

The interest of the incident was not in his statistics, which may be wrong, but in his attitude.

A short time later I was staying at the Belmont Hotel. One night when my wife and I sat down to dinner, instead of the orchestra we had been having, we heard an organ. My wife said, "That sounds like an organ."

I said, "It does, but I don't think it can be."

Just then the head waiter came up and asked: "How do you like the music to-night? We installed one of those electric organs that plays every instrument the orchestra has been playing."

I said, "What has become of the orchestra?"

He said: "They were fired yesterday. There were twenty thousand musicians in New York and fourteen thousand of them were put out of work when this new thing came in."

These figures were probably exaggerated, but they certainly show an important tendency. It seems that modern inventions are relieving men from their soul-killing work by killing their jobs at the same time. If this is so, then the present unemployment situation is not just a temporary aftermath of last fall's crash in the stock market; it is only the beginning of something much more serious — a more serious case of the old first Industrial Revolution in a more crowded world with a higher standard of living.

CHASE. You agree with some of us, then, that we have reached a saturation point economically?

ADAMS. Exactly. It looks to me as if we are in for a period of progressive unemployment that is going to continue for a long time, unless we discover entirely new industries to take up the slack in the population. We had our first big change of this sort in 1890 with the closing of the frontier. Before then the West was our great national safety valve. If

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times were hard on the Atlantic Seaboard, the more courageous or rampageous of the people who were thrown out of work packed up their family possessions and started life all over again in the frontier communities. But in 1890 practically the last of the free land in the West was staked out, and this historical fact ushered in a new period of readjustment. It began forty years ago, and we are only now beginning to see some of its effects, and feel them in our own daily lives.

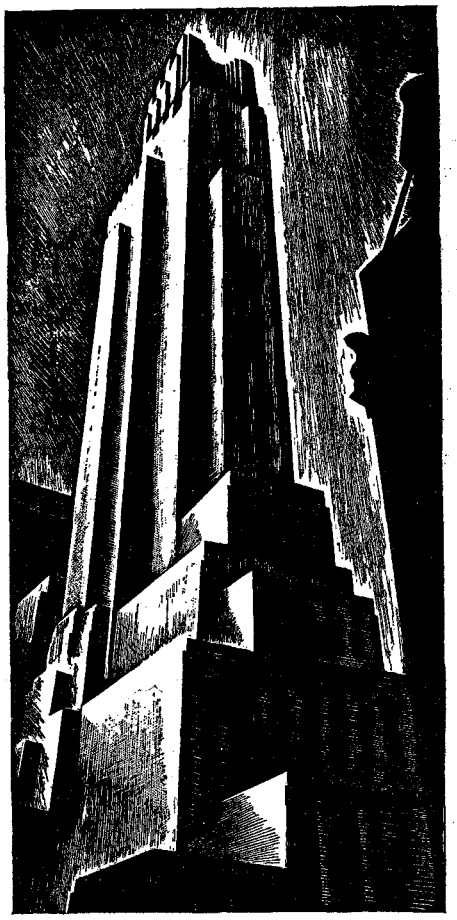
Meanwhile, certain other influences began to make themselves felt, and they tended to postpone the evil day when a final readjustment would have to take place. For one thing, we had the automobile industry. It employs, so I understand, about three and three-quarter million people, directly and indirectly. With the closing of the frontier, this new industry came as a godsend to take up the slack. People who were thrown out of other industries were able to find a living in the automobile industry, either directly or in its side shows. Now, however, there is no new industry in sight comparable to that.

Then we had the big business boom that came with the immense foreign purchases during and after the war. That was brought to an end when European industry got back to producing peace-time products.

We also had the tremendous increase in buying power due to the high-wage theory. But I noticed the other day that Edsel Ford said in an interview that that was through. In the future, he said, we would have increases in wages from time to time, but, so far as he and his father knew, there would never again be a sudden increase to compare with the five-dollar wage when his father put it into effect.

Again, we had a tremendous increase in buying power made possible by the installment plan; and the first great effect of that is practically through.

The accumulated effect of all these things hasn't entirely worn out, but the big effect has. Things are slowing down. The other day I was at a luncheon with some bankers, and I asked them what next. One said, "New scientific inventions." Well, we may have them and we may not. Another one said: "We have only just begun to discover the possibilities of credit. We think we shall be able to make a much wider use of credit." That, of course, is problematical, and, in my opinion, possibly very dangerous.



Frankenstein in Stone*

Whatever the new developments may be, it seems pretty certain to me that another great change is about due. We can't go on forever speeding up industrial processes and inventing new labor-saving devices that throw more and more people out of work without creating what I referred to as a problem of progressive unemployment — and this under much more dangerous conditions than a century ago. Sooner or later the business men who are directing the industrial machine are going to have to face this problem and do something about it; if they don't, you can be sure that the swelling army of the unemployed will do something about *them*.

CHASE. Up to a certain point, I think what you say is perfectly true. But I don't see why you should take it for granted that we have got to go on in the same tempo and with the same economic habits that we developed in the pioneering period.

ADAMS. I hope we don't.

CHASE. You say, for instance, that we shall have to find something new to function in mass production to take the place of the automobile. That is perfectly sound if we are to

*The woodcut, lithograph, and etching that appear with this article are by Howard Cook, courtesy the Weyhe Gallery.

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go on in the same tempo as now. But suppose, by some gift of the gods, we should become a little more intelligent and simply reduce our hours of labor. That would provide more jobs. It would give us a rest from high-pressure salesmanship, and we could begin to create in the United States a genuine culture by providing those goods and services that we really need, rather than those which the high-pressure men have forced upon us.

Let's take a concrete case of a factory employing a thousand men. A new kind of loom is invented, we will say, which makes it possible for nine hundred people to produce the same output that formerly required a thousand. You wouldn't have to throw a hundred men out of work. You could keep the full force going, but at ten per cent less time. They would work, say, nine hours a day instead of ten, but they would draw the same wages as before.

ADAMS. That is not what has been done with any of the labor-saving devices in the past.

CHASE. I am merely arguing how we *might* adjust this crisis which you speak of, and one which I have long felt as a real danger. We might approach it with a more logical and engineering point of view. In my judgment, it certainly could be solved that way.

ADAMS. Do you think there is any chance of its being solved in that fashion in view of the way the labor situation has been handled in the last twenty years?

CHASE. Or, as anti-Socialists say in debates: What about human nature?

ADAMS. Taking the American business man as he is and judging by the last twenty years, is there any reason to think that he is going to work things out as you suggest?

CHASE. There is some reason to think so. For instance, after the stock market crash Mr. Hoover started a movement to get together a group of experts something on the order of the Russian Gosplan. I was vastly interested when he announced it, but have been increasingly less interested since. It does show, however, that there is a germ of an idea among American business men to take the Machine Age in hand and regulate it more or less from a central conning tower. It will have to be done sooner or later. Take such a program as that of Proctor and Gamble, the Ivory soap people. After long experience they discovered that they could foretell and budget their output for the coming year within three per cent. Then they proceeded to divide that output of so many cakes of soap by forty-eight, and they hired a permanent staff of men guaranteeing them forty-eight weeks' work a year. It was not only a very human move, but a very profitable move as well. And there are some two hundred concerns — among our largest industries, as I understand it — which are looking in that same direction. We may be able to get more and more of them to adopt that engineering and nationalizing point of view, and to act upon it. Note the new employment program of the General Electric Company.

ADAMS. The chances look pretty slim of converting enough of them to save the situation before it is too late.

CANBY. There is another factor you are leaving out. You can't be too sure that the national desires are going to remain constant. If you look through books as near us as 1840 and study them for the sort of things people really wanted, you will see the sharp difference between what was desired then and now. In the same way, is it not possible that the public will get fed up with high-pressure salesmanship which forces people to buy loads of things they didn't know they wanted? We may go back to simpler living. If this should happen, then the slowing down of business which you have been talking about will coincide very naturally with a shrinkage in human desires.

ADAMS. I hope to heaven you are right, but I haven't noticed many signs of a change. We have been getting rich too fast through all these inventions and under what I think has too often been bad business leadership. Our leadership to-day is almost entirely a business leadership. These are the great men we listen to. We even put a business man in the White House. And they are all for gearing the industrial machine to greater and ever greater speeds, which means forcing people to buy more and more things that they don't need but are compelled to acquire in order to keep up with the Joneses or with their own new desires.

CHASE. But as Mr. Canby says, the public may grow weary of this forcing process. I begin to see evidence of it already. I have traveled about the country talking before all sorts of groups, and I usually preface my lecture on advertising by saying that another title for it might be, "How to Build up Sales Resistance."

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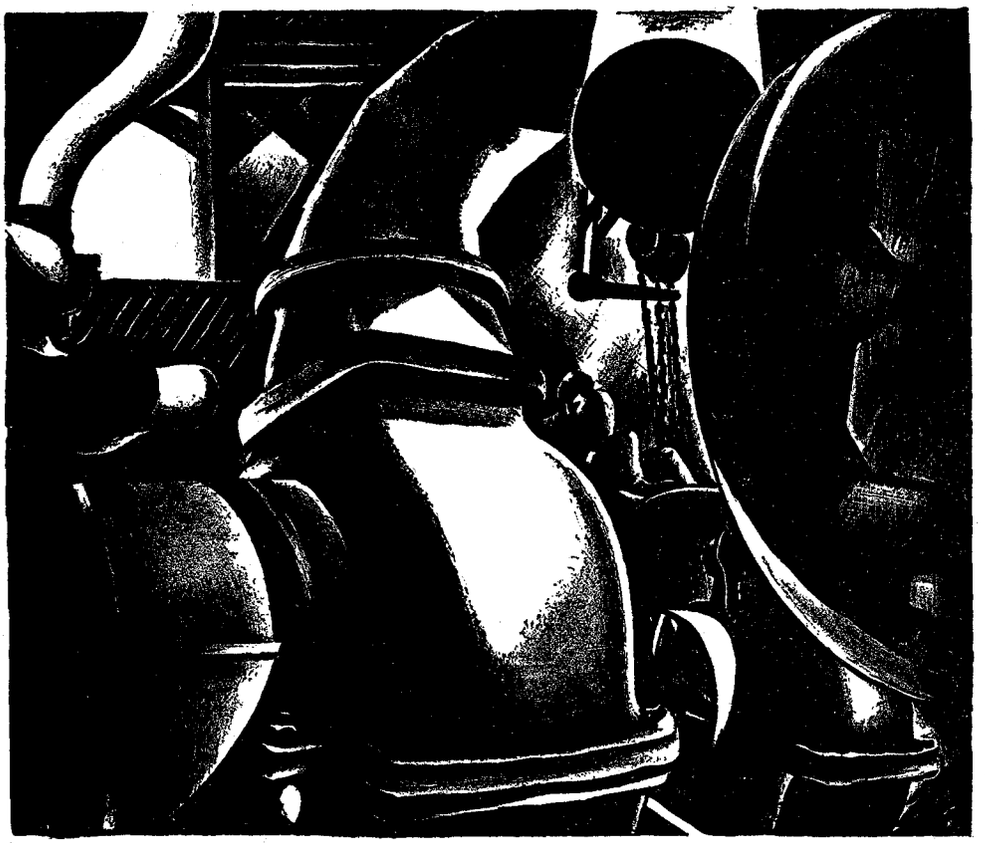

Frankenstein in Steel

The audience always appreciates that. The other day I spoke before the School of Commerce of Northwestern University, where many of the young fellows are being trained to go into the advertising business. A number of advertising agency men were in the audience, yet that audience displayed the utmost sympathy toward my whole point of view, which is subversive and dynamically opposed to the going business folkways. It seems to me that we are in sight of an impressive revolt against the high-pressure fraternity. It has now been going on for a long time, and I am beginning to feel that a day of reckoning is at hand.

JONES. Even the business men, not as a group, of course, but in astonishing numbers, seem to be growing tired of just piling up wealth for its own sake. Lots of them are turning to other things after they have made enough to live comfortably.

ADAMS. But who knows when he has accumulated enough to live comfortably? It is getting more and more difficult to judge, because things are changing so rapidly. Thirty per cent of what a lot of us spend goes for things that were not even invented a few years ago. You don't know from decade to decade what income you are going to need. A generation ago a young man could say when he started, "I'll retire when I have fifteen thousand a year," but he can't say that any longer. And while our desires have increased by leaps and bounds, the competition in business itself has grown stiffer and stiffer, so that each succeeding year it becomes harder and harder for a man to earn the larger income that is necessary to satisfy his increased desires. When a man once starts in business, he feels that there is no let-up; he is on a treadmill, with steadily mounting expenses all the time. That is what takes the life out of these men. That's why their interests grow narrower year by year until at last they are left with only one passion. Business is the only thing they can think about or talk about. Plenty of boys whom I knew at Yale were interested in all sorts of things, and to-day they are as dull as dishwater. They have been in the treadmill of business for thirty years.

JONES. Maybe that's why the business men themselves are beginning to get sick of their own medicine. As a teacher I have been interested to observe that the college youth of to-day goes into business with a sigh. He doesn't want to do it. Family pressure, economic

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necessity, and half a dozen other motives force him into it. He stays out as long as he can, and if he is a person of real courage, sometimes he kicks over the traces. I find more and more of that.

CHASE. I receive three or four letters a week from undergraduates saying, "I have been reading your stuff. Isn't there some way for me to go to work on such problems as you present rather than go into an advertising agency or a bond house?" It is perplexing, if not heart-rending, to know what to tell them.

CANBY. I have noticed exactly the same thing. I am told that there has been quite a reaction at Yale (and I suppose it is true of other universities, too) against the immense emphasis that has been put on business managerships as a preparation for life. Boys used to go out to make the football team in the hope of getting a good job in a brokerage office. Now, so I understand, such activities have lost something of their old glamour; the students are putting more time on their studies, and academic distinction means more than it used to.

ADAMS. As far as it goes, your evidence is confirmed by that recent book on Middletown. It says that a certain proportion of the boys and girls have hobbies — drawing, music, or something else — but in every case, apparently, they get over it by the time they go out and begin the struggle for life. So I can't be as enthusiastic as I ought to be about this changed attitude toward business among college students. My point is that something happens to these boys and girls *after* college. I think it is the tremendous pressure of modern business. It comes about six or seven years after they are out. For the first two or three years they are all right; then they want to get married, or do get married, and their financial troubles begin. A youngster comes along, and that ends it, because the struggle is so great on both sides; on one side there is the competitive struggle in modern business to get ahead and make money; on the other side there is the constant demand to spend money in steadily increasing amounts on all these new inventions.

CANBY. This discussion really goes back to the most vexed question of all, and that is: whether the theory of our educational system is correct; whether our attempt to produce large numbers of moderately educated people is an adequate foundation for building up the kind of leadership we need.

CHASE. I don't think we are educating them to be satisfied with the Machine Age, not even in schools of commerce and finance.

CANBY. We have unquestionably raised the general level. Is that all we can do? If it is, then there is no particular reason for believing that the business man of the next generation will be any better than the business man of to-day. If we could give a correct sense of values to the younger generation during their educational period, we would be pretty well along toward solving the problem.

JONES. Haven't we made some progress already? The culture of leisure and recreation is a comparatively new thing in our civilization; leisure was regarded as something of a sin under the predatory economics of the nineteenth century. Look at the hikers and mountain climbers and wilderness seekers that you see to-day; all that is very encouraging, and it is a movement that started only four or five years ago. I am inclined to believe that there is a great deal in Mr. Canby's idea that our desires may change and that the people generally may build up their sales resistance to slacken the giddy speed of business expansion. I shouldn't be surprised if the next decade witnessed a wholesale return to simpler living.

ADAMS. When that time comes, what is going to happen to business? Haven't we geared the thing up to such a point that it can only run at high pressure?

CHASE. It will be a very critical time. Business will have to reverse, put on the brakes, and practically build a new engine.

ADAMS. Won't everything go to smash when you build that new engine? Take this new slogan, "Make People Two-car Conscious." Won't it reduce the number of possible motor cars if people insist on remaining one-car conscious? I say more power to you in your talks, and may you have lots of converts; but if you do, it is going to hurt business very much.

CHASE. Of course it will hurt business as it is now organized, because business will have to shift its function. Business will have to place chief emphasis upon manufacturing the goods and services that people want, instead of inventing a whole gamut of new wants as it does now. But this change shouldn't hurt the production of real goods and services in the

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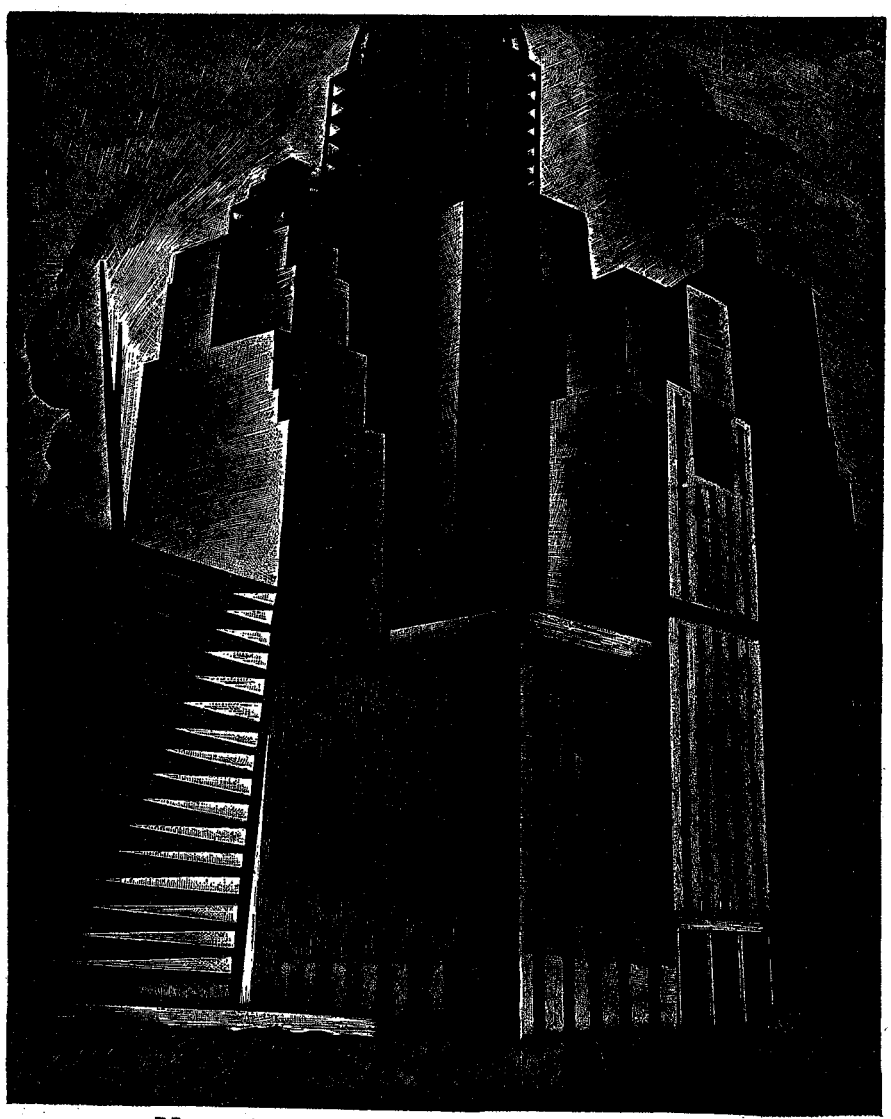
long run. Indeed, if anything, it should aid.

CANBY. Adams said a while back that there is a real danger of not being able to convert enough business men to the new point of view before it is too late. That will mean bankruptcy for business and business leadership. Even so, with a return to simpler living the country will have developed a different kind of ideology, and this will bring forth a new kind of leadership.

ADAMS. True enough. If, instead of constant expansion, constant increase in wealth, constant additions to the national income, we reach a more stabilized point, then it is possible that the other leaderships — the professional men, the literary men, and all the rest — will come into their own; the business man and his ideals won't be so much in the limelight. If that should happen, it would be a good thing for America.

JONES. Yes; if the test comes and the business man is found to have feet of clay, it will open the way for men who have what Mr. Chase called "the engineering point of view." The engineer will have to take charge of our vast industrial machine to keep it from running away with us. But what means of check are we going to invent, in turn, to control the engineer? At present he is held in high esteem by the public, but he doesn't ask any questions about the social implications of his work. He takes his orders from the business man — the same fellow you have just been blaming for a number of things.

CHASE. You state the problem very succinctly. I have had a lot to do with engineers. I went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I find among them a quiet but reasonably earnest revolt against many of the things they are required to do by business men, because they do see the social implications. The engineer has a keen sense for the technological fitness of his profession; he hates to make a mess of things; he isn't governed nearly so much by the profit motive as the business man. Under the present economic order, however, he has to do what the business man tells him if he is to eat.



New York, the City of Frankensteins

JONES. But what alarms me about engineers is their complete absorption of mere technological education. They have no cultural background; they seem to be just a higher order of mechanics.

CHASE. The educational system will have to be broadened to take care of that. I'll grant you that it will have to be broadened a lot before we can turn society over to them.

ADAMS. I don't care a hang about the educational system as a sys-

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tem. The question is: How are we going to educate leaders? About the only thing Mr. Hoover has said recently with which I could agree was that the mob never gets anywhere; he said everything in the nation depends on the leaders. But how are you going to develop them? That is America's big problem. As far as book learning goes, the student of to-day knows a lot more than the student of a generation ago, but I don't think he has as good a sense of civilized values. I am fed up with the leaders produced by business; with few exceptions, they are absolutely motivated by money profit. Very well, you say; turn society over to the engineers. I don't care whether you call the new heads of the state engineers or philosophers or something else; the point is that they have got to be very big men, with a clear sense of civilized values, and their education will have to be carefully directed with this end in view. As I see it, the professional educators in America aren't bothering their heads about that; they think they have done all that can be expected of them if they raise the general average of the mob a little.

CANBY. I haven't any sympathy with the point of view that this educating of the masses, this raising of the common level, is in itself deleterious and worthless. It seems to me that it is a perfectly definite social good. According to the American scheme of things, we bent our first energies to the distribution of culture and it is unfair to tax us with not having turned out Platos and Aristotles at the same time. Of course we haven't; but it is quite conceivable that the sort of thing we have done here in the last fifty years has provided a kind of mulch bed of soil from which we may some day begin to grow things.

ADAMS. There is a fundamental difference, I think, between what we in America think of as education — that is, sending a child to school to amass a lot of more or less practical information — and another kind of education which means growing in wisdom and in appreciation of cultural values.

CANBY. All I am saying is that this lifting of the general mass was our job, and we have done it.

ADAMS. Yes, that is our one outstanding accomplishment. If a foreigner asked me what America stood for, that is the only thing I could answer. We have attempted to increase the comfort and knowledge of everybody.

CANBY. I don't see that that is any handicap.

ADAMS. And I can't see that it is going to insure the production of anything. It not only hasn't given us a great art or a great literature, but it has failed miserably in providing us with leadership.

CANBY. The real test will come in the educational developments of the next few years.

JONES. Just now the universities are in a very healthy state of dissatisfaction.

ADAMS. They have good reason to be. The leader of the future will have to be a sort of superman as compared with the leader of the past. For instance, take our mechanical civilization. In the early days any community could be cut off and remain self-supporting. To-day, if anything happened, New York would starve. It has gotten beyond the power of any one man to run this machine, or any large part of it. If we are not able to develop a group of leaders to manage all the colossal machinery, what is going to happen?

CHASE. In that case we may have to give it up.

ADAMS. Then we'll die like flies.

CHASE. I think the best answer to your question, which is a very basic one, is to watch Russia and see if a group of men there, under their so-called Gosplan, are capable of operating that country with natural resources and a population even greater than ours. Sometimes I am skeptical about it, but this experiment is going to be the acid test of whether human brains are capable of directing a mechanical civilization for the benefit of the whole people. It may take another generation before we shall know.

ADAMS. You agree, then, with my rather pessimistic view that if we go on increasing the complexity of our civilization, we shan't be able to produce the supermen necessary to run it. The load will get too heavy for our old-fashioned, half-baked democratic system to carry, and things will go to smash. That means that America will pass to a dictator, just as every other democracy has done. He won't come through politics; he will come through business or engineering — but he will be a dictator.

CHASE. Unless before that time comes, a

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new movement sets in toward simplification.

CANBY. I don't think we need to talk in terms of smash, necessarily. It's possible to learn wisdom without paying quite so heavily as that for it.

JONES. Isn't it rather inconceivable, even though it may be theoretically possible, that the gas mains, electric light, and the rest of our machinery will all break down at once?

ADAMS. I think it *is* conceivable. Russia went pretty completely to smash for a while, and she was in a much better condition to have a complete revolution than we would be, because she was not so highly organized. I am inclined to think that that is what will happen to us if the complexity increases at anything like the rate it has maintained in the recent past. We shall soon reach the point where we can't develop leaders capable of handling it. If we don't develop such leaders, then I think the smash will come; and if it comes, it will be complete. Our whole civilization is so complicated that the crisis won't be like a plague or a war in the Middle Ages; when the center crashes, the whole thing will go.

CHASE. For example, if some group, because of unemployment, should run amuck and demolish a few hydroelectric generators.

ADAMS. In the last thirty years we have had a tremendous increase in wealth, and it has been very unevenly distributed. For the most part, the masses have managed to keep contented because they have had new mechanical toys to play with. Still there has been a great deal of discontent, and it seems to be spreading. If we go another thirty or forty years without finding something like the automobile to absorb the increased unemployment in other fields, to keep up wages, cut hours, and amuse the mob, wealth will go on piling up in a few hands to the accompaniment of intensified suffering among the workers. Under those conditions it will be very easy for a crowd to run amuck and cut the nerve centers of our civilization.

CANBY. When you talk to me as you are talking to-night, I say to myself that it is about time to begin practicing the simple life. You see what I mean. If these dangers are becoming more and more apparent to thinking people, then it may be possible to do something to change the course in which we are drifting. But it is almost certain that we shall not be able to avoid some sharp change.

CHASE. I think we *shall* get around the corner, however. On the whole, I am reasonably optimistic about it. But if Mr. Adams' premise that we shall *not* be able to develop adequate leadership is sound, then, obviously, we shall go into a tailspin.

ADAMS. All I mean is that, over and over again in the past, problems of government have become so complicated that no one has been able to solve them. Think of the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. Eventually a better civilization developed in France. It is possible that in the course of time a better civilization will also develop in Russia. We, too, may follow those precedents, but in doing so we may get into a situation which is beyond solution by any man. And I think that it is bound to happen unless we learn how to develop minds capable of running this big machine.

JONES. Personally, I am a little skeptical about the six, twelve, a hundred, or a thousand gentlemen running amuck and cutting the nerve centers. To do that would require Machiavellian brain power quite equal to the intelligence necessary to install the nerve centers in the first place.

CHASE. Cutting enough nerves to cripple the whole country is remote, of course; but it might happen in a given city. A Machiavellian engineer once told me just how he would go about doing it. He said he could organize a company of one hundred men and paralyze New York.

JONES. It is also interesting to note that he talked about it and didn't do it.

ADAMS. The occasion hadn't yet arisen. It wouldn't take much at a central power plant.

CHASE. One well-placed little pineapple would do the job.

JONES. The reason I am a little humanly skeptical (you know much more about the matter than I do) is because of the extraordinarily tough resiliency of the human race. Consider the prophecy that was made during the Great War: it was said that such a gigantic conflict would smash business, not only in France and Germany, but throughout the entire Western World. It was freely predicted that we could not stand up under the strain. We staggered, but we stood.

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SEX MADNESS

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

by LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM has asked me to express an opinion on some letters which have come to him protesting against our widespread modern habit of discussing too openly all matters relating to sex. Current books and magazines are full of such discussions, and it is not strange that an editor who is trying to examine critically the major tendencies of our time should be asked by his readers to give special consideration to this one.

The letters calling attention to this problem are largely from teachers in high schools and academies. They object particularly to the views of Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell and their advocacy of experimental promiscuity before marriage in order to obtain a compatible partner. It appears that high school boys and girls have been only too ready to follow the advice of "the greatest living philosopher" (Bertrand Russell), and their teachers charge that, as a result, there is an enormous increase in venereal disease among such students. One teacher indulges in the pleasant but sanguinary expectation of "shooting the Russells on sight."

It is because I share to a considerable extent the attitude of these teachers that I have consented to accept THE FORUM's invitation. But I am by no means unaware of the dangerous nature of the territory I am invading. On such a subject as sex one would like to be wise. One would like to be calm. And I, for one, ardently desire to be final.

But the very nature of the subject denies me such accomplishments. It dissolves into individualization and combustion on every side. Different individuals differ so widely on this matter that no rigid set of rules can be formulated to satisfy a hundred million temperaments. This applies to Mr. Russell's formula just as much as to the Bishop of Rome's. Mr. Russell's is indeed the more distasteful of the two, because, while both are schemes of conduct, the Bishop of Rome has this advantage over Mr. Russell: his scheme has been tried out on a large scale and over a long period of time, and has a very considerable record of success.

The medical profession, from whose pulpit I am supposed to discourse, is expected to hold an extremely objective view of these questions. "Science, like fire, purifies everything." The physician is required to treat the victims of venereal disease on strictly medical lines, without proffering any moral lessons designed to point out the predicament into which their uncontrolled appetites have brought them. He undertakes the care of pregnancies, both legitimate and illegitimate, on a non-partisan basis, looking out for the physical safety of mother and child and consigning their spiritual health to others. And it is generally supposed that he emerges from these experiences chastened by the discovery that all sinners are human and lovable, and persuaded that all moral restrictions on sexual conduct are so much bosh and nonsense.

Such a vision of an entire profession's attitude is quite imaginary. The medical profession is made up of just as many kinds of people as any other group. They abide by just as diverse creeds. Most of them, like practical people everywhere, treat the men and women committed to their care as individual instances. They do not attempt to generalize. They do not exalt an exception into a general rule of conduct.

As to what might be expected of the medical

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profession, there should be no discussion. They should be expected to treat the broad questions involved after the method of science — which is the method of trial and error. They should be expected to avoid indulging in "uncontrolled thinking." I borrow the phrase from a recent review in a medical journal, realizing, however, that it did not originate with the reviewer; he quite happily applied it to all such gentry as the Freudians, Dr. Watson, Messrs. Schmalhausen and Calverton.

Uncontrolled Thinking

Uncontrolled thinking means, I take it, that amusing habit which some people fall into without much pushing of having a new thought and instantly proclaiming it as true. If you dream of losing your teeth and relate it to an orthodox Freudian, he will tell you it is "a castration symbol." But that does not make it so. It was simply a thought he had one bright morning; he had never taken the slightest trouble to produce any proof for it. It is "uncontrolled thinking."

Here Mr. Russell deserves the heaviest condemnation. If I believed that any of his social ideas had the slightest chance of being put into practice, I would agree with those Roman Catholic papers which call him "the most dangerous man living." I would agree with them because, although Mr. Russell is supposed to be a man of science, no one indulges in more uncontrolled thinking. And his pronouncements are made doubly dangerous because he has two disarming qualities: one is his superficial appearance of saintliness; the other is his widespread reputation for intellectual profundity.

He disguises all his maneuvers with a smoke screen of "morals" — *Marriage and Morals; Education and the Good Life*. Everything is done for the good of mankind. We must get youth out of this horrible dilemma of sex. Such is his superficial appearance of saintliness.

As for his intellectual vigor, it may have been exhibited when he dealt with mathematical symbols and electrons. In that icy atmosphere he was at home. Among men and women he is not; in his scheme they become, in fact, mere symbols. The heavenly vision he gives us is of a state where most of the citizens have placards on their backs proclaiming them "Sterilized Unfit," while a few are labeled "Virile Fathers of the Future State," and a larger group, "Eugenically Sound Mothers of the Future State."

It is because I believe this lack of individualization to be one of the most serious criticisms of modern social doctrine that I hasten to record my own point of view before I venture to comment on the views of the school teachers. Before doing so, perhaps I should endeavor to explain a little of what I think I am, myself.

Prudence vs. Prudery

First, then, I am no prude. I make this so definite because, as soon as any of the advanced or radical sex philosophers find their views challenged, they immediately sweep the enemy aside with a contemptuous reference to "Victorian prudery." This I disclaim for myself. I am perfectly willing to discuss sex in the frankest and freest way with anyone any time. Nor will my discussions be tinged with any ecclesiastical or religious bias. For good or for bad, I cannot subscribe to the doctrines of any religious organization, and in *Who's Who* I am listed under the somewhat sophomoric classification of "Freethinker."

But I do not believe that sex is the only interesting subject on earth, nor am I willing to discuss it all the time, forever and ever. It is a perfectly natural and very dynamic force, but not as many things hinge on it as is generally announced. Its association with religion is purely arbitrary; and it is quite as unfortunate that liberal clergymen should feel that they have to support easy divorce because they have lost faith in the immaculate conception as that orthodox priests should oppose any divorce because they pronounce rigid marriage sacraments. The questions should be judged on biological, social, and economic grounds — not on religious grounds.

Furthermore, I am not even the higher kind of prude who thinks that all sex is "sacred." It is, or should be, private, and it is banal to say that for many hearts its experience *can* be sacred. But it is also capable of being very sordid and very ludicrous. By and large, the predicaments men and women get themselves into by reason of its operations seem to me very funny. I do not therefore range myself with the late D. H. Lawrence in hoping for the abolishment of the love lyric and the smoking-room story.

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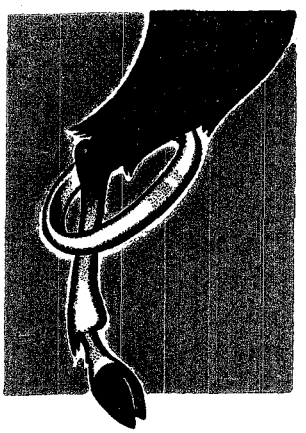
Emphatically, I must protest that it is not prudery to wish for secrecy in sexual activities. The very biologic essence of reproduction, at least among the higher vertebrates, is intimacy, privacy, and secrecy. So I cannot echo Mr. Lawrence's cry: "Away with the secret! No more secrecy! The only way to stop the terrible itch about sex is to come out quite simply and naturally into the open with it." I refuse to come out in the open with it under any conditions, no matter whether quite simply or quite complicatedly.



There is an old and famous story about the elder J. P. Morgan, who was compelled to take cognizance of the actions of one of his captains of industry. The captain's activities with a lady of the city were becoming widely familiar. The captain attempted an apology by saying, "Why, Mr. Morgan, I am simply doing in the open what other people do behind closed doors." To which Mr. Morgan replied, "That is what doors are for."

Mr. Lawrence's insistence that everything be dragged into the open appears particularly in his book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Senator Smoot is quoted as saying that he would rather give his son opium than allow him to read such a book. The book did not affect me in that way at all. All those words which were whispered about by its readers so ardently had been familiar to me for at least forty years, and I suspect they had been equally familiar to the Senator for over fifty years. As I read the book I felt very much as I would have felt if my little nephew had asked me to listen to the vocabulary he had just picked up behind the garage when I might better have been synthesizing the barbituric acid series in my laboratory. To be interesting, they should have been woven into a yarn more piquant than that which they adorned.

One may agree, however, with Mr. Lawrence's prophecy that the way to stop all the itch about sex is to come out in the open with it. That would spoil it all right. But it is doubtful whether the itch should be stopped unless we want to halt population growth in its tracks. And that, I also submit, is not to be a prude.

Knowledge Breeds Humility

A second thing I think I should say about myself: I am not ignorant and not inexperienced on the subject of sex. This, too, is a preliminary defense against the stereotyped reply of the "sex for all" school. Added to the average equipment of human experience which a person approaching fifty possesses, I have been a practicing physician, and it would be quite impossible for anyone to go through the most ordinary apprenticeship of that sort without acquiring considerable first-hand knowledge of both the tragedies and the comedies of the sexual life.

I have been trained to look for venereal disease where it might be least expected. (I was once told by a bishop over whose case I appeared a little puzzled, "Young man, I wasn't *always* a bishop.") I have been consulted by personable young widows who trusted too implicitly the preachments of the Birth Control Society. I have conspired with husbands and with wives, with parents and with children.

Yet with all these advantages, I have one desolating disadvantage. I have no message. I do not know how to cure the problems of sex. I have no plan for marriage. I am innocent of any movement calculated to revolutionize the sexual world. I am much like Will Rogers in that scene in his talkie where he has just mended a Ford: "I've fixed over a thousand of them things and I ain't ever found the same thing the matter with no two of 'em."

None of my opponents in the dialectic field of sex, however, seems to be troubled with any of my reticences. I envy their assurance. I feel toward them as the Dean of St. Paul's (not the present Dean, but a former one named Smith) did about his friend: "I wish I were as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." They know exactly how to terminate venereal diseases. They have air-tight plans for improving the race. They know precisely how to instruct the young in sex matters. On the slightest provocation they are prepared to take over the institution of marriage and to perfect it.

The only disquieting thing is that when you

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meet one of them in the flesh, you find they do not know anything true about sex whatever. As James Thurber and E. B. White, the authors of that amusing treatise — *Is Sex Necessary?* — would say, "They don't seem to have been around much." Their very natures frequently work against the acquisition of any sound knowledge. They either have had no experience, or "hardly any," and desire none; and they desire no one else to have any, being much like the audience which shouts directions from outside the fence to the man fighting the bear; or they are goaded by an incessant urge, like a man with an eczema on a somewhat inaccessible part of his body. In either instance the perspective is distorted. They are constitutionally incapable of getting the simplest fact about sex in true proportion.

The very ones who know exactly what to tell young children and precisely how to reform marriage are the ones who are most passionately dedicated to the validity of those doctrines on the subject of sex which seem to me to be misguided and dangerous. And if there is any question of whom I mean by "the very ones," let me say that I mean Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Dr. Ivan Hamilton, Dr. Maria Stopes, and Dr. William J. Robinson.

This, of course, means that I have examined the plans for the reconstruction of marriage and sexual morality promulgated by these ladies and gentlemen and, according to my experience, have found them totally inadequate. They would create more sex problems than they would solve. Thus, at least for the reason that such ideas expose young people to half-baked, untried philosophies of conduct, I agree with the teachers who have sent in their protests.

Is Venereal Disease Increasing?

The particular medical question which their letters have raised, however, is an extremely difficult one to adjudicate. These teachers charge that, owing to the promiscuity encouraged by the new sex moralists, venereal disease has increased among the young unmarried people of our generation.

No one who has ever attempted to determine the question of the incidence or prevalence of syphilis in the general population would, I believe, commit himself to such a statement. No problem is more difficult or more complicated. For instance, two living pathologists using only autopsy material (which would be the most final) have come to strangely variant conclusions on the subject. Professor Warthin at Ann Arbor, Michigan, out of 750 autopsies found evidence of syphilis in about forty per cent of the bodies. Dr. Symmers of New York in 4880 autopsies found evidence of syphilis in six and a half per cent of the bodies.

Both of these men are able and experienced pathologists. Their material would incline one *a priori* to believe that Symmers in New York would find more syphilis than Warthin in a rural university town. The enormous divergence in their figures must be laid partly to temperamental differences between the two men. Yet so sound a syphilographer as Dr. John H. Stokes leans toward Warthin's rather than Symmer's figures. But syphilographers are notoriously suspicious. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the famous Ricord "would have submitted Diana to treatment with his mineral specifics, and ordered a course of blue pills for the Vestal Virgins."

If so much disparity exists as to the actual incidence of syphilis at one time in the same population, one may imagine how much more complicated the problem would be if the question were to decide whether or not the disease is on the increase. In the last twenty years our methods of detecting venereal disease have become much more delicate; we may therefore expect to find it in more people than did our predecessors. The most we can say is the commonplace that wherever promiscuity in the sexual relation increases, there venereal disease will certainly increase also.

But there is another feature of the matter which is not physical but psychic. To say, as the Russells do, that promiscuity before marriage will make for more happiness in the world is simply to deny all the experience of the race. We may discard, as I have particularly done in my earlier paragraphs, any religious bias in the matter. The ques-

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tion is biological, social, and economic. Even more it is anthropological and human.

One of the deepest of my convictions is the belief that the ancient habits and customs of a people are established for the greatest happiness of the greatest number over the longest stretch of their lives. To nothing is this more applicable than to the customs of marriage, female chastity, and the relations of the sexes generally. The most dictatorial and strait-laced old dowager on earth, managing her sons and daughters with the most rigid if benevolent autocracy, is doing so not because she has any deep ethical convictions but because in the long run it is best for their happiness. Perhaps that *is* ethical, in the Epicurean sense.

Defense of the Old Code

Thus I range myself with the high school teachers because I believe that a rigid code of conduct in sexual matters will make better men and women. And if I am asked, as I inevitably will be, what I mean by "better," I answer: men and women who have the personal qualities that we value — loyalty, dependableness, restraint, courage, urbanity, unselfishness, and companionship. And those who are loose in their sexual ethics are likely to possess all those qualities which make acquaintance with people a personal tragedy — shiftiness, lightness, selfishness, callousness, coarseness, jealousy, and lack of faith. The richness and glory of life are due to its devotions and not to its treasons.

If this doctrine appears to savor more of Mrs. Grundy than of a modern man of science, I can only plead in extenuation what I have iterated above. Which is that sex is forever likely to be an individual matter. All that Mr. Russell's plan means, I suspect, is that in reviewing his own life Mr. Russell came to the conclusion that he would have been a good deal happier if he had been trained according to the scheme that he has evolved for the teaching of young people and the conduct of adults. Perhaps he would, but I would not. And I refuse to allow him to impose his brand-new, fresh, untried, and very debatable code on me.

Here we strike a deeper note of doubt. Reforms are always attractive because they promise to do away with evils. We know only too well the evils of the code of sex morality under which we still operate. Mr. Russell promises to do away with these. But such assurances are entirely specious. No one knows what horrors would result from the universal adoption of his program.

Such promises as he and his kind make are always bolstered up with a fawning assurance that they are scientific. And this is the second most serious criticism that I find concerning modern social doctrines. They are not scientific at all. They are the opposite of science; they are mere vague speculation. The method of science is experimentation — trial and error. And the code of sexual morality under which most people in the world operate — the customs of marriage, of child education, of female chastity, of social ostracism for infringements — has been tried out through many thousands of years of human history. It continues in force because it is the plan which *is* scientific. Its fitness is indicated by its survival. All the plans of the modern social reformers were squeezed out of it, I suspect, before the dawn of history.

Moreover, its rules were laid down not because they were pronouncements from heaven but because they were the shrewd wisdom of the earth. They have survived because, as a result of a long practice of trial and error, they were found to make for the greatest happiness of the largest number of people, taking a long view of life from infancy to old age. No amount of sophistry in the form of the new status of woman or the new psychology of education has changed their fundamental human values a particle. Such changes as are introduced in the code of sexual morality and of marriage should arrive very slowly and grow organically into the structure.

Not only they should, but they will. The excesses of the modern philosophers are resisted by a great body of stationary, even contemptuous, albeit mostly silent, public opinion. It is proper, from my view, that they should be resisted. For this reason I personally welcomed the letters of objection from teachers which the Editor of The Forum was kind enough to lay before me.

Next month a victim of the new sex theories will supply concrete evidence to support Dr. Clendening's argument in a startling article: "Why Our Trial Marriage Failed," by Helen Conway.

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Economic Imperialism

The Makings of the Next War

Drawings by Johan Bull

by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

DURING the last few months Mr. Newspaper Reader has been subjected to a number of isolationist barrages. In an Illinois primary the successful candidate used her feminine charms to warn the United States not to become entangled with the Old World. More recently, the Daughters of the American Revolution have held a conclave at which they urged us all to return to the days of 1776; and under the auspices of this austerely patriotic society, radio speakers have been berating all forms of international coöperation. For another example look at the Honorable Louis T. McFadden, who solemnly asserts that the purchase of reparation bonds will "tend to destroy our independence," and that one of the objects of the League of Nations is to "disarm the United States" and to take away our gold. Even the American delegation at the recent naval conference became fidgety over the question of "entangling alliances."

All in all, Mr. Newspaper Reader, if he is a timid soul and confines his reading to the isolationist press, is likely to believe that a diabolical plot is being directed from the Hague, Geneva, Moscow, or the Vatican — if not from all four places combined — to suck our beloved country into an international whirlpool. If this plot succeeds, our money will be taken from us; our "freedom of action" will be destroyed; our "boys" may have to fight in European wars; and so on and so on. We Americans want to be left alone, but schemers are attempting to internationalize us.

This picture may seem overcolored, yet in substance it represents the views of a large section of our population and a number of our so-called statesmen at Washington. Most of us would heave a sigh of relief if it were really possible for the United States to thumb its nose at the remainder of the world. We have domestic problems for which as yet there is no solution in sight; why should we go out of our way to meddle in foreign questions? The answer of course is that the solution of certain foreign problems is as essential to the welfare of the American people as is the solution of our domestic problems.

In fact some of our domestic problems cannot be solved, and our domestic wants supplied, except by international means. Even at our breakfast table we cannot get along without the outside world. If a cup of coffee could talk, it would tell us that it was born and brought up in Brazil and that Sister Sugar, with which it coöperates to please the American palate, comes from near-by Cuba. Comparatively self-sufficient as we are, there are literally dozens of commodities essential to our existence which are produced only in foreign countries.

What is more significant, the outside world is coming to depend for its existence upon the American factory; and the American factory is coming to depend for its profits upon marketing a surplus abroad. A few years ago I traveled through Africa. The visitor could not be blamed if he should expect to find there an untamed continent full of ferocious beasts and scorpions — full of wild native peoples. If you take this conception with you to Africa, you will be sorely disappointed. Unless you trek for days into the interior, you will see little or no game;

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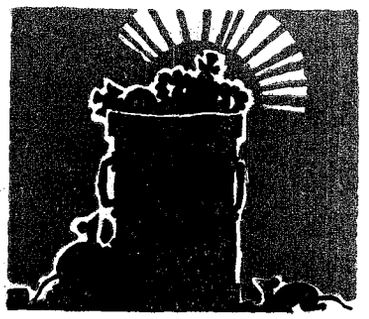
you will merely see a continent being inundated by a flood of Western products.

The striking feature of this development is that while politically Africa is under European control, the industrial development is to a large extent American. Whether you go to Cape Town or to Nairobi, you will find that probably nine out of every ten automobiles have come from the United States. Whether in Lagos or in Lake Chad, you will see the product



of the American factory in the form of a safety razor, a portable typewriter, or a sewing machine. I spent eight days traveling down the Congo river in a side-wheeler that had started life upon the Mississippi!

A year or so later I spent a few weeks traveling in another part of the world — the Caribbean. None of the islands of the Caribbean is Anglo-Saxon in culture, but all of them have come to be dominated by the American machine. In Havana it takes the form of Ford cars, American bars, American movies, and American sugar centrals; and in Santo Domingo of soda fountains, American barber chairs, and American bathtubs. In Haiti I found American officials broadcasting speeches to natives over American radios.

Our Entangling Alliances

Statistics are tiresome; yet every intelligent business man has come to realize that the prosperity of the American people depends upon increasing sales. Our industrial machine has become too large for our present domestic market, and technological unemployment has begun to take place. One remedy for this situation is by extending sales abroad. This also is the solution of our agricultural difficulties.

Except for sugar and one or two other products, the American farmer produces more than the American public consumes. There is, therefore, an export surplus. Far from assisting the farmer, a high tariff deliberately obstructs the marketing of this export surplus. Something is grievously wrong with our international economic system when grain must be thrown away in the Middle West at the very time when thirty million people are starving in China.

The buying and selling of goods in the international market is the least important proof that the United States is not an isolationist nation. Within the last few years American business men and financiers have acquired control over the industrial sinews of dozens of foreign lands. This development sometimes takes the form of establishing branch factories abroad; thus Mr. Ford is manufacturing tractors in Ireland. Sometimes it takes the form of operating the public utilities of foreign countries; thus the Electric Bond and Share Company furnishes dozens of Latin-American countries with electric light.

Sometimes it takes the form of foreign loans; thus it is doubtful whether the reconstruction of Germany, not to mention less important states, could have been realized, or their budgets balanced and their currencies stabilized during the last ten years, except for the aid of Wall Street and of the American Federal Reserve banks. Last year the international influence of our financial system was vividly illustrated when certain foreign countries could not raise bond issues for the purpose of constructing necessary public works, simply because available funds — infected with the speculation mania — had migrated to the New York stock market.

In theory, there is no reason why the investment of American capital abroad should concern the government at Washington. Actually, however, the American Government has always recognized the obligation to "protect" American business. As a result of the activities of Mr. Herbert Hoover as head of the Department of Commerce, this interrelationship between government and business has markedly increased.

At the present time the Government of the United States follows a commercial policy which in certain respects is similar to the commercial policies of the leading European powers before the World War. At that time international trade was not regarded as an exchange in which goods were bought and sold upon a business basis; it was regarded as a kind of economic

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battle. Governments supported their business men with protective and discriminatory tariffs, with shipping subsidies, and with preferential railway rates. Diplomats vied with each other in securing concessions for their nationals in foreign countries. In their colonies and spheres of influence governments followed the closed-door policy; they monopolized the market for their home business men to the detriment of foreigners.

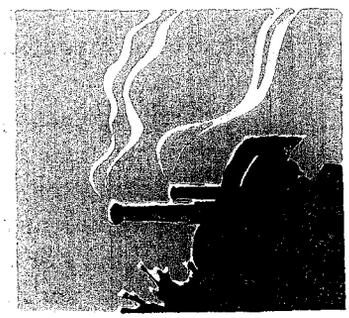
Such was the international economic system before 1914. It was this system which in part caused the World War. It is this system that the United States has adopted during the last ten years.

First of all, instead of lowering our tariff in accordance with our newly established position as a creditor nation, we have enacted one of the highest tariff bills in our history. But while we insist upon monopolizing the domestic market, we also insist upon expanding foreign trade. Under Herbert Hoover, the Department of Commerce became a vast agency for developing foreign commerce — of "trade promotion." Although the Federal Government does not provide free commercial and legal advice to domestic business firms, it has no hesitation in assisting corporations to secure foreign markets. Had not the State Department actively interested itself in the matter, it is highly improbable that Mr. Harvey Firestone would have secured his million-acre rubber concession in Liberia.

Although our laws frown upon trusts at home, we have enacted the Webb-Pomerene Act to encourage the formation of trusts so as to capture trade abroad. Although we vigorously demand that other nations accord American business men the privilege of the open door, we are not ashamed to follow the most unabashed type of closed-door policy in our tariff system with Porto Rico and the Philippines. Again, although the world to-day is suffering from acute over-production in shipping, the United States has adopted the policy of subsidizing its own merchant marine.

Finally, the United States has used force to protect American business interests abroad to as great an extent, perhaps, as any other power. Altogether, American troops have been landed on foreign soil for this purpose more than a hundred times during the last hundred and fifteen years. Anyone who takes the trouble to read through the debates on the Cruiser Bill last winter will realize that dozens of Senators and Congressmen wish a big navy, not because they believe that American territory is in any danger of attack, but to protect and promote American business upon the high seas and in foreign countries.

True to the Puritan tradition, we refuse to be frank with ourselves. No matter how questionable our actions may be, our motives are



always altruistic. Thus a government official publicly declared only a few weeks ago that the interventions of the United States brought "prosperity" to the countries of the Caribbean. We entered Haiti and Nicaragua, for the purpose of "doing good" to these peoples. The American imperialist is like the old-style missionary: he has a message for the rest of the world. But while the missionary resorted merely to his persuasive powers to convey his message, the American imperialist believes in "doing good" by military force.

"Benevolent" Meddling

As a result of the expansion of the American industrial system and of this aggressive foreign policy at Washington, a large number of economic disputes between American and foreign groups have arisen during the last ten years. Mr. Hoover has fought a rubber war against Great Britain. The American Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell have fought a series of oil wars. In order to create an American chemical industry, the American Government has confiscated German patents for the benefit of American firms. American diplomatic and political support has been cheerfully given to the Pan-American Airways. When the British Cunard Company entered into competition with the Ward Line for the Havana trade last winter, Congressman White and American Shipping Board officials de-

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manded reprisals such as the imposition of discriminatory duties upon British vessels entering American ports.

Now the American Government is no better and no worse than other governments in its commercial policy. American business men are as justified in their desire to make millions as the business men of any other country. Nevertheless the present economic rivalry is ominous to the future peace of the world simply because it is not genuine competition between business groups in which victory goes to the most efficient; rather is it veiled competition between governments.

Instead of being purely economic, the competition tends to become political. Present-day contests for foreign markets tend to degenerate into disputes among governments. If, after an advertising campaign, Lucky Strikes should outsell Camel cigarettes, nobody in Congress would get up and make thundering speeches about it. But if a British group takes away trade from an American group, or vice versa, fiery speeches in Congress and the House of Commons become the order of the day.

It should be clear to anyone familiar with the economic position of the United States that we have become a great — a predominantly great — world power. Far from leading a life of isolation, far from being coaxed into some international trap, we Americans have, upon our own initiative, made entangling alliances with every corner of the globe. When political obstructions are erected to American capital abroad, the American State Department hammers away until these restrictions fall to the ground.

As a result of our industrial and financial expansion, the American business man has more at stake to-day in the outside world than the business man of any other single nation, with the possible exception of Great Britain. If war should break out between Rumania and Bulgaria, no interest of the business man of, say, Esthonia would be affected, simply because Esthonia has few foreign investments. But such a war would be almost certain to do damage to American capital in one of the two countries. The maintenance of peace and stability in every part of the world is of cardinal importance to the United States.

It is notorious that the United States to-day is doing little in a constructive sense to build up a world community that can lay the foundations for genuine peace and stability. The American people are attempting to exact profit from the remainder of the world without assuming any obligations or responsibilities in return. The international position of this country may be likened to that of a broken-down van upon a country road; we may not have run over anybody, but we are blocking traffic both ways.

There are times when a policy of do-nothing is a policy of obstruction. One would have less misgivings in regard to the present situation if we had really been consistent in following a do-nothing policy. Of late we have actually adopted an aggressive commercial policy which, when followed by other nations, was one of the causes of the World War. The brutal fact of the case is that the United States and the leading powers of the world are to-day preparing for an economic war; and until the possibility of this war is removed, there can be no hope of genuine peace or of permanent prosperity.

Imperialism and Brute Force

Official spokesmen defend our commercial policy on the ground that it is no worse than that of other governments. This may be true; but the argument is strangely inconsistent with the boast that there is an American system of diplomacy and industry that is ethically superior to the European system. The irony of the situation is that just when the other powers of the world are attempting, through the League of Nations and otherwise, to get away from the outworn, discredited policies of the past, the United States should, despite the lessons of history, adopt these policies as its own. The policies themselves may be no different from policies followed hitherto by other governments; but simply because of our colossal strength, we may apply these policies so as to result in unprecedented international harm.

It is a curious fact that the vast majority of so-called isolationists in this country do not object to a combative commercial policy on the part of the United States, or to the use of brute force in the protection of American interests abroad. If they were real isolationists, they would demand that our government should have nothing to do with American inter-

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ests abroad. On the contrary, among our present-day isolationists are those who call most loudly for the construction of a big navy; and they are the most ardent advocates of intervention in so-called disorderly countries. The American isolationist does not really believe in isolation any more than he believes in international coöperation. What he really believes in is Imperialism and Brute Force.

A good deal of progress has been made during the last ten years in the development of peace machinery; and at the Washington and London Conferences a degree of progress was made in the limitation of armaments. The American Government insists that it stands for a policy of peace, not only because it has participated in these armament conferences, but also because it took such a vigorous part in the conclusion of the famous anti-war pact. Yet it does little good to wrestle with the problem of political armaments, it does little good to renounce political war, when at the same time we insist upon following economic policies which make economic warfare between nations inevitable.

In nine cases out of ten, political war is simply an economic dispute that has gone too far. Real disarmament will not be achieved — and the aim of the anti-war pact will not be realized — until economic disarmament is secured. The danger of the present situation is that the American Government and the American people will delude themselves into believing that they can secure peace simply by the muttering of platitudes. Peace cannot be secured without a price; and that price is a revision of the commercial policy of the United States and of other nations so as to cut the Gordian knot in which the economic life of the world is now tied.

What does economic disarmament mean? In the first place, it means a gradual lowering of tariff barriers, not necessarily by unilateral action but rather by international agreement, so that international trade and wealth will increase. This increase is essential if German reparations and the inter-allied debts are to be paid; it is essential if the peoples of the world are to live upon a reasonably comfortable basis — and if future population is to be cared for.

Second, it means the end of the political support now given by leading governments to their business men and to their shipping abroad. It means the working out of rules of fair competition in foreign trade similar to those rules which we have attempted to work out in regard to fair competition at home.

Third, it means the establishment of a system of international arbitration so that all disputes involving capital abroad will be adjudicated in accordance with principles of law instead of force.

Fourth, it means the establishment of a real international society of nations, meeting in conferences for the purpose of discussing mutual economic problems and gradually building up a system of international law in regard to economic matters which will end the anarchy in which the world now lives.

Whether for better or for worse, American capital has made alliances with every country in the world; we are "entangled" up to the hilt. As long as the Government of the United States simply closes its eyes to this situation, or what is even worse, simply attempts to secure privileges for Americans abroad without assuming any responsibility for the organization of peace, the danger of disputes over these "entanglements" is increased. The only escape from these dangers — which grow with every year of drift — lies in genuine international coöperation; not in a policy that merely signs anti-war pacts, but in a policy that is not afraid to look economic problems squarely in the face.

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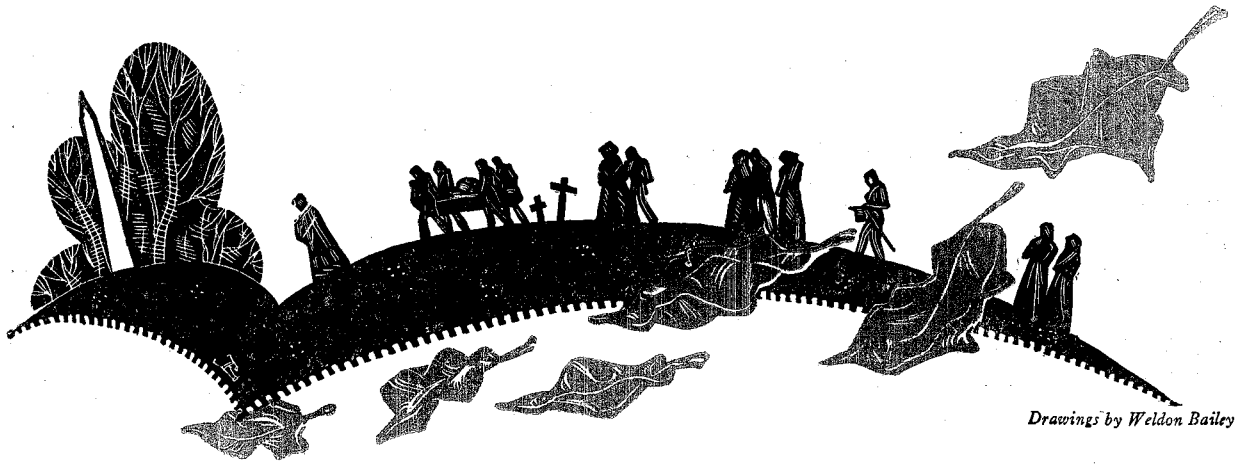

Drawings by Weldon Bailey

Bailey's Beach

by **ESTHER FORBES**

I

STILL LOVING life and loathing death, James Euclid Sloane abandoned a well-worn body capable of withstanding everything but time. And he left behind him his steel interests, his house on Madison Avenue, his residence at Newport, the villa in Florida, his yacht, his first editions, his queer Victorian "art collection," and many such inanimate things. And he left people behind — a widow, a brother, sons, grandsons, a daughter, granddaughters, and many others of his own blood. Twelve of these human beings went with him on his last ride from Madison Avenue to the church on Fifth, from the church to the Staten Island cemetery where he was to lie forever with generations of dead Sloanes.

A fall day, a chill October day. Sear leaves fell upon extravagant funeral wreaths. The wind trounced the rector's robes about his knees. "In the midst of life we are in death." How seemly, sad, expensive the black of the mourning men. How white-faced, aloof, the black-shrouded, mourning women. A beautiful day — blue and gold.

At a slightly faster rate of speed the twelve mourners returned to the dead man's house, sitting soberly together in the widow's drawing-room, waiting for the announcement of lunch and for the excitement of the will. Mr. Parkingham himself, of Dulles, Rollins, Parkingham, and Frost, was coming up with it after lunch. Plenty of money for everybody. The rector thought of that Lady chapel he had always hoped to build. Lady Hubbard, the pretty granddaughter, thought of the little house at Pau, where, if fortune favored her, she could live most of the year far from her husband and do exactly as she pleased. Her mother, Edith, the dead man's only daughter, thought of money — largely in terms of reforms, charities, and vast organizations. She was even thinking vaguely of Congress.

Each of the potential heirs withdrew from those other, curiously distant people seated in the room. All were lost in dreams and memories. The vast, muffling silence of the drawing-room seemed to drown out the roar of traffic below the windows. Throughout the silence was the ticking of the clocks. The grandfather clock in the hall. The ormolu French clock upon the mantel. Gold watches in men's waistcoats, jeweled watches on women's wrists. This ticking wove together, making a thin rivulet of sound pulling away into eternity. It was the music of eternity, time, death.

II

THE WIDOW in her desolation sat alone. With dry and hooded eyes, she looked out upon the family gathered about her. She knew the rector was thinking of his Lady chapel even while he murmured to her little words of small comfort. She did not hear his voice. She heard the voice of her young husband, for long ago he had been young, and she had called him Gyp, and he had called her Jacky.

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She had not thought of him by this, his private, secret name, for years, but during his last sickness he had cried out to her in a moment of bewilderment and despair not as Jacqueline but as Jacky. In his delirium it was not his wife of many years that he had needed, but Jacky, the child in her teens who had loved him with passion and who had married him in faith. Well, that poor little thing had not lasted long.

The old woman closed her eyes to shut out the present. She did not see the rococo drawing-room. She saw sunlight in a Cambridge garden. Her father, the professor, upon the veranda; herself, Jacky, the tomboy, romping with the Saint Bernard upon the lawn. She saw the girl look up. Gyp, whom she had met the summer before, was coming toward her through the lilac bushes. Jacky was thrown into happy confusion. He was so wonderful, so handsome, rich, dashing — why, most wonderful of all, Aunt Myra disapproved. Aunt Myra had heard that he was "fast." More god than mortal was that slender, eager, luminous creature. If only he loved her as she loved him. And that soft light in his eyes told her at that moment of meeting that he did love her — and that he would love her forever and forever.

The rector's voice went on. He was speaking to her of her "great loss." *Her* "great loss." Mrs. J. E. Sloane's "great loss." She glanced at the very spot where so recently a casket had rested. But Jacky's loss — that had come, it would seem, a hundred years, a thousand years ago. A far-off era when the world was young and Arcadian. Then there had been none of this ordered mourning, only the black of the night. No mourners but the crying gulls. (I'll never forget them, those gulls wheeling and wheeling against the sunrise. But I haven't so much longer to remember, and when I die, who will remember, who will remember — Gyp, my Gyp?)

How could one compare the ordered, unctuous, inevitable departure of death with that other horror, that confusion, that death of the soul? Looking back, she could smile a little patronizingly at the blazing, heartbroken girl she once had been. Well, Jacky, you got your death blow then, my dear. Poor child, poor child. Why could not James have let her have that first year of marriage quite, quite to herself? She was so naïve; she could not appreciate the wealth, the social prestige he lavished upon her. All she had wanted had been himself — and that was the one thing he was unable to give.

Luckily Jacky died early, and a changeling had taken her place — and she, the old woman in black, she was the changeling. But James really had seen through all those successful, affectionate years they had had together. When he lay dying, he had cried out for his lost girl, for Jacky, whom he himself had killed as surely as if he had strangled her with his hands.

III

THAT FIRST summer at Newport. A cottage of her own, the wedding gift of those two handsome older brothers of Gyp's. A pair of young dappled mares, prettily named Fire-Bright and Star-Light. Such a smart carriage — basket-work, rubber tires! And the most loving husband in the world, only she could never have enough of him. His soul's darling must be content with only the week-ends. He could not leave his business, and he would not let her lose her lovely complexion in a dirty New York summer. Then, too, he wanted her to know Newport. It was almost as much his home as New York.

Later she learned that it was during that first summer that he and those famous cut-throat brothers of his had put through the first merger that had laid the foundations of the great business they were evolving. (And there was old Marcus, the last of the Sloane brothers, asleep on the top of his gold-headed cane.) How

The widow in her desolation sat alone.

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young Gyp could work! For eighteen hours a day this restless young fellow, who when he was at home could never sit ten minutes in the same chair, patiently sweated out his heart's blood. Yet when he arrived on Saturday morning he had the manner of a man who has thought of nothing but his sweetheart since the last parting.

Of course the crucial state of the business was the real reason Gyp would not let her stay in New York that first summer. Her complexion indeed! And those handsome, arrogant brothers of his — no wonder they had given her a cottage at Newport. Wanted to keep her out of James' way. They had been something alike, those three Sloanes — dark, slim, nervous in youth; ruthless and heavy in maturity; cautious, frosty, and a little dependent in old age. (And there was Marcus, the last of them . . . Joseph had been dead for fifteen years, and James . . . why, James had been buried that morning . . . James . . . my James. . . . Oh, what's the use of living now? . . .)

The week-ends were heavenly, but the weeks themselves were hard enough. She was quite alone, in spite of the endless calling, the croquet games, the drives, the little canters. She had time to wonder what it was these other women knew about her husband, for they all seemed to have known him well for years. Perhaps he had fancied he had loved some of these women before he had met and really loved herself. The stony dowagers sat and rocked all day. How cold, how cynical their eyes, how unlike dear Cambridge their scandalous and worldly conversation.

And the young women — how wise, sharp, fashionable. She had never seen such small waists, such large bustles. As far as she could make out, she was the only lady in Newport who brushed her own hair or wore a larger than four-A shoe. They made her feel like a country cousin, although they were so kind to her, complimenting her pink and childish beauty, telling her she was "such a pretty girl — although you *do* come from Boston, my dear." The weeks were lonely without Gyp.

On Monday morning when her husband left for New York, she always got up at five to drive with him to the wharf. She would stand gazing after his departing boat until it had dwindled off into nothing more than a plume of smoke upon the horizon, then turn and smile at old Corey, her coachman. She did not care if he saw tears in her eyes, for he was her friend, the only friend she had at Newport. He was a spidery old fellow with springy, bandy legs which made him look ridiculous when he jumped off the box and ran to the horses' heads.

Now the old woman knew that he pitied the young girl who had married and passionately loved young Jimmie Sloane. He wished her well but knew in the end it would not be well. He had been about Newport for years and his cynicism was even greater than the forbidding dowagers'. On the young bride, however, he lavished a doglike, unquestioning devotion. (Old Corey . . . what could have happened to you? Old Corey . . . I always had a feeling that you forgot yourself, upbraided your employer. . . . Now I will never know.)

IV

One morning, as the boat docked, a woman but a few years older than the very young Mrs. Sloane walked down the gangplank followed by boxes and trunks and attended by two Negresses. Gyp was in the ticket office. They recognized each other, but the woman went away quickly to the pony trap that awaited her. She had a small, pale face — the cheeks already slightly hollowed by sickness, disappointment, or passion — a delicate, willful mouth, and wild, troubled eyes.

(With what cold, ironic interest the old woman summoned this sad and lovely wraith from the limbo of her memory. How firmly from out the past this strange, unhappy woman stepped forth at her command. Charming — very charming; the dowager pronounced judgment. But of course *quite* neurotic. They say she was shut up at the Williamsburg asylum for years, died there — well! She was lonely, I suppose, and so was Jacky — that's why she appealed so strongly to the child.)

The lady's clothes were not as fussy and uncomfortable looking as the Newport belles'. She was dressed entirely in gray. Her tiny hat was of doves' wings. The dress tightly swathed the delicate, shapely body from the throat to halfway down the thighs. It was utterly untrimmed except (as the Parisian dressmaker and the lady herself had intended) by the vase-like curves of the body. In the back, however, was an infinity of plaits and bustles and ruffles. Their profusion and confusion further emphasized the simplicity of the dress in front.

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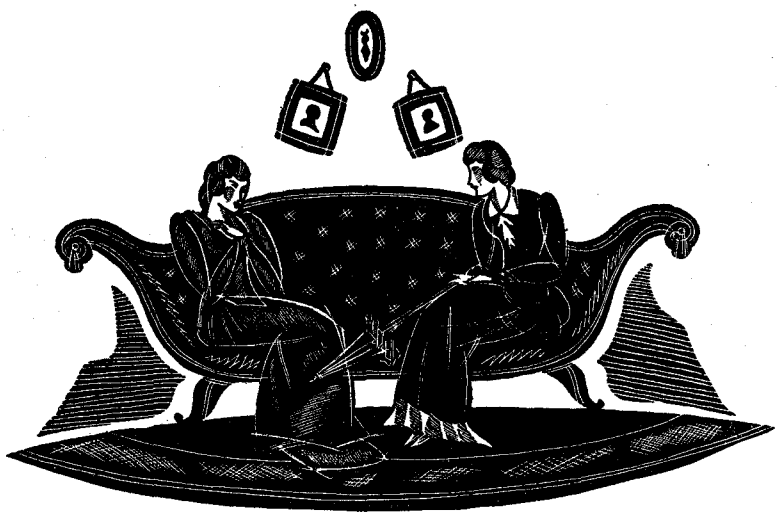

"I want to be your friend."

She watched her husband stare after this lovely vision. He hesitated, and followed her to her trap, shook her hand, exchanged a few words.

"Oh my dearest Gyp," Jacky cried when he returned to her, "why didn't you introduce us? I like her the best of anyone I've seen in Newport. She is so sweet and sad, like a lady in Tennyson's *Idylls*."

"My poor little Baked Bean," he answered affectionately, "I'll never introduce her to you. Rather a bad name — you're too young to understand. Not the sort of woman one wishes one's wife associated with. In fact, child, that interesting object is the famous Belle Marie."

Jacky had heard much of this woman who was known, like a yacht, as the Belle Marie. At mention of her, men put on knowing, virile expressions, and even dumpy, short dowagers managed to look tall and impressive. Jacky had visualized a coarse and showy creature. Instead Belle Marie looked gentle, frightened, exquisite. Gyp explained that the women had ostracized her because of her beauty and her great charm for men more than because of her indiscretions. Women were small-minded, jealous creatures.

"Oh, but I am not like that," promised Jacky. "I love her *more* because of her beauty." He kissed her mouth and said he believed her.

It seemed that Belle Marie had a Virginian husband who could not leave his plantation during the hot season, but the lady's health could not endure the midsummer heat upon the James. Usually she went to Paris for a month or two and then, armed with the most startling and beautiful clothes, descended upon Newport. The women would have none of her, and it was true she had let men call on her and stay too late. Her ball gowns were perhaps . . . a little low . . . and her heels a trifle high. These things had never affected *his* estimate — he had always found her sweet, warm-hearted, and gentle.

"But they would not affect mine either," cried Jacky, stoutly allying herself with the noble male world against the icy dowagers she hated. He laughed and kissed her mouth again.

When she turned back from watching her husband's boat dying away into the west, she found Corey's eyes waiting for her. Something in their expression reminded her of the old women whom she so mistrusted. Disillusioned, worldly. "I used to drive Mrs. Latour three summers ago," he announced sadly.

"Mrs. Who?"

"Mrs. Latour — the lady in the pony trap."

On the way home Corey made a slight detour crossing the high lands that look down on Bailey's Beach. There was a bushy, neglected entrance. Corey pointed down the drive to a sagging old farmhouse, not a fashionable "cottage" at all.

"She lives there."

"Who?" — "Mrs. Latour."

(Oh, what a fool you were. Everyone tried to warn you against that woman. Your husband, the ladies at Newport, Corey, even Mrs. Latour herself. Well, you knew best — young people always know best and it seems to me they always get hurt, one way or another. She glanced at her granddaughter, Lady Hubbard. What a wisp of a little thing, in a little wisp of black — but she should not have those lines at the corners of her mouth, not at her age. And Gyp's eyes in the girl's lovely head, those wonderful, glowing eyes. Oh yes . . . young people always get hurt . . . and old ones too. And Edith — there's Edith, almost an old woman now. I'm sure she has never done a thing she did not want to do — because she has never wanted to do anything that was not right . . . yet even her face looks sad in repose. I'm sure she enjoyed divorcing Phil. She has no conception of suffering, except in great droves — like ravished Armenia, or laboring men's wives.)

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The gay young mare raced and played.

V

AT LAST Jacky got what she wanted — she met the Belle Marie alone and found excuse to speak. Her idol walked upon a red cliff by a summer sea. She wore a green muslin frock and carried a lavender parasol, with which she pushed among the crevices of the rocks. She had lost something.

"What is it? Can I help you?"

Mrs. Latour insisted a little hostilely that it was nothing — a cheap filigree earring. She abruptly discontinued her search and made her graceful way over the rocks and across Bailey's Beach. There the bathers sat. They were women and children. They stared at the lovely creature in green and lavender, but they did not speak. Mrs. Latour took an up-turning cart path which led from the floor of the beach almost to her own gate.

Mrs. Latour's hands had been gloved in pale mauve. Jacky's were bare. Alone upon the cliff, she dug and pawed like a terrier until she found the earring. It was in the shape of a small pitcher. Then she hurried over the same route the Belle Marie had taken. All the bathers spoke to her. She excused herself and in a few moments presented her dishevelment to the other woman's perfection.

Mrs. Latour sat alone in the cool of her old-fashioned parlor, sipping a mint julep. Under her own roof she seemed an utterly different creature from the cold woman of the cliffs. She was warm, eager, friendly. Mrs. Sloane must have a mint julep with her. Yes, it was a Southern drink, Mr. Latour's favorite. Her voice was as enchanting as her face and figure. But there were lines of sadness, almost of despair, about the rose-leaf mouth which touched with pity the heart of the young bride.

Like a schoolgirl Jacky blurted out the real reason for her visit. She cried earnestly, "I want to be your friend." Mrs. Latour's lovely faced suffused with delicate color. "Oh, I would love that." She eagerly took her guest to her own room, as if she wished to introduce her to the innermost sanctum of her being. She showed her a miniature of her planter husband, whom she affectionately referred to as Johnny. Then Jacky spoke shyly of her husband, calling him by his sacred, private name of Gyp. Mrs. Latour froze into ominous silence. She became, for a second, cold, hostile, aloof. She suggested that they sit upon her porch and watch the gulls.

In a few moments her coldness melted. When Jacky got up to go, Belle Marie clung to her with feverish insistence. She must come again.

"I need you so," she said. "Do promise me you will come again."

"But of course I will," said the Cambridge child sturdily. "You are positively the only person in Newport I can endure."

(I am sure I can't imagine what I saw in the creature. Lonely, I suppose. And a young person coming to Newport for her first summer should have been so careful of early acquaintances. If I had not been so obviously just a silly child making a sad mistake, I might have been entirely dropped by the right people. As she thought these wise thoughts, there was before her eyes — minute and distinct, as if seen, not through time, but the wrong end of a telescope — the fragile, lovely Belle Marie; and that bright little gamin called Jacky. She saw these two walk upon the sun-drenched beach. Now the waves roll in, blue and sparkling. Now the air is sweet with the life and the death of the sea. Oh the sea! Where, where has your beauty gone? What has happened to Bailey's Beach? It never smells like that nowadays. Now it is a dull, lifeless place. . . . After all, one place is much like another.)

Jacky gathered from the sly words of the other women that at one time her husband and the Belle Marie had been "great friends, my dear." If this were true, it seemed to her cruel that Gyp now so consistently refused to see her.

He had told his wife that he had never been in love with Belle, and Jacky had exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, of course not!" (Actually — as naïve as that. Didn't know that nice men like her husband sometimes fell in

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love with married women. Frenchmen did. Perhaps Italians — but not Americans like Gyp.)

VI

ONE FRIDAY her husband arrived a day early. Oh the poor dear! He had walked up from the dock? He paused a moment. No, Mrs. Latour had given him a lift. He seemed anxious to dismiss the incident. The next morning when she met Belle, she was surprised to learn that Mrs. Latour had first driven him to her own house, Gray Gables. She had given him a mint julep. He had hung a picture for her. Also he had promised to come back Sunday to look over her spaniel for ticks. She dared not look herself. She was so afraid of ticks.

Belle was frank about these plans. Gyp never mentioned them. He was more restless, preoccupied than ever. His eyes glowed with that curious golden light. He constantly fretted against his collar, like a restive horse. If his collar was uncomfortable, why didn't he put on a different one? For the first, but not the last time in her life, he looked at her quietly and did not answer. The look terrified her.

She ran down to the stable. "Corey, Corey, saddle Fire-Bright for me." She rode alone, as she had been accustomed to ride when she was in Cambridge. The gay young mare raced and played. When she came back she was happy again. Gyp had surely not heard what she had said about the collar. He had not intentionally slighted her.

Sunday afternoon Jacky timidly suggested that they both go over to Mrs. Latour's. Gyp would not. At five he jumped up, made an excuse about the post office, and returned two hours later without explanation. By then the house was full of callers. He was casual, almost rude to them. Went about whistling, his long brown hands thrust deep into his pockets, his luminous eyes enigmatical, perhaps a little hostile both toward his wife and this fashionable group she had gathered around herself at his request.

The next morning, after he was gone, she played croquet with Belle. Jacky could not conceal her amazement when Belle candidly told her about her husband's call. Belle said she was sorry that Jacky had had such a bad headache that she had been unable to come to Gray Gables Sunday afternoon. It was true that Jacky had complained of a headache early in the morning when the question of church had come up, but Gyp must have understood that that was only an excuse. This was why he had not told her where he was going. He had wanted to spare her the hot trip over.

Love and trust welled up within her, and for Jacky (not for Jacqueline) love and trust were one thing. But the dowagers, throned in rocking chairs upon their costly verandas, continued to regale her innocence with legends of seduction, adultery, betrayal. She hated their suspicions of a world which she had always found benevolent and honorable.

In July her mother asked her to come home for a few days. One of her brothers had typhoid and had set his heart on Jacky's return. She went for three days and stayed three weeks. Safe once more in the professor's garden, she forgot the cold eyes, the immaculate life of Newport, almost forgot that she was married. But she never forgot Gyp. He wrote her loving

(*Continued on page 250*)

What girl is this who runs upon the beach with streaming eyes and wild, disheveled hair?

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Two Woodcuts

by

GAN KOLSKI

THE FISHERMEN

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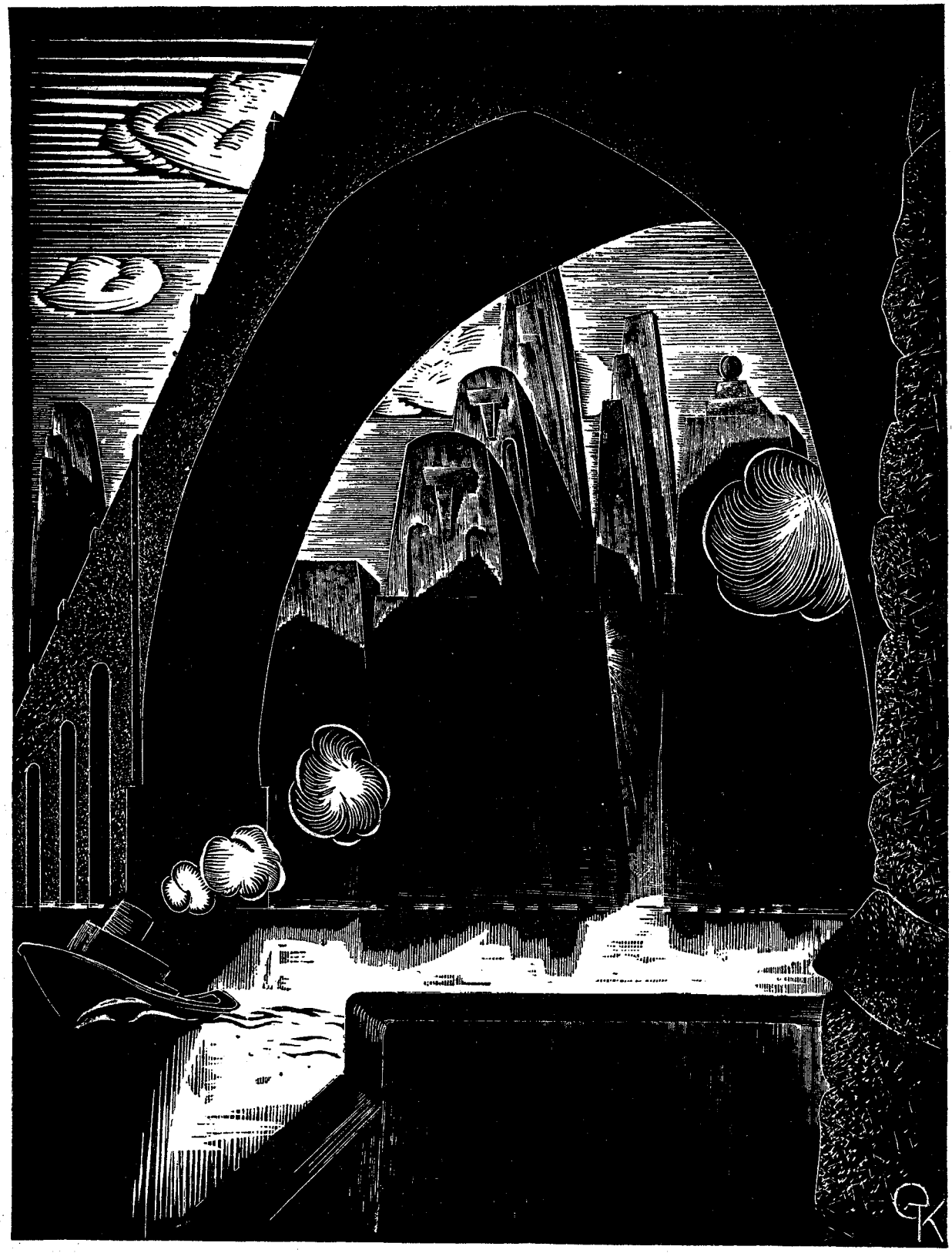

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Drawings by George de Zayas

The 12 Greatest Dates

by **WILL DURANT**

THE FORUM's request for a contribution to its symposium on the twelve most vital dates in history reached me at Manila as I was preparing to set sail across the Pacific to America. The invitation came at an appropriate moment, for it found me struggling with the problem of dates in working on the first volume of a history of civilization.

It was already quite clear to me that the inclusion of dates in the text would make the story as accurate and dull as a good encyclopedia; that the transformation of dead data into living narrative would require some other disposition of dates than one that would infest with them every page of the tale. The arrangement arrived at, after much pseudopodial trial and error, was to confine all dates to the margin and the notes. Perhaps some such plan would alleviate the pain inflicted by some of the textbooks of history used in our colleges and schools.

I had occasion, a year ago, to examine the texts employed in certain institutions of lower learning in my neighborhood. The geography, which might have been made one of the most fascinating studies of all, was especially abominable — a mere massing of dead information, much of it made false or worthless by the war, much of it restricted to the superficial features of a nation's life, much of it made ridiculous by provincial prejudice against the Orient. But the textbook of history — Beard and Bagley's *History of the American People* — was intelligently and intelligibly written, recording the progress of civilization, as well as the logic-chopping vicissitudes of politics, and presenting its sound scholarship with pleasing artistry. It is a splendid volume.

In many high schools I have found, as the standard historical text of world history, Breasted's *Ancient Times*, which I regard as the finest schoolbook in America; and along with it, only slightly inferior to it, the books of Robinson and Beard on modern European history. In these volumes there is no excessive use of dates; and if we are to agree that dates have been overdone, we shall have to acknowledge, also, that some of our texts have avoided this fault, and many of them represent a great improvement on the class books of our younger days.

I should hardly be content to have my pupils know only twelve dates; and I presume that the choice of this baker's number was not intended to suggest an optimum, but rather a minimum — dates, let us say, that every baker should know. How many dates a man should carry with him will depend, of course, on his functions and purposes. A farmer might do his job very well, and bring up a fine family, with no other date in his head than that of the next state fair; but a man condemned to the intellectual life, precluded from the deepening contacts of experiment and action, ought to have sufficient knowledge of man's chronology to give him, as some poor substitute for wide personal experience, that historical perspective which is one road to philosophy and understanding.

Such a man should be able to name the century (though not necessarily the precise dates) of world-transforming inventions and discoveries like gunpowder, printing, the steam engine, the electric motor, and the discovery of

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America. He should know the centuries of the world's greatest statesmen — say Hammurabi, Moses, Darius I, Solon, Pericles, Alexander, Cæsar, Charles V, Louis XIV, Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bismarck, Cavour, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Lincoln; of the world's greatest scientists and philosophers — say Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Copernicus, Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton, Spinoza, Voltaire, Kant, Schopenhauer, and Darwin; of the world's greatest saints — say Iknaton, Lao-tse, Isaiah, Buddha, Christ, Marcus Aurelius, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Loyola, Luther, and Gandhi.

This man of intellectual interests should also know the centuries of the world's greatest poets — say Homer, the Psalmist, Euripides, Vergil, Horace, Li Tai-po, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Pushkin, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Hugo, Poe, Whitman, and Tagore; of the world's greatest makers of music — say Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Paganini, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Verdi, Wagner, Paderewski, and Stravinsky; and of the world's greatest artists or works of art — say Karnak and Luxor and the Pyramids, Phidias and Praxiteles, Wu Tao-tzu and Sesshiu and Hokusai, Chartres and the Taj Mahal, Giotto and Dürer, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo, Titian and Correggio, El Greco and Velásquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Turner and Whistler, Millet and Cézanne.

I have left out the great prose writers, lest this article should read like a telephone directory, or a list of radical exportees, or a register of dirty foreigners. The reader can help me by making here his own pantheon. Let him then examine his friends and himself on the centuries and work of these men (perhaps we should also add a list of great women, from Queen Hatshepsut to Madame Curie), and so rate them and himself with a new Binet-Simon test.

If, however, one is condemned to live on a mental desert island, and can take only twelve dates with him, these dates should presumably be such as to carry in their implications the essential history of mankind. About them should cluster such associations that on their docket the greater achievements of the human mind would string themselves in a concatenation of development, in an order and perspective that would clarify old knowledge and facilitate the new. Since history is varied, and all aspects of human activity in any age are bound up with the rest, many such chains of pivotal events might be composed. What follows, then, are not *the* twelve world dates; they are merely twelve.

1. *4241 B.C. — The Introduction of the Egyptian Calendar.* This date alone, the earliest definite date in history, is sufficient to cause some disturbance to fiercely orthodox souls who believe with Bishop Ussher that the world was created in 4004 B.C. To accept the testimony of Egyptologists that a calendar existed on the Lower Nile two hundred and thirty-seven years before the creation of the world might serve as a fertilizing shock to any virgin mind.

The implications of that calendar are endless. Consider the development of astronomy and mathematics that must have preceded its formulation. Consider how long even then a civilization must have endured to set aside from the economic life men with leisure enough to chart the stars and capture the course of the sun. It was a very sensible calendar, compared with ours: it divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, with five intercalary days at the end for roistering. And it stands in the memory for all Egypt, for three thousand years of recorded civilization, with orderly government, security of life and property, comforts for the body, delights for the senses, and instruction for the mind. It stands for Cheops, who built the greatest of the pyramids; and Thutmose III, who built Karnak; and Iknaton, who literally sold his kingdom for a song (arousing revolution by writing a monotheistic hymn); and Cleopatra, who led Antony to ruin by the nose — if one may speak so metonymically.

2. *543 B.C. — The Death of Buddha.* No other soul, I suppose, has ever been so influential in India. It is not so much that several hundred million men and women profess the Buddhist religion to-day; in truth, Buddhism does not follow Buddha, but is a mass of legends and superstitions that have no more right to use his name than the ferocious Christianity of Calvin or Torquemada or Tennessee has to use the name of Christ. But Buddha means India,

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for the spirit of India lies in religion rather than in science, in contemplation rather than in action, in a fraternal gentleness rather than in the application of mathematics to artillery, or of chemistry to bombs.

Life, said Buddha, is full of suffering; it can be made bearable only by doing no injury to any living thing, and speaking no evil of any man — or woman either. Let us hope that that simple religion is what lies behind the infinite superstitions of the Hindu mind to-day; and let us take the date of Buddha as the beginning of a civilization that has known every vicissitude, every injustice, every slavery, and yet in the midst of it has produced geniuses and saints from Buddha and Asoka to Gandhi and Tagore.

3. *478 B.C. — The Death of Confucius.* We must have some symbol to represent China for us — China, so gigantic in size that it calls itself "All Under Heaven," and so old that it records the doings of its kings for the last four thousand years. May I take this opportunity to pass on to the reader a paragraph from Confucius that seems to me almost perfect in its wisdom, infinite riches in a little room? It is from "The Great Learning," sections four and five.

> The illustrious ancients, when they wished to make clear and to propagate the highest virtues in the world, put their states in proper order. Before putting their states in proper order, they regulated their own families. Before regulating their families, they cultivated their own selves. Before cultivating their own selves, they perfected their souls. Before perfecting their souls, they tried to be sincere in their thoughts. Before trying to be sincere in their thoughts, they extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things, and seeing them as they really were. When things were thus investigated, knowledge became complete. When knowledge was complete, their thoughts became sincere. When their thoughts were sincere, their souls became perfect. When their souls were perfect, their own selves became cultivated. When their selves were cultivated, their families became regulated. When their families were regulated, their states came to be put in proper order. When their states were in proper order, the whole world became peaceful and happy.

Because we are intellectual hypocrites, and refuse to see things as they are (for example, democracy, immortality, morality, marriage, American imperialism, the caste system in Europe and America), we are not sincere in our thoughts; because we are not sincere in our thoughts, we cannot perfect our souls or regulate ourselves; because we cannot regulate ourselves, we cannot regulate our families; because we cannot regulate our families, our states are in disorder. How simple a lesson old Kung-the-Master teaches us!

I envy those Chinese schoolboys who were made to memorize every word of Confucius. I have found every line profound and applicable; and sometimes I think that if these maxims had sunk into my memory for twenty years, I might have in me a little of the poise of soul, the simple dignity, the quiet understanding, the depth of character, the infinite courtesy that I have found in the educated Chinese everywhere. Never has one man so written his name upon the face and spirit of a people as Confucius has done in China. Let us take him again as a symbol and a suggestion: behind him are the delicate lyrics of the T'ang Dynasty's poets, the mystic landscapes of the Chinese painters, the perfect vases of the Chinese potters, the secular and terrestrial wisdom of the Chinese philosophers; perhaps the greatest of all historic civilizations is summed up in his name.

4. *399 B.C. — The Death of Socrates.* When this man passed, drunk with hemlock, also passed the most astonishing epoch in human history — the Age of Pericles. But this time I am not thinking of philosophy. Behind Socrates I see his friend and lover, Alcibiades, and the destructive tragedy of the Peloponnesian War. I see Aspasia, the learned courtesan, at whose feet the old Gadfly sat with Pericles. I see Pericles gathering rich men around him and persuading them to finance the Athenian drama. I see Euripides contending with Sophocles for the dramatic prize in the Theatre of Dionysus. I see Ictinus in slow thought molding the columns of the Parthenon, and Phidias

Egypt Invents the Calendar.

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carving the gods and heroes of its frieze. I see young Plato winning the prize at the Panathenæan games. I want some stopping-point in history that shall bring to my memory a few of the thousand facets of this brave and varied age, when for the first time a whole civilization liberated itself from superstition, and created science, drama, democracy, and liberty, and passed on to Rome and Europe half of our intellectual and æsthetic heritage.

5. *44 B.C. — The Death of Cæsar.* A few years before the death of Georg Brandes, the Danish critic who helped the French Taine to make the British understand English literature, an American student visited him and found him in a very somber mood. "Why are you sad?" the visitor asked. "Don't you know," answered Brandes, "that this is the anniversary of the greatest blunder in history — the assassination of Cæsar?"

The old critic might have found blunders nearer home, like the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo; and perhaps he exaggerated a little the importance of Brutus' *sottise.* For in a sense it is not Cæsar whom we wish to remember; it is the succession of developments that followed upon his death: the reconstruction of Roman law and order by the statesmanlike Augustus on the basis and lines of Cæsar's preliminary work, the flourishing of arts and letters under the extension of the *Pax Romana* to Rome, the poetry of Vergil and Horace, the prose of Pliny and Tacitus, the philosophy of Epictetus and Aurelius, the beneficent rule of Hadrian and Antoninus, the beautification of the Forum and the capital with architecture and statuary, the building of those roads, and the revision and codification of those laws, which were to be Rome's essential legacy to the modern world. As the death of Socrates may be used to sum up the Periclean Age of Athens, so the death of Cæsar stands as the door to the Golden Age of Rome.

6. *? B.C. — The Birth of Christ.* This date the reader may place *ad lib.*, since no man knows it. For us it is the most important date of all, because it divides all history in the West, gives us our greatest hero and model, provides us with that body of myth and legend which is now passing from the theological to the literary stage (like the mythology of Greece and Rome in the medieval era), and marks the beginning of that Christian age which seems to-day to be approaching its close. After us the deluge; God knows what a mess of occult faiths will in the twentieth century replace the tender and cruel theologies that praised and dishonored Christ.

"Et tu, Brute!"

7. *632 A.D. — The Death of Mohammed.* It was in this year, so designated by us infidels but known to the Mohammedans as A. H. 10 (the tenth year after the Hegira), that Mohammed left this earth, after founding the faith that was to overrun and dominate for centuries all northern Africa from Cairo to Morocco, southern Europe in Turkey and Spain, and half of Asia from Jerusalem and Bagdad to Teheran and Delhi. Even Christianity cannot boast of so many wars waged in its name, or so many heathen killed.

With this trifling exception, it was a noble religion, sternly monotheistic, rejecting images and priests and the polytheism of saints, building strong characters with the doctrine of fatalism and the discipline of war, raising great universities and cultures at Cordova, Granada, Cairo, Bagdad, and Delhi, giving the world one of its greatest rulers — Akbar of India — and ennobling Spain, Egypt, Constantinople, Palestine, and India with gracious architecture from the Alhambra to the Taj Mahal. "They built like giants and they finished like jewelers." To-day, despite their political dismemberment, they are still growing in numbers and strength; in India and China they are making converts every hour of every day. There is no surety that the future is not theirs.

8. *1294 — The Death of Roger Bacon.* This date is almost as good as any other to mark the first use of gunpowder, for the rebellious

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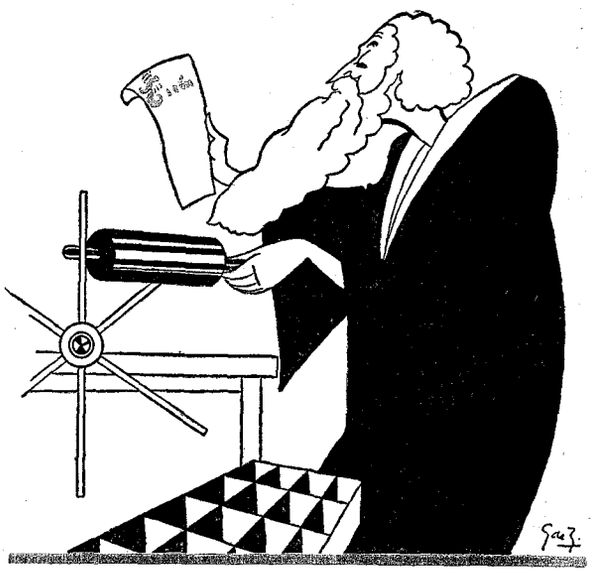
English monk who died in this year may be held partly responsible for its invention. It was Roger Bacon who first definitely described the explosive that would revolutionize the world and offer to all pious statesmen a substitute for birth control. "One may cause to burst forth from bronze," he wrote, "thunderbolts more formidable than those produced by nature. A small quantity of prepared matter occasions a terrible explosion accompanied by brilliant light. One may multiply the phenomena so far as to destroy an army or a city."

And we have done it. It was gunpowder that gave to the rising bourgeoisie of late medieval Europe the means of overthrowing the feudal baron by bombarding from a distance his once impregnable castle. It was gunpowder that made the infantry as important as the cavalry, and gave the common man a new prestige in war and a new power in revolutions. It was gunpowder that turned war from a gentleman's game, occasionally fatal, to a form of standardized mass destruction, a mode of removing from the earth, with a few minutes' bombardment, the work of a hundred thousand artists' hands laboring for three centuries. Perhaps this is the most important date in the story of the fall of man; though some cynic might argue that a still more tragic event was the invention of thinking, the liberation of intellect from instinct, the consequent separation of sex from reproduction, and the abandonment of the perpetuation of the race to the selected morons of every land.

9. *1454 — The Press of Johannes Gutenberg, at Mainz on the Rhine, Issues the First Printed Documents Bearing a Printed Date.* The Germans had used printing from movable types for some fourteen years before; the Chinese had done such printing as far back as 1041 A.D.; and in 1900 a block-printed book was discovered in China which had been published in 868. Nothing is new in China, democracy least of all. They invented gunpowder and used it chiefly for fireworks. They invented printing and never used it for tabloid newspapers, crime club fiction, or pornographic biography.

In Western civilization, printing helped money and muskets to liberate the middle class and put an end to the rule of the knights and the priests. It enabled the people to read the Bible, and so engendered the Reformation. It immensely widened the circle to which a writer might address his ideas. And by transferring the making of books from monks to printers' devils, and the patronage of books from the aristocracy and the church to the commonalty and the laity, it made possible the propaganda and development of democracy and free thought.



Gutenberg Prints the First Best Seller.

Napoleon remarked that the Bourbons might have preserved themselves, and prevented the French Revolution, by maintaining a governmental monopoly of ink. Our empowered middle classes have profited by the example and have made literacy an impediment to the acquisition of truth. One hardly knows, to-day, whether printing does more harm than good, or whether the growth of knowledge and learning has not weakened character as much as it has stocked the mind.

10. *1492 — Columbus Discovers America.* When Columbus discovered us, he put an end to the Italian Renaissance by changing trade routes from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and bringing wealth and power first to Spain, making possible Velásquez and Cervantes, Murillo and Calderon; then to England, financing Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, and Hobbes; then to the Netherlands, producing Rembrandt and Spinoza, Rubens and Van Dyck, Hobbema and Vermeer; and then to France, generating Rabelais and Montaigne, Poussin and Claude Lorraine. When, in 1564, Michelangelo died and Shakespeare was born, it was a sign that the Renaissance had died in Italy and been reborn in England. The discovery of America coöperated with the Reformation, and the

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diminution of Peter's Pence, in ending for a time the rôle of Italy in history.

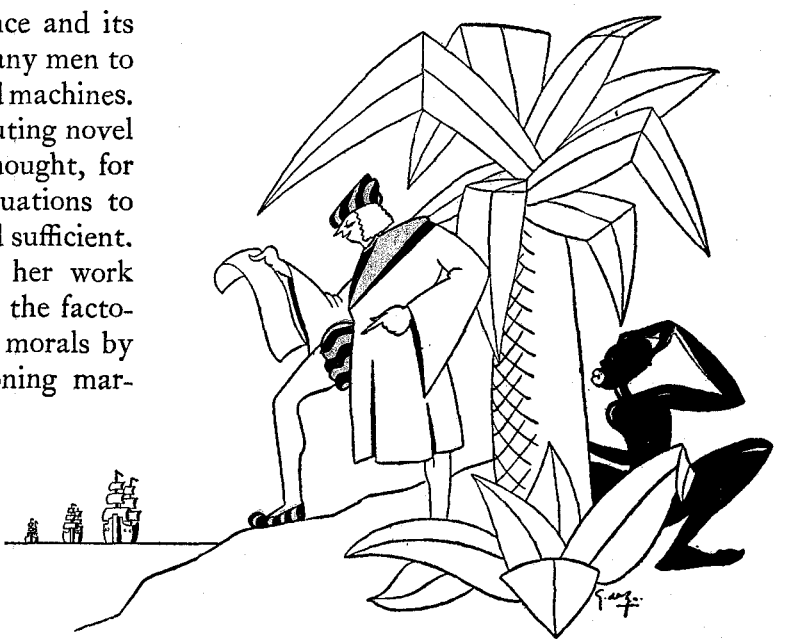
Later the development of the New World opened up a vast market for European goods and a vast area for Europe's surplus population. This is the secret of Europe's rapid growth in wealth and power, and its conquest of Africa and Asia and Australia. And all the history of America, with its experiments in popular sovereignty and popular education (would that the order had been reversed), lay potential in that magnificent adventure of 1492.

11. *1769 — James Watt Brings the Steam Engine to Practical Utility.* This event inaugurated the Industrial Revolution. Hero of Alexandria had made a steam engine in 130 B.C.; Della Porta, Savery, and Newcomen had made better ones in 1601, 1698, and 1705; but it was Watt's stone that capped the arch and changed the world.

Essentially there are only two fundamental and pivotal events in human history: the Agricultural Revolution, in which men passed from hunting to tillage and settled down to build homes, schools, and civilization; and the Industrial Revolution, which threw millions and millions of men, first in England, then in America and Germany, then in Italy and France, then in far-away Japan, now in China and India, out of their homes and their farms into cities and factories. It transformed society and government by empowering the owners of machinery and the controllers of commerce beyond the owners of titles and land. It transformed religion by generating science and its persuasive miracles and inducing many men to think in terms of cause and effect and machines. It transformed the mind by substituting novel and varied stimuli, necessitating thought, for the old ancestral and domestic situations to which instinct had been adapted and sufficient. It transformed woman by taking her work from the home and forcing her into the factories to recapture it. It transformed morals by complicating economic life, postponing marriage, multiplying contacts and opportunities, liberating woman, reducing the family, and weakening religious and parental authority and control. And it transformed art by subordinating beauty to use and subjecting the artist, not to a favored few with inherited standards of judgment and trained tastes, but to a multitude who judged all things in terms of power and cost and size.

All this, humorous as it may seem, is in that single invention of James Watt. All this and more — Capitalism, Socialism, Imperialism that must come when industrialized nations need foreign markets and foreign food, wars for these markets, and revolutions from these wars. Even the Great War, and the vast experiment in Russia, are corollaries of the Industrial Revolution. 1769 stands for the whole modern age.

12. *1789 — The French Revolution.* The French Revolution must be taken not as a single self-contained event, but as the political signature to economic and psychological facts that had accumulated for centuries. Perhaps it began in 1543, when Copernicus published his book *On the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs;* for then began the twilight of the gods and the liberation of man. Cast here upon this petty earth, no longer the center of things but an incident, forced to realize that humanity is an interlude in biology, biology an interlude in geology (as any earthquake will remind us), and geology an interlude in astronomy, man was left to shift and think for himself. Thought became free and boundless and fought its way out of superstition and ecclesiasticism to the time when a whole age would be named after a writer, and Voltaire might say, "I have no scepter, but I have a pen."



Columbus Discovers America.

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I never cease admiring the French Enlightenment; all in all I consider it the peak of human history, greater even than Periclean Greece, or Augustan Rome, or Medicean Italy. Never had men thought so bravely, spoken so brilliantly, or lifted themselves to a greater height of culture and courtesy. "Alas!" said Louis XVI, standing in his Temple prison before the books of Voltaire and Rousseau, "these are the men that have destroyed France." Yes, they had destroyed one France, but they had liberated another, not to speak of freeing America through their disciples, Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson.

This is the best I can do, far off here in the Pacific, between two hemispheres and two ages. I look back to the Orient and wonder how a Confucian scholar or a Hindu Brahman would smile at my dates. The one would inquire courteously where the T'ang Dynasty entered into my list — an age as great in China as the Enlightenment in France. The other would ask about Akbar or Asoka, and I could only answer that Asoka belongs to Buddha, and Akbar to Mohammed.

I know how partial and provincial any such list must be. We are all born within frontiers of space and time and, struggle as we will, we never escape from our boxes. To us, civilization means Europe and America; and the Orient, which considers us barbaric, seems barbarous.

Let the reader, then, make his own list, helping himself to what he likes in mine. Let him try to build for himself another perspective and unity that shall clarify human development for him. And let him remember the words which Napoleon bequeathed to the Duke of Reichstadt at St. Helena: "May my son study history, for it is the only true psychology, and the only true philosophy."

$500 for Dead Men's Bones

THE FORUM for September contained Hendrik Willem van Loon's list of the twelve most important dates in history. Will Durant has just submitted his choices, and the similar selections of H. G. Wells will be published next month. The Editor now invites you to collaborate with these distinguished gentlemen by preparing your own list of the twelve greatest dates *which they omitted*. If you did not see the last number of THE FORUM, you can look it up in any library, and if you prefer, you can read all three articles in the same way, for the contest is not restricted to subscribers. Five hundred dollars in cash prizes will be divided between the three contestants who send in the best papers. Will *you* be one of them?

Read the following rules carefully:

1. Three cash prizes will be awarded: a first prize of $250, a second prize of $150, and a third prize of $100. If there should be a tie for any of the prizes, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each contestant.

2. The prize-winning papers will be published in THE FORUM.

3. The contest is open to everyone — non-subscribers as well as subscribers — except employees of THE FORUM and their families.

4. Each contestant must list twelve dates which are *not* among those chosen by van Loon, Durant, and Wells, and state briefly why each date is important. The papers will be judged equally upon the dates chosen and the reasons given for their choice.

5. Papers must not exceed 1200 words in length.

6. Since H. G. Wells' article will not be published until November, no paper can be considered which is sent in before the November issue appears.

7. The contest will close at midnight on Monday, December 1, 1930.

8. Papers should be either typewritten or penned in legible handwriting, and must bear the name and address of the contestant. Mail them to the Contest Editor.

9. THE FORUM will not return papers submitted in the contest, and will not enter into correspondence about them.

10. Anybody may enter as many papers as he pleases.

11. The Editor of THE FORUM will be the sole judge of the contest.

12. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here given and will abide by the judgment of the Editor.

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ROCKET SHIPS

And a Visit to Mars

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by **WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT**

THE ANNALS of invention are full of impossibilities which have somehow come to pass. The steam engine, the iron ship, the airplane, the phonograph, the incandescent lamp — all were once considered incredible. Astronautics, a coined word meaning "methods of navigating space," is still among the unproved sciences, but because its stirring implications make the transatlantic flights of our boldest aviators seem puerile and inconsequential in comparison, it will always be a tempting field for the engineer, the physicist, and the dreamer.

To leave the Earth in some strange, hermetically sealed vessel; to rush through space, from star to star, at velocities never before achieved by man; to see with one's own eyes the features of that other face of the Moon which is forever turned from the Earth; to settle once and for all by personal inspection the real nature of those mysterious "canals" on Mars, which Lowell thought were irrigation ditches dug on a planetary scale by a race of intelligent beings struggling to stave off extinction by husbanding the water of the melting polar snows; to pierce the wall of Venus and discover what lies beyond — surely the technical imagination is capable of no more magnificent flight.

What is it that prevents us from voyaging to the Moon and the more distant planets? Primarily the Earth's gravitation as manifested by weight. To escape into space we must overcome our weight and the weight of our vehicle — overwhelm one force with another. Every boy who has ever pitched a baseball has acquired an elementary knowledge of the Earth's power. He throws the ball up into the air. It takes a measureable time in which to return — a longer time when it is thrown with greater force — and during part of that time it actually defies gravitation. Now, clearly, if there were a pitching machine powerful enough, it would be theoretically possible to throw a ball any distance, even to the Moon. By applying Newton's law, it develops that gravitation could be overcome by a body having the velocity of at least seven miles a second. Seven miles a second! And the fastest bullet has a muzzle velocity of less than three thousand feet a second.

In *From the Earth to the Moon* Jules Verne shoots men into space in a luxuriously furnished shell from a colossal cannon buried in the earth. The tale possesses the illusion of scientific reality, but when abler men than Verne began to discuss voyages into the cosmos, they discovered that for all its plausibility

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his cannon and his enormous charge of powder were much too feeble. Indeed, it may be doubted whether his projectile, half villa and half shell, would ever have left the cannon at all. The truth is that with no powder known and with no cannon that can be constructed can man convey himself across the awful chasm that separates him even from the neighborly Moon.

So we must turn to other vehicles than colossal shells. Airplanes? They must be discarded at once. Interplanetary space is airless, and air is as necessary to a flying machine as water to a transatlantic liner. We need an engine that can propel itself in a vacuum. Only a rocket meets this condition, for a rocket is propelled merely by the back pressure of the burning gases that steam rearwardly from it at high velocity. The principle on which it operates is very simple. One of Newton's laws of motion tells us that action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction. Fire a shotgun, and your shoulder feels the recoil. So, too, with the rocket: recoil is what drives it. It literally kicks itself on its way, whether through air or in a vacuum. An engineer classifies the rocket as a reaction engine, and the physicist accepts it as the only type of vehicle that can possibly conquer the abyss which separates planet from planet.

The Rocketeers

It might be supposed from an uncritical reading of the newspapers that only in our day has the rocket been considered as a means of interplanetary communication. But Jules Verne admitted that he had been inspired by no less a person than Cyrano de Bergerac, who once wrote a story of an escape from New Canada in a vessel which was driven by rockets to the Moon. Newton naturally pointed out the possibilities of journeying through space on the rocket principle as a corollary to his law of action and reaction. In our own generation at least a score of novelists have traveled in imagination from planet to planet in rockets. A whole school of physicists and engineers have busied themselves with astronautics, with the result that a formidable and highly mathematical literature has accumulated which considers the rocket under all conceivable circumstances from the moment it leaves the Earth in a deafening roar to the moment when it speeds through space, a mere speck in the solar system, and yet part of it.

It was undoubtedly Professor R. H. Goddard of Clark University, Worcester, who gave purpose and direction to the plans of the astronauts. His primary object was to explore the upper atmosphere with the aid of instruments which are nothing more or less than artificial sense organs, automatically writing down their impressions of temperature, humidity, wind velocity, electric discharges, and the intensity of sunlight. By properly shaping the nozzle of a rocket, Goddard succeeded in attaining a speed of eight thousand feet a second with a commercial smokeless powder. More recent experiments indicate that twelve thousand feet a second are now possible. Contrast this with the speed of a bullet when it leaves the muzzle of a rifle (3000 feet) and it becomes evident that Goddard's rockets are probably the fastest projectiles ever built by man.

But even a speed of twelve thousand feet a second is not enough for interstellar navigation. We must seek propellants far more powerful than any hitherto known. Again Goddard proved to be a pioneer. He is the only one who has successfully propelled rockets with liquid gases. He thinks that an explosive gas composed of hydrogen and oxygen will contain the requisite energy. Another point to be remembered is that a rocket's speed is also increased by losing weight as its propellant is used up. Hence Professor Goddard reached the conclusion that rockets must be so designed that they can automatically cast off useless chambers as their fuel is exhausted. With the perfection of these principles, he believes that it will be quite possible to reach the Moon, and even Mars.

It must not be supposed, however, that the astronauts are all for building a space-ship as huge as an ocean liner without preliminary experimenting. Following Goddard's example, they advocate the construction of small, unmanned rockets which can be sent to heights not yet reached by kites and sounding balloons. The next step will be to hit the Moon with them. What follows then is a matter of dispute. Some would built a craft which would be a hybrid airplane and rocket in which long-distance flights in the Earth's atmosphere could be made. A flight from Berlin to New York in three stages would occupy less than a

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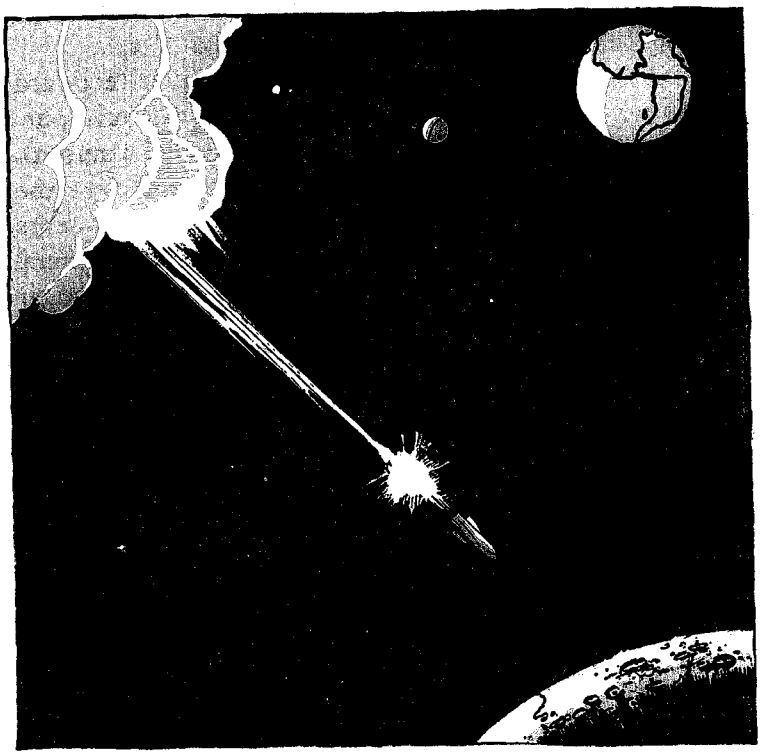

forenoon. Others are convinced that the high-speed rocket can never be combined with the airplane; they advocate progressive experiments by which they would arrive at a rocket which would attain a height of perhaps three hundred and fifty miles and in which a voyage around the Earth at the rate of twenty-four thousand miles an hour would become a pleasant excursion between breakfast and luncheon.

In order to reduce the charge of propellant to practical limits and facilitate a return to the Earth, Professor Hermann Oberth, the German physicist, has boldly suggested that the Moon be used as a kind of filling station by rocket ships bound for Mars and Venus. After refueling, a new start could be made with a velocity of less than two miles a second because of the lesser attraction of the Moon. Since the Moon is probably airless and its surface blisteringly hot one-half of the month and at nearly absolute zero the other half, its utilization as a filling station would be a technical feat of no mean order. However (the astronauts think of everything) suits are to be worn which can be inflated with compressed air supplied from tank-knapsacks.

Huge reservoirs for propellants and storehouses for provisions would be erected, and this without difficulty, because tons can be handled on the Moon as easily as pounds on the Earth. The astronauts even suggest that artificial satellites be created to revolve around the Earth and Venus at predetermined distances. These, they say, could be constructed in fifteen or twenty years and would facilitate studies forever impossible with terrestrial telescopes. The asteroids between Mars and Jupiter would become so many way stations on journeys to Jupiter.

When the difficulties which I have mentioned have once been overcome (and the scientists who are working on them believe that they *can* be eventually), it will be possible to journey to the Moon in just about the time it takes the *Bremen* or the *Europa* to steam from New York to Southampton. For a rocket is no more complicated than an ocean liner. Indeed, the reaction motors (mere chambers from which gas is ejected at high velocity) are much simpler than the turbines of a ship. It will not be especially difficult to construct a rocket ship weighing from three hundred to a thousand tons, the engine part being built in sections to be dropped one by one after their usefulness is over.

Stability will be the first essential. The nose of the rocket must be kept pointed in the line of flight so that it will not tumble. Gyroscopes must be installed — small, rapidly spinning flywheels which resist any force that tends to disturb their plane of rotation. Rudders are useless in a vacuum. Therefore side nozzles must be provided through which gases may be made to stream when the course is to be changed.

When the space-ship is finally put into commission, let it not be imagined that a jaded millionaire will have only to say, "I'm off for Mars to-morrow," and go darting away into the vast universe as casually as he now takes a steamer for Europe. His departure will be determined by the positions of the planets. Time-tables will be compiled by astronomers, and sailing time will not be "within the hour," but precisely on the second. Mars and the Earth must be relatively near each

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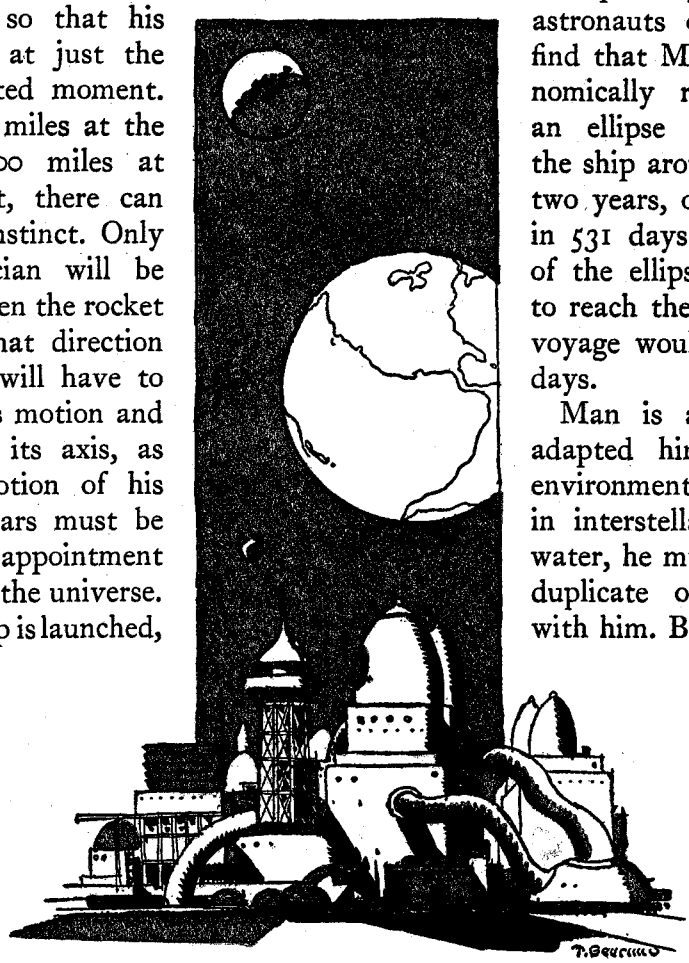
other if fuel is to be saved and if the traveler is to be spared years of fruitless wandering about in interstellar space.

But, you ask, if the perfected rocket ship can travel seven miles a second, and Mars in opposition is only 36,000,000 miles distant, why wouldn't you be able to go there and back in a few weeks? Because we shan't be able to follow a straight line; we must keep to the courses prescribed by the planets themselves. Hitting the Moon will be like hitting a bird on the wing. The marksman aims ahead of the bird so that his bullet will meet it at just the instinctively calculated moment. In shooting 260,000 miles at the Moon, or 36,000,000 miles at Mars at its nearest, there can be no reliance on instinct. Only a good mathematician will be able to determine when the rocket should start and what direction it should take. He will have to allow for the Earth's motion and its rotation around its axis, as well as for the motion of his planetary target. Mars must be met, as it were, by appointment at a definite point in the universe.



After the rocket ship is launched, how can its captain chart his course? The position and apparent size of the Earth will tell him all he need know. He must be able to measure its diameter accurately. If the Earth appears too large or too small at a given instant, then the starting velocity was too low or too high. Should the Earth be located to the right or to the left of its theoretically proper position, then the ship is off its course by a measurable arc.

Nothing travels in a straight line in the cosmos. Our rocket ship, therefore, will have to follow a curve. The astronauts have decided that it were best for it to follow some elliptical orbit of its own for a given period before proceeding to its final objective. In other words, its motors will be stopped at the proper time and it will then become an artificial planet — a member of the solar system revolving around the sun in a definite period. When Mars looms up in its own orbit, the rocket motors will be started again and the ship will head for its destination.

It will be no easy matter to select the ellipse that brings the space-ship nearest Mars in the shortest time. All the principles of celestial mechanics will have to be applied. Hohmann and Valier have tabulated all the ellipses that can possibly be considered by astronauts of the future. They find that Mars can be most economically reached by entering an ellipse which should carry the ship around the sun in about two years, or, to be more exact, in 531 days. Since only one-half of the ellipse need be described to reach the planet, the outward voyage would require about 266 days.

Man is a creature who has adapted himself to a peculiar environment. If he is to survive in interstellar space or in deep water, he must carry an artificial duplicate of that environment with him. Because the submarine engineers have already solved this problem for the astronaut, it will not be difficult for him to supply passengers and crew with air and to dispose of exhalations. But air is not enough. The cabins must be heated, for in traveling from the Earth to Mars that side of the rocket which is turned to the sun will become scorchingly hot while the other side is at nearly absolute zero. Oberth would line the sunny side of the rocket with black paper or silk which absorbs the heat and reradiates it within the cabins. If this is insufficient, he suggests concentrating the sun's rays with concave mirrors.

It will be more difficult to guard against violence of the start. When an automobile lurches forward, you feel yourself suddenly

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pressed against the back of your seat. In a rocket this sensation will continue for some time, because the speed increases steadily. The danger does not come from mere speed alone, but from acceleration. The space-ship starts from a state of rest and in eight minutes is rushing along at the rate of seven miles a second. Assuming that the acceleration is twenty-five meters the first second, fifty the next, seventy-five the third, and so on, this acceleration will manifest itself as pressure and an actual increase in weight as long as it lasts. It is as if a Titan weighing half a ton were kneeling on your chest and flattening every square inch of you. The loose silver in your pocket buries itself in your flesh. Your chest barely manages to heave as you gasp for air. Try to lift your arm. It takes an effort so mighty that the perspiration trickles into your eyes. You manage to remove from your waistcoat pocket a gold pencil that presses painfully against you, but your grasp is none too firm and the pencil is torn from your hand and flung against the bulkhead behind you.

Even the most optimistic astronauts concede that rapid acceleration may have dangerous physiological effects. Oberth believes that internal injuries may be sustained and that normal nervous reactions may be interrupted. On the other hand, no one knows what forces the human organism can withstand. Pilots in looping airplanes survive centrifugal forces that ought to tear their arms and legs from their sockets. The more cautious astronauts would conduct experiments with monkeys, and finally with human beings, in order to measure the forces to which the body can safely be subjected.

Life Aboard Ship

It is evident, then, that during the first terrible moments of a flight to another world you do not sit at your ease. In fact, you do not sit at all; you are slung in a heavily cushioned hammock, for only in a horizontal position can you possibly withstand the agonizing pressure of acceleration. Woe to him who is on his feet when the rocket ship lurches forward. He is hurled against his compartment wall, flattened out, perhaps killed. All the astronauts advocate the lowest possible starting speeds. Oberth first burns a mixture of alcohol and oxygen and in a minute passes to oxygen and hydrogen; but it is questionable whether it will ever be possible to overcome fully this danger which is inherent in the very principle of the rocket.

When the ship is out of the gravitational influence of the Earth so that it cannot fall back, you will then have to adjust yourself to an entirely new set of physical circumstances. A moment ago you were tortured by high pressure; now you are struck with terror because you feel no pressure at all. You weigh nothing, because the Earth is too far away to attract you sensibly, although its theoretical influence never ceases. You clutch your hammock in desperation. The ship seems to be falling. To be sure, it *is* falling; but only in the sense that every planetary body falls. For example, the Moon constantly falls toward the Earth, but is constrained to describe a closed curve in so doing.

The truth is that the ship is now a part of the solar system — a miniature world which requires no motor to drive it; it revolves about the sun in accordance with the laws of solar gravitational attraction in a definite year of its own. At this point the officers appear to reassure you. You unfasten yourself and step out. You find that you can stand in mid-air. Nothing falls in a terrestrial sense. Release your grip from the cup that is in your hand and it simply remains where it is. A match flung aside travels on until it is stopped by a bulkhead, where it remains. Chairs and tables are screwed down so that they may not assume strange positions when they have been accidentally tilted. Everywhere there are ropes and straps, and you learn quickly enough that it is best to use them and progress hand over hand from one spot to another. If the ship has been designed by Valier, it has magnetic floors and you wear steel-soled shoes, so that you may walk about in a seemly fashion. There is no need of a bed. You slip your arms and legs into straps and go to sleep. Pillows? They are useless, for your head has no weight.

Eating and drinking become somewhat precarious. Pouring wine out of a bottle is impossible, because the wine simply remains where it is. The glass must be broken and removed like an eggshell so that the wine may be served as a ball — the shape which it naturally assumes. Soup appears not in a tureen but as a globe that floats in from the kitchen, followed

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by meats and sauces. Each course must be pursued by hungry passengers. And when they swallow, they run the risk of suicide. Food naturally gravitates into the intestinal tract, aided by the peristaltic action of the stomach; but in interstellar space it is just as likely to pass down the windpipe as down the gullet. To be drowned by a cup of tea will not be impossible on a rocket ship.

All, All Alone!

The astronauts apply the absence of any marked gravitational pull very practically. Clad in a suit inflated with air at the right pressure, you step out on an observation platform and look about you. A dreadful sense of loneliness overwhelms you. There is nothing for the eye to "lean" upon — nothing but the ship, which seems woefully small, although it is as large as a yacht. There is no night, no day. The motionless sun blazes relentlessly in a brownish-black canopy — a star that seems like a gigantic ball of white-hot metal. Tongues of scarlet lick its rim; they are masses of incandescent hydrogen which have been flung up for tens of thousands of miles from its surface. You blot out the sun with your hand, and around it appears the weird, pearly corona seen on Earth only during total eclipses.

Despite the glare of that fervid disk, the stars are visible everywhere. They shine with the hard, steady, cruel light of so many remote electric arcs. You realize how much beauty the atmosphere imparts to the Earth — that dust-laden atmosphere which scatters the sun's rays and gives the sky its azure hue and causes the stars to twinkle. The Earth and the Moon appear as a marvelously beautiful double planet. A rim of red surrounds the Earth and around the red rim is a fringe of blue. Over the poles flicker the auroras. Through the clouds you catch glimpses of deep green jungles, yellow deserts, and pale green steppes.

Left to itself, the ship would revolve forever in an ellipse. The attraction of the sun and the planets keeps it on its course. It drifts week after week until calculations convince the captain that he must force himself out of his orbit. Mars will be at a certain place at a certain time, so he starts the rocket motor again. When he approaches Mars, he does not plunge into its thin atmosphere. The ship becomes a satellite of Mars and revolves around it, perhaps for weeks. Valier considers the possibility of alighting on one of the two satellites of Mars and using it as a base for exploration of the planet.

Landing on a satellite, which has no atmosphere, is one thing; landing on Mars, which does have an atmosphere, is quite another. Meteors flare up in our sky at a height of perhaps sixty miles. Most of them are consumed before they strike the Earth — burned up by rubbing against the rough air. A rocket ship is an artificial meteor. Why, then, should it not be reduced to drops of incandescent metal as it enters the atmosphere of Mars? As yet the science of astronautics has been able to give no satisfactory answer to this question; hence the proposal to land on a satellite. Until the astronautical engineers discover how to deal with this problem, Mars and its canals will have to be viewed from a safe distance.

Back to Earth

How, then, are the cosmic tourists ever to return to their native planet? Every physicist who has considered interplanetary navigation concedes that the difficulties are formidable. Elaborate braking devices have been suggested, but they are none too convincing, even on paper. It is assumed that backfiring rockets will retard the speed of the ship. Even so, it seems a grave probability that the rocket would be melted by mere friction as it progressed into the denser atmosphere.

Oberth and Valier write hopefully of releasing a large parachute which would make it possible for the whole rocket ship to float gently down to Earth. But a parachute, even if one sufficiently large could be built, is a plaything of the wind. The recent development of gliders suggests another possibility. Perhaps collapsible gliders could be stowed aboard the rocket ship in the same way that collapsible lifeboats are carried by ocean liners. On the whole, this would seem to be the simplest solution of the landing problem. Soon after the Earth's atmosphere has been penetrated, backfiring rockets could slow down the speed in preparation for abandoning the ship to its fate. The passengers would don oxygen helmets, enter gliders, and coast down the air in vast spirals to the Earth.

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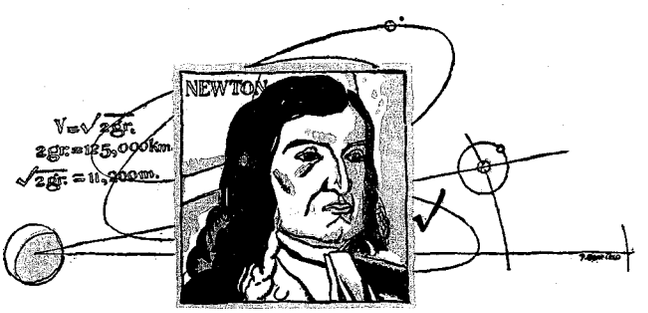
In this brief article I have indicated the progress that has already been made in the development of rocket ships and have hinted at some of the major difficulties that still have to be overcome before the astronaut's dream of conquering the magnificent distances of interstellar space can become a reality. Many of my readers will undoubtedly think that I was indulging in a bit of pure fantasy when I pictured some of the strange sensations and adventures of the cosmic tourist on a visit to Mars. Fantasy it is, at present; but some of the most level-headed scientists are convinced that it is not too fantastic for the future. They point to the experiments of Professor Goddard, which have established the basic principles on which rockets have already been constructed for the exploration of the Earth's upper atmosphere. They say it is more improbable to suppose that nothing further can be developed upon these principles than to suppose that the field they have opened up will be diligently explored and conquered.*

At the same time the astrophysicists are telling us that the Earth must ultimately be reduced to a cold cinder swimming around the sun. The atmosphere will disappear. Oceans and lakes will dry up. What will then be the destiny of the human race? Must the last man die of starvation and thirst?

Long before that time is at hand the rocket ship, now in its infancy, may be man's answer to the threat of ultimate extinction. By the time the Earth has become senile and unlivable, Venus will be ripe for habitation. So it may happen, æons hence, that Venus may be colonized by the Earth as America was once colonized by Europe, and the Earth will be left to wheel around its orbit an abandoned planetary wreck.

* In connection with this point the reader may recall an item which appeared in the newspapers on July 16. Clark University, Worcester, Mass., announced that Daniel Guggenheim had made a substantial grant of money to enable Professor Robert H. Goddard to carry on his experiments with rockets. That the scientific world no longer regards the future navigation of interstellar space as a mere dreamer's vision is also borne out by John Q. Stewart, Associate Professor of Astronomical Physics at Princeton. In a lecture before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on April 11, 1930, Professor Stewart predicted that the rocket ship would eventually be perfected so that astronomers could make actual flights to the Moon.



If There Be

If there be any compass that may draw,
Whether in sea, in air, or underground,
Circumference that may evade the law
Of the circle's being, inexorably bound
By thrice three-pointed wave and star and flower;
If there be any magnet that will tell
What way the equator runs, or if the hour
Of the Martian year be struck from steeple bell;
If lightning follow thunder, if the pole
Waver no jot in twice seven thousand years,
If lunar caves breed whales, or if the whole
Blue globe be drained of the bright seas it wears:
I shall consider how my heart may move
To some new rhythm, being unversed in love.

—Henriette de Saussure Blanding

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Adventures of a Dictator

At the Deathbed of an Empire

Woodcut by Lowell L. Balcom

In his August and September articles Mr. Sands told of his first years in Korea and how he came to be the confidential adviser of the Korean Emperor. From 1898 to 1900 he was secretary to the American legation at Seoul, the capital city. Those were the years immediately following the war between China and Japan, and immediately preceding the war between Japan and Russia. In both struggles Korea was the fought-for prize in a three-cornered contest. With China eliminated, Japan and Russia were ready to spring at each other's throats. Meanwhile the Emperor of Korea was trying to save his country. He needed help, and needed it badly; so he asked Sands, then a confident youngster of twenty-four, to become his official adviser. Without hesitation he accepted, and in this article he recalls some of the adventures which befell him during the next four years, when, with valiant courage, he tried single-handed to stem the tide of inevitable disaster which broke full force in 1904.

by WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

I

Just as I had to learn to know the Korean nobles by living intimately with them and sharing their unofficial lives, so I had to discover the lower people in the provinces by going out incognito, without a suite, and living among them whenever I could. As adviser to the Emperor I had to know the country I was trying to help.

There was the making of a good man in the Korean peasant. He was worth saving; and the more I saw of him, the more I was determined to stand by him and see what one man could do about it. I had no sympathy with torture, the old-time method of keeping order in the provinces. Koreans did not need torture, for they were peaceful and harmless unless driven to desperation by abuse. Whenever I heard of such a procedure, I appeared swiftly and administered the same sort of despotic justice myself to the culprit official — only without torture.

There was one hard-bitten old miscreant who refused to come up to Seoul, the capital, to explain charges of this kind against him, or even to receive me if I went down to the country to visit him. I decided to take him by surprise and planned to catch him at dawn, when his gates opened, before he was aware of me. Once inside, I proposed to be very fierce with him indeed; if I could confront him before he had had time to dress, I intended to take full advantage of his embarrassment as a means of bringing him to terms.

One of my men who knew the country told me that I needn't wait for the gates to open, but could ride straight in through the back garden, which was without a wall. I followed this plan, but the tables were turned against me most completely. I suddenly found myself face to face with the old man in the very first stages of his early morning toilet; it was I who was embarrassed, and I had to ride right through, pretending not to see him. It turned out all right, however, for he was too terrified at the sight of my armed riders to take advantage of my barbarous breach of etiquette. We reached an accord and he promised to be good. They generally did out in the country when I had a chance to explain what I wanted for Korea and

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why. It was the city grafters, as always and everywhere, who were hard to handle.

These lonely rides were never dangerous, although they were supposed to be. Most of the mountain folk were unused to foreigners and very curious about everything. They were kindly and hospitable and crowded one's night quarters to suffocation unless they were frightened away by harsh behavior. There was a typical illustration of the Koreans' susceptibility to threats in the conduct of two villagers who had loaded their goods on a pony and driven it over a high pass to the town. On the way two unarmed men sprang out at them, shouting that they were robbers. The merchants ran, leaving everything behind them, and the robbers drove on with the pony. When the victims had recovered from their fright, one of them remarked that they were ruined.

"No use going home," said the other.

Silence for a while, and then: "There is nothing to do but to turn robbers ourselves."

"I wouldn't know how to begin."

More silence, then — "Why not begin on those fellows who got our pony? They weren't armed."

So they ran up the hill by a short cut and, as the horse came panting through the pass, leaped out, crying, "We're robbers!" The others fled, and the villagers resumed their journey with the recaptured pony.

That is the way they are, but under provocation they can become formidable.

II

In the northern provinces bandits were always causing trouble. Manchuria was full of desperadoes and they were evidently finding hard going at home under Russian pressure, for they were raiding across the border into Korea, plundering our villages, driving off cattle, and looting crops. The whole frontier was uneasy and excited and the raids were pushing in more boldly all the time. It was an unexplored region of high mountains and deep forests, sparsely inhabited and totally unpoliced. It became urgently necessary to do something about it, for if the Russians ever undertook to defend the border, that would set their rivals, the Japanese, on fire.

Gradually I became aware that there was an organization in this quarter that was lacking everywhere else. There was a head somewhere, and I suspected that there must be subheads, some of them on the Korean side of the border. It would do no good to ask for authority from the palace or to disclose my plans. There were too many channels of communication running north and south, and our general staff — a useless group of stoutish, elderly officials in ill-fitting uniforms — would not know what to do anyway. I confided in General Ye Hak Kiun. This little officer, who was not robust and who was supposed by his friends to be not overcourageous, delighted me by joining up completely and enthusiastically with half a dozen of his best young lieutenants. He was so keen about the scheme that he started on ahead for Euiju, a border town on the lower Yalu River, to wait for me.

From what I could piece together out of scraps of gossip and misinformation, the brains behind the raiding parties over the Manchurian boundary was Chang Tso Lin, that same young man who afterward became famous not only in Manchuria but in China as a great war lord. From an astute manipulator of robber bands he became a guerrilla partisan leader and a person to be considered during the Russo-Japanese War. He could do things and hide his tracks and was courted both by the Russians and by the Japanese.

In my time he was not known and was only beginning to be suspected. Gossip had it that he had Korean lieutenants on the Korean border, one of whom was identified to me as a man who had displayed considerable intelligence and strategic ability. His name had been connected with banditry and even with rebellion, but aside from these food raids of the Manchus nobody knew just what he was trying to do. It might be just cattle-rustling; it might be more serious — a general conspiracy.

It was believed that the mysterious Manchu chieftain himself had crossed over into Korea several times to meet this man and might again, and I proposed quite simply to catch him on our side and hang him. I did not approve of hanging Koreans and never took part in condemning any, but a Manchu chief of the riding robbers was quite different — if I could catch him. If I could not, I meant at least to show him that we had teeth, and to leave my name and address where he could find them.

I was able to arrange my absence from the

(*Continued on page 252*)

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Dowries for Daughters

Drawings by Johan Bull

by **R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS**

YES, I KNOW. The very idea is repulsive to you. It is to the average man and woman in Anglo-Saxon lands. And yet the custom has existed for countless centuries and is still in vogue among some of the most highly civilized races under the sun. Surely there must be something to be said for a practice so widely prevalent as that of dowries for daughters.

You deny it stoutly. You say that a man must stand on his own feet as you yourself have done. You believe that any form of personal subsidy tends to weaken a man's moral fibers and that the institution of such a social system would in time develop a breed of fortune hunters as effeminate and backboneless as the stage picture of the Continental male. You will have none of it. Your daughter's suitors must love her for herself alone. You married your wife without a penny of dowry, and your daughter must go to her husband as penniless as your wife came to you. Afterward, when you are gone — well, then of course, she will have something because you cannot take your money with you.

But by the time your daughter gets this money it is probable that she will be well on in middle life. She will have passed through the fiery furnace of the economic struggle. She will have suffered, and so will her husband. From their point of view, your money will come to them just a little late.

But, you argue, their moral fibers will have remained intact. Well, perhaps; perhaps. But possibly there will be something else that will have been a little bit damaged instead.

However, it is not that you are unwilling to do anything at all for your daughter. You pin your faith on education. Education — that's the thing for daughters. If you give your girl a really first-class education, that is as much as she will need in a land that has never developed a class of fortune hunters. In the first place, education is a first-rate investment. If she is educated, a girl can earn good money. Yes; education has a very definite financial value.

In the second place, education is in itself a very desirable thing. Perhaps you are just a little hazy about this second aspect of the question — more so than about its financial aspect — but all the same you are sure that a first-rate education is a splendid thing for girls. So you will give your daughter an education and she can face the world unafraid. And if, by any chance, she fails to marry, she still has her education. Her education, in one word, is the dowry that you are giving her.

MY DAUGHTER — MY DUCATS!

SUCH IS the Anglo-Saxon confession of faith in regard to daughters. It all sounds fairly plausible — not very plausible, but still fairly. Indeed, it is quite a presentable surface argument, for it is only when one does a little probing underneath that the flaws and cracks and spots are visible. And they are not a specially pretty sight.

Consider, for instance, the financial value to women of education as that word is understood

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by the Anglo-Saxon parent who urges it as the panacea for the problem of his daughters. What, precisely, is its value in terms of dollars and cents?

Now no one is going to deny that a college education is a powerful aid in obtaining a job. One has only to read the newspaper advertisements to realize that the college graduate is in high demand. As to the quality of the job that she is offered, we have to admit that it is mediocre more than anything else. And the most dismal aspect of the case is this: that except in certain rare instances — rarer by far than is popularly supposed — it remains mediocre.

That is to say, there is a certain very definite limit to a woman's earning power. I should say that about sixty dollars a week is the very uttermost height to which the average woman college graduate can ever hope to attain in regard to salary. And relatively few of them receive that. I have been assured by personnel managers in large concerns that the moment a woman receives a salary of three thousand dollars a year, she is no longer in competition with other women: she is in competition with men. And that is a pretty serious outlook for any woman, prate as she may of the ability of her sex to handle all the problems of business and professional life as ably as they are handled by men.

Unhappily, the money limit is not the only one. There is another which is far more deadly. It is the time limit — the age limit. A few weeks ago a woman professionally interested in the employment of college and talented women was discussing with me the prospects of such women in economic life. In the course of her conversation she made what seems to me to be a sensational statement.

"If," she said, "a woman earning her own living happens to find herself without a job at forty years of age, there is only one thing for her to do. She must start something for herself where she will be her own employer. The modern male employer wants young women. Why he prefers youth to solid experience is his own business; but since he pays the piper, he has the right to call the tune. And the most tragic part of the situation is this: the more educated, cultured, and refined the woman of forty is, the harder it is for her to meet the rough-and-tumble of the economic world. The woman of less education and inferior social background is better equipped for the battle when middle age looms up before her." And she concluded by saying that, after all, marriage is the safest and soundest career for women, no matter what their abilities and their background.

Thus, in giving his daughter the dowry of a good education, the American father has overlooked the fact that, *so far as its financial value is concerned, it is good for only about sixteen years!*

Education for Spinsterhood

It is possible, too, that he is not acquainted with the marriage statistics of the graduates of women's colleges, although they have been cried from the housetops for several years past. He does not realize that the possession of a high degree of education apparently diminishes a woman's chances of marriage in a very startling manner. He has been so engrossed by the consideration of the financial value of education that he has not bothered overmuch to appraise any of its other influences. Consequently, his daughter goes to an expensive college and later gets her job. And then what happens to her? Let me sketch a typical case in a few broad strokes.

Her first job landed, she quickly settles down to it. It is a nice job, a comfortable job, and she enjoys it tremendously. Presently she is offered a better job. She is overjoyed and talks louder than ever about careers for women, and is so engrossed in her work that she scarcely notices that the years are slipping by. Bad times come. She is discharged. But she gets another job, just as good. A few years later the head of the firm retires. There are many changes. New blood comes in. Again she finds herself unemployed. Many years have now gone

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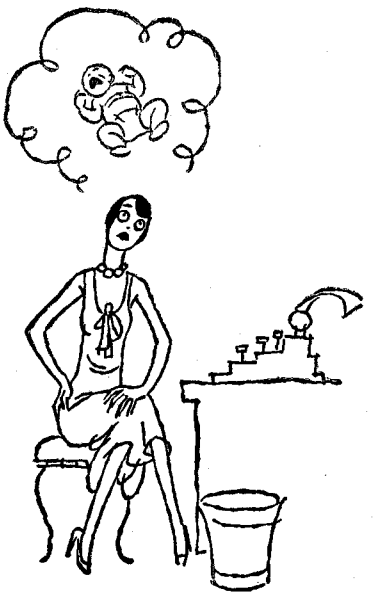
by since she first started to earn her own living. She has some difficulty in getting a new position, but ultimately she succeeds. Her salary, however, is somewhat less than she received in her previous job. She is told that she is rather above the age for the kind of work for which her experience has fitted her.

She is intelligent, but she is not gifted. She realizes this by now. And jobs have lost all their early glamour. Sometimes, indeed, she is a little querulous in the office. And with some reason. For her father—that father whose sole dowry to her was an expensive education—has recently died, leaving considerably less money than the family had expected; in fact, just enough to keep her mother and send her youngest brother through college. She has nothing, literally nothing, between herself and the world but her education. *She knows now that it is not enough!* She struggles along, however, because there is nothing else for her to do. Then comes some economic cataclysm. Her employers let her go. Again she is unemployed. Her bank balance does not reach four figures, for her salary has never been very high. And she is forty.



That, as I see the problem, describes the most deadly flaw in the Anglo-Saxon argument against the desirability of dowries for daughters. For the picture I have outlined indicates that money is a better protection for a girl than education can ever be. Education has its advantages, but it is not the best of buffers to place between women and the world they live in. There is something substantial about money—something sound, something corporeal. Do you deny it? And in these days of all days?

No. But now you harp on the money-hunter string. You are afraid of fortune-seeking suitors. If it is known that your daughter will, on her marriage, receive from you a certain lump sum of money, even though it be held in trust with the most stringent stipulations safeguarding the principle, you fear that she will be the victim of some fellow who is attracted by her dowry as much as by herself. And no man, you argue, is going to live on your daughter.

According to the United States Census of 1920 (the detailed figures of this year not being yet available), there are some 8,346,796 women gainfully employed. Of these, no less than 1,920,281 are married women. That is to say, practically one-fourth of all American women gainfully employed are women who have husbands who, according to the Anglo-Saxon argument, should be supporting their wives and maintaining the home unaided. Put in its bluntest form, this situation means that already at least one-quarter of the married women holding jobs in the United States are subsidizing husbands and homes. They are doing it by means of toil in factory and office.

Why, I ask, is it highly undignified for a man to be subsidized by a dowry but not by his wife's work at the typewriter? Why does it sap the moral fibers of a husband to draw on his wife's dowry in times of grave economic crisis, but leave his character unharmed to share in his wife's weekly pay envelope? Why, in a word, is it un-American to seek a wife with a little ready money, but perfectly innocuous to marry a girl who is going to keep on with her job because any idea of marriage would be quite impossible if she did not?

If there are any distinctions of dignity between these cases, I confess that they are beyond my powers of perception.

Feminine Vanity

But it is not only the Anglo-Saxon parent who possesses pronounced views on the question of dowries. The unmarried Anglo-Saxon woman also has strong opinions on the subject. Their peculiarity is so striking as to merit some attention. Perhaps I can best illustrate the curious attitude of the American and English woman by relating how once, when I was very young, I offered congratulations to an acquaintance, a spinster of thirty-six, on hearing that she had just become engaged to be married. Afterward, my old grandmother

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casually remarked that, strictly speaking, one was supposed to tender congratulations on an engagement only to the man. "For," she explained, "it is assumed that it is the man and not the woman who has won the prize."

I do not know whether the excessive hypocrisy of this early Victorian attitude holds good to-day in so far as the matter of engagement congratulations is concerned. (I do know, however, that whenever I hear of the engagement of any spinster acquaintance of thirty-six, I intend to congratulate her on her good fortune with all the gusto at my command.) But there is no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon woman still tends to regard herself as something of a "prize" in relation to marriage and, seeing herself in this light, obstinately refuses to recognize marriage as an institution under which the woman benefits at least — at the very least — as much as the man.

Hence her dislike of the dowry system. For the application of this system presupposes equal benefits for both partners; and the acknowledgement of equal benefits does not admit an attitude of condescension on the part of women. Now the Anglo-Saxon woman, in her youth at least, clings tenaciously to the belief that when a man "wins" her, he is doing well for himself.

There is yet another side to the personal vanity of the Anglo-Saxon woman. Who does not know married women who are convinced, and extremely vocal in broadcasting their conviction, that they have sacrificed a career by marrying? I often wonder if these comfortable married women really understand what a career involves? Has it never struck them that it almost invariably means loneliness once a woman is over thirty?

At the moment of writing I happen to be staying in one of the most successful women's hotels in New York City. About three hundred and fifty women are living in it, their ages ranging from about twenty-two to a few cases of elderliness. But the huge majority are young or youngish. These women all have their independence. Oh, they all want it. They can come and go as they wish, and there is not a soul to keep track of their movements. Some little time ago the hotel staff inaugurated a series of dances. They had to be abandoned almost at the outset because the women guests, with all their independence and careers, knew no men to invite to them. They stand on their own feet, they pay their way, but they are so lonely that they cannot produce a man apiece for weekly dances! That is the reverse side of the medal of careers.

Careers! I can hear the hollow laughs of the women who have them and have found out exactly what they are worth. They know well that all the talk about the high salaries that the modern woman is reputed to earn is nothing but the phenomenon vulgarly known as "putting up a front." I do not insinuate for an instant that no woman earns a high salary. Many do. But I do say that the proportion is pitifully small and wholly in disaccord with the vast amount of nonsense that has been written about the high earning power of the successful modern woman.

The Mirage of Careers

And yet every day the mirage of careers dazzles some ignorant young girl. Yesterday I heard of one who had just broken off her engagement to a promising young man because, so she said, marriage would interfere with her career (stamping cards behind the counter of a public library). The friend who related the incident told me that she had expostulated with the young librarian, saying: "Barbara, do you mean that you really prefer to go on stamping cards to having a home and husband and children?" But Barbara only tossed her head and replied that she refused to be "throttled" by marriage. I fancy that after this young woman has been stamping library cards for ten or fifteen years more, she will deeply regret that she was *not* "throttled" by marriage.

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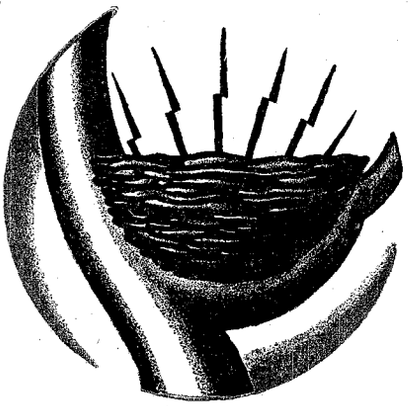
But women have a master who ends by subduing their vanity and dissipating their illusions. His name is Time. The girl who thought herself a matrimonial prize at twenty has changed her views by the time she is thirty-five. She may lie to her friends about her salary, but she does not lie to herself about her value in the matrimonial market. And I believe — I am almost certain — that if she had the money, she would willingly use it as a dowry in order to help establish or maintain a home and a normal family life.

If only she had it! But she does not have it. Her father would not give it to her when she was young. He said that a good education was enough. He still thinks so and explains his daughter's celibacy by telling himself that he supposes "Mary isn't the marrying kind." But Mary *is* the marrying kind, no matter how much she may try to cover her feelings by declaring that men never meant much to her anyway. (Heavens! The number of women who tell this to one and expect to be believed!)

It is Mary's father who must bear his share of the blame in the matter. He never did a thing — no, not one single thing — to try to establish Mary in life as a woman, as a French father would feel it his sacred duty to do. No, Mary's father only took steps to establish her in life as a secretary, or a librarian, or a social worker, or an advertising writer, or a short story mechanician. Perhaps he excuses himself by saying that later on Mary will have quite a respectable sum of money. When he is gone, of course; for he expects many a year of life ahead of him.

But his money cannot be a dowry when Mary gets it; it will be her old-age pension.

The Disunited States of Europe



Drawings by Lloyd Coe

***by* SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

THE QUESTION of a European Federation has remained on the international round table ever since M. Briand let it fall there with a gesture half cautious, half negligent; half "I wonder," half "what do I care?" Since he outlined the vague contours of his cloudy thought to a gathering of European delegates at the 1929 Assembly of the League of Nations, he has prepared and distributed a memorandum on his views to which most European nations have already presented their observations. As usual in these cases, the cloud has burst and we have been blessed with a rain of paper.

Readers of THE FORUM may remember that I devoted to this matter one of my contributions to the Magazine of Controversy ("The United States of Europe," January, 1930). I do not propose to repeat what I then said. But I am in a position to refer again to the subject under a new — and, I believe, an instructive — light owing to the fortunate circumstance that one of the most distinguished American internationalists disagrees with my views and said so in THE FORUM ("The U. S. of Europe," by

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Frank Bohn, May, 1930). A dialogue with Mr. Bohn is always a pleasure and the controversial form may help us to relieve the somewhat ponderous quality of our topic.

Mr. Bohn likes me, for he said so in his article. But does he understand me? He thinks he does. "His position," he says of my position, "is so perfectly clear that it requires a word of explanation only to new readers." *Only* to new readers, Mr. Bohn? Here I am, compelled to write, not a word, but many words of explanation to an old and intelligent reader like yourself. Indeed, I must have failed to explain myself adequately.

Mr. Bohn was good enough to say that I have been one of the most faithful of nurses to the League of Nations; but to represent my cautious position toward the United States of Europe as concern for the League is to misunderstand it altogether. I am too much of a realist for that. Let me be quite clear. If the organization of the United States of Europe were ever proved to be:

(a) possible and beneficial as the first step toward a wider world unity, yet

(b) incompatible with the present League of Nations,

I would gladly give up the League for the United States of Europe. My point is that the organization of the United States of Europe is not possible; that it is not advisable in the form in which it has been put forward by M. Briand; and that the idea of it rests on a basis of wrong assumptions and of delusions which I am afraid Mr. Bohn shares.

Is a U.S.E. Possible?

I shall take the first and the third points together. Mr. Bohn gives an imposing list of "continent" nations:

The United States of North America,
The United States of Latin America,
The United States of Western Europe,
The United States of Russia,
The United States of China,
Almost certainly, the British Commonwealth of Nations,
And, possibly, the United States of India.

The idea of such a list is purely bookish and theoretical. It takes no account of obvious facts. The United States of North America have for their basis an identity of feeling, of culture, and of reaction toward life. In fact, they *are* a nation — a federation of states, if you wish — but not a federation of nations. To consider Tennessee and Alabama as nations in the sense in which Italy and Holland are nations is playing with words — and, what is worse, playing with ideas.

The United States of Latin America (why Latin?) may some day develop. It will take very long. As a center of unity, South America is a deplorable failure, owing to the dispersive effect of the Andes and of the tropical forests. But still, I shall give Mr. Bohn credit for that out of sheer generosity.

The United States of Russia — well, that *is* Russia. The United States of China — well, that *is* China. The United States of India — well, that *is* India.

But the British Commonwealth? Are you going to take Great Britain from Europe? Very good. I merely make a note of the fact. Only remember this: there is nowhere in any one of the groups we have so far mentioned as much intense variety of life, as much difference, as much consciousness of historic and cultural disunion, as there is in Europe.

I am not a nationalist. I do not think that "these separate souls are the highest ethical and cultural values of human life." I only point out a fact of life. To say that there are tigers and elephants is not to say that tigers and elephants are the highest ethical and cultural values of human life. It is merely to say that there are such things as tigers and elephants.

"Erasmus," says Mr. Bohn, "was not a Hollander; he was a European. Cellini was never happier than when he escaped from Italy and went to work for the King of France. . . . Napoleon inspired Beethoven's 'Eroica'."

Let me put it my way. Erasmus was a Hollander who rose to a world (not a merely European) conception of life. Cellini was never happier than when he escaped from Italy into France, precisely because Italy and France are so different, and I cannot imagine a Massachusetts Cellini finding any reasons for wishing to escape into Connecticut. Napoleon inspired Beethoven because the German misunderstood the Corsican, and that is why, as Mr. Bohn

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points out, "later the soldier didn't quite measure up to the artist's idealism." The different spirits of Europe may or may not have been conscious, incarnated into states, vocal; but they were there for all that.

Now the point to be emphasized is that the differences between the several components of Europe are greater than those between Europeans on the one hand and certain non-Europeans on the other. To write, as Mr. Bohn wrote: "Pull down the European tariff walls! Let these peoples work together! Let them travel at will! Then they will learn to like one another. They will all learn a single language" — is to brush aside facts of nature which are stronger than the will of any man or group of men.

Take the last item in the program: "They will all learn a single language." But is a language like a dress that one can adopt at will? A language is a fact of nature, and it is as hopeless to expect all the peoples of Europe to learn one language as it is to expect all the trees in the world to have the same leaf.

Take the item before last: "Let them travel at will! Then they will learn to like one another." But will they? "Familiarity," says an English proverb, "breeds contempt." The more they know each other, the more they will observe their differences, and the more they will both like and dislike each other.

The point which I wished to emphasize in my previous article — and I must insist upon it again — is that Europe is honeycombed with separate, distinct, characteristic, national spirits to a degree altogether exceptional in the world. We may enjoy this fact (I do). We may deplore some of its consequences (I do). But the fact is there, and we must allow it to enter into our calculations or our sums will be worthless.

World Unity the Real Essential

What then? Lie still and do nothing? No. Let us by all means foster the sense of solidarity among all these peoples. But — and this is my second point — the constitution of a European Federation is neither possible nor necessary nor desirable in order to achieve this end. The true basis for the growth of European solidarity can be nothing less than the whole world.

A purely European Federation is not possible because the sense of difference between European nations is so strong that, unless it be diluted with the coöperation of non-European nations, it will but increase through an isolated coming together on a strictly European basis. Both Washington and New York are fully aware of the soothing effect of the presence of American delegates at discussions of all questions pertaining to reparations.

Moreover, the links of material and moral solidarity between certain European nations and certain non-European nations are stronger than the links of solidarity between the European nations themselves. Thus Americans in England and South Americans in Spain are more easily absorbed than, say, Finns or Poles in either nation; while Finns and Poles are more easily absorbed in, say, the United States of America than in either England or Spain.

Any attempt at a European Federation would touch American interests at every turn. English interests would likewise be powerfully affected. Could the two great Anglo-Saxon nations which Mr. Bohn leaves out of his United States of Europe tolerate the exclusion? As for the economic basis of European solidarity, which Mr. Bohn rightly considers as a most important argument (though I cannot follow him in making it *the* most important, for I don't believe in economic materialism), I prefer to deal with it in a positive and constructive way later on.

That a federation which is not possible is also not necessary seems to me so evident as to require no elaboration. And there is but little doubt that it is not desirable in the shape put forward by M. Briand. The reason for this is quite simple. No faith should be made to carry a church too heavy for it. The world-unity faith is already overchurched. The League of Nations is already too heavy a body for the world heart to move. Now we are asked to carry another Assembly, another Council, and another Secretariat. My question is: Have we used to the full the opportunities of our present institutions?

Let us take a concrete example. Spain has a treaty of commerce with France under which Spanish wine enters France — and goes to swell the volume of French claret by a process of "naturalization." The grape growers of Southeastern France, more powerful than the Bordelais ones, force a law through Parliament barring the frontier to Spanish wines. Spain

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points out that this law is contrary to the treaty. France says, "Let us have a conference in Biarritz." The conference meets and talks; meanwhile the wine is kept out of France. And when the next vintage of Spanish wine is ready, the old wine has to be poured out in the streets in order to store the new.

Do we need a European Federation to solve that difficulty? Not at all. We want Spain to go to Geneva and suggest a convention giving the Hague Court power to declare unconstitutional in the international sense of the word any national law which in the opinion of the court violates an international treaty. Americans are familiar with similar powers as enjoyed by the Federal Court. Here, then, is a clear line of progress for which not one single new institution need be created.

Cartels

Mr. Bohn bids me march with the times. I have been preceding them for a little while. But it is the spirit that matters, and not machinery. And lest it be imagined that by referring to the spirit I am indulging in vague, moonish literature, I will put down a few more concrete suggestions. I also can make up a list of "continents." I will give one:

The United States of Petrol,
The United States of Iron and Steel,
The United States of Copper,
The United States of Rubber,
The United States of Corn,
The United States of Banking,
The United States of Press, Cables, and Wireless Communications; otherwise known as the United States of Lies, Truths, and Half-truths.

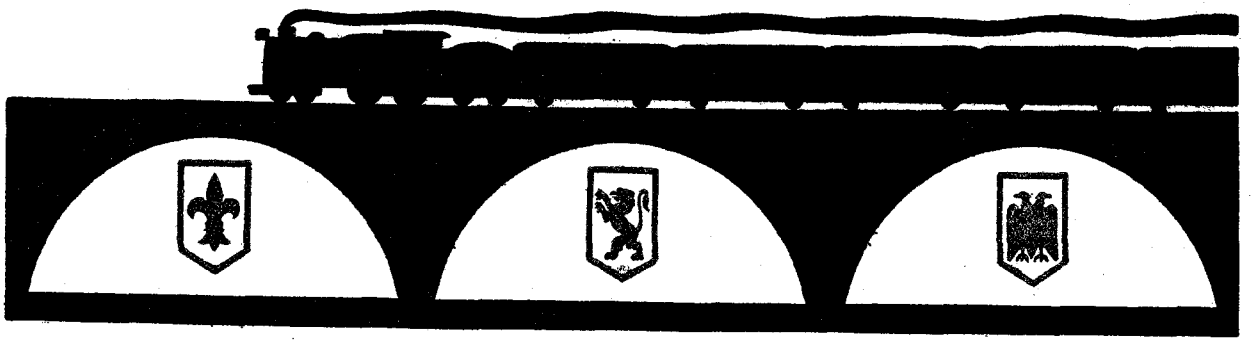
It is easy to see that my list could be lengthened without difficulty. Which matters most — Mr. Bohn's continents or mine? And who can fail to see that the organization of these United States will have to be made on a pattern which has no respect for geographical or historical continents?

No; there is one thing, and one thing only, which is European — and that is the problem of security. Europe is a woman with a history. She is therefore subject to fits of nerves. Independently of any economic argument of solidarity or rivalry, and precisely because she is so rich in separate national spirits, Europe often finds herself divided against herself.

But history has shown that even this strictly European problem cannot be solved on a European basis, for otherwise neither England nor the United States of America would have participated in the war. The last war became a world war because, contrary to the school of continentalism to which we owe the United States of Europe, England is in Europe but is also on the five seas. It is this double situation of England — European, yet Oceanic — which makes every European problem a world problem as well.

But then, if the only strictly European problems that can be found are those that arise precisely out of the rich nationalistic loam of which Europe is made; and if even these problems, strictly European in their source, become world problems owing to the amphibious character of England: then why the United States of Europe? And what is more to the point, how?

Nothing could be further removed from the spirit of these remarks than a nationalistic or narrow interpretation of the spirit which inspires them. Far from it. My objection to the idea of the United States of Europe does not come from a feeling that it is too wide, but from a feeling that it is too narrow, and that it constitutes a diversion and an unnecessary step in the evolution toward the organization of the world.



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Bailey's Beach

Continued from page 223

letters every day. And every day she read them all over again, beginning with the first one received. She would sit in the crotch of the early apple tree, weeping sometimes — because his words were so sweet, and because she loved him so; eating sour little apples and throwing the cores over the fence into Professor Minchon's garden because he didn't like cores and she didn't like him.

VII

On the first Sunday of August, she came back to Newport. She came unannounced, hoping like many another naïve lover pleasantly to surprise her sweetheart. It was a warm, sweet evening when she stepped out of the hired hack and rang her own bell. After a long wait, Blanche, a sinister, rude old woman who had begun life as a scullery maid in the household of her husband's father, crept to the door. Jacky did not like Blanche, who seemed to be some sort of sacred cow in the Sloane family; she had been absolutely forbidden ever to dismiss her.

The young lady was not expected, the old woman said crossly. Mr. James had given the other servants a holiday. Only the old people — herself and Corey — were about. And where was Mr. James? Mr. James was away. Where did Blanche mean when she said "away"? Well, she didn't know where she meant.

The servant fetched her a lamp. Disappointed and forebodingly sick at heart, the young girl climbed the stairs to that room she shared with her husband. The sight of his carelessly flung clothes scattered about the room moved her. There was the pillow where his head had rested. She flung herself upon the bed with a burst of passion. (Yes, passion — this smart modern talk of Victorian women "not feeling anything" was all nonsense.) She buried her face in his pillow, which still retained a slight fragrance of the tonic he used on his handsome head.

Her fingers crept under the pillows. She hoped to find that he had lain with a letter of hers beside him as she had kept one of his. Her fingers touched a little ball of linen. Delighted, she drew it forth. She gazed and gazed. It was not her handkerchief. She owned nothing as sheer, as Parisian, as that. It smelled wistfully of heliotrope. It was Belle's. But of course he had thought it was hers. . . . No, no . . . he had known it was Belle's. Well, then, he *did* know it was Belle's. He had liked the lovely scent. She herself would get some like it. She was breathless. Her heart was pounding and jerking: it recognized the truth.

The evil smell of the badly trimmed lamp drowned out the garden fragrance of heliotrope. It stifled her. Stiffly (for her knees as well as her heart knew the meaning of this handkerchief) she got to her feet, walked to the window. Outside, the night was lovely. A whippoorwill bubbled in the long grass. But the trouble with that handkerchief . . . no, no, the trouble is with you. Newport has made you suspicious of everyone. The trouble with that handkerchief is just this . . . it doesn't look as if it had been put away as a keepsake . . . it looks, and feels, as if someone had cried into it for hours. . . . Someone lay in this bed and cried for hours.

She heard Corey's voice below speaking to Blanche. She crept to the head of the stairs, swallowed, cleared her throat, found she really could command her voice.

"Corey — good evening. I came back suddenly. Where is Mr. Sloane?"

"Good evening, Mrs. Sloane. Out, I think — Mr. Sloane has gone out."

She heard the contemptuous scuff of Blanche's carpet slippers. There was a long pause. She heard her little coachman shift his weight, hawk nervously.

"Do you think," Jacky continued, "we'd be able to find him if we harnessed up the pair?"

"Why, I am sure we could. Now I'll get the carriage right up."

She must not think. She must only trust Gyp. Trust him, trust him. All would be explained. Why, in an hour they would be together, laughing at her foolishness. But she must find him — wherever he was. She would scream out, go mad if she could not find him.

VIII

By the time she left the house it was black night, and the moon not yet risen. She settled herself in the carriage. Corey was on the box. The gay gray horses pawed to go.

"Mrs. Sloane," the man said, turning toward her, "I think we might first drive over to your friend, Mrs. Latour's. You see, Mr. Sloane goes over now and then — to see if she has a new letter from you."

(Faithful Corey — trying your best to protect the young girl.)

The soft vehicle rolled out of the drive with a small hiss of pebbles. (Rather like the tearing of silk, that old-fashioned sound of wheels upon the drive.) She would not admit, even to herself, her suspicions of Gyp. The handkerchief — pooh — that was nothing. But her racing heart knew. It was beating high up in her throat, fast as a rabbit's. You must trust him, said her brain, or what will become of love? Dear God, what will become of me? Dear God, what will become of me if . . . ?

The bushy entrance to Gray Gables was reached at a little past ten. The night was balmy, tropical, and below, upon the beach, the sea throbbed like a calm, well-controlled heart. Jacky bit her lips. Suddenly she could not bear to rush into another woman's house and demand her husband.

"Corey, we'll wait here . . . a moment. I'm sure he will not stay later than eleven."

Corey did not argue. Now he made no pretense of not knowing where Mr. Sloane was. Both knew.

They waited and waited. An hour passed. An incredible moon, full and near, rose over the water and seemed to walk toward them, dragging silver skirts of light. This new magnificence dimmed the stars, made ridiculous the wan lamp glow in the cottage windows. Heavenly night . . . made for love . . . well yes, made for passion. But the heart of the bride was stone.

Fire-Bright and Star-Light pawed the dirt, shook their silver-mounted trappings. Still the carriage waited. Still the girl sat rigid in the middle of the back seat. The coachman, correct and upright upon his box, still held his whip at the only correct angle. (No, no, I must be exaggerating. We could not have kept those ridiculous postures for two hours. Yet it was twelve o'clock when Corey scratched the match so I could look at my watch.) Once the girl thought she heard a door slam. She leaped from the phaëton.

"Corey, I think he is coming. I don't want him to know how long we have been here. It would worry him. He might think. . . ."

She waited impatiently by the shabby gates. No one came. No one ever came that night.

Her throat constricted until swallowing was hard. What was happening? "Oh, my darling Gyp. I would have died for you." I *would* have died . . . why thus conditionally and in the past? Corey was gently urging her to get back into the carriage, suggesting that they drive up to Mrs. Latour's door, suggesting that they drive home. No, no, no. Not yet. Without a word she found the steep cart path to the beach and, stumbling as she ran, made her way to the broad sands. Now above her on its dune crouched Gray Gables. There was but one lamp lighted. That was in an upper chamber, and soon out.

Then no light in all the world but moon and stars. No sound but the beating sea. No living being but that wild figure on the sand. She felt her soul

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floating out and out upon a nightmare sea of horror. She felt it struggle, drown. Now body and mind seemed to grow stiff, as if, while yet alive, she suffered some *rigor mortis* — *rigor mortis* of the soul.

What girl is this who runs upon the beach with streaming eyes and wild, disheveled hair? What proud, undisciplined spirit crying out its puny defiance to life and God and man? See the cold staring of the moon, the heartless beating of the sea — they are your answer. Peace, child, poor child — peace, and be still. "In the midst of life we are in death." Has the child no philosophy, no manners? Does she not know that men will be men? Even husbands — or perhaps especially husbands? Seat yourself, order your hair. Hysterics. For shame! Why, nothing in the world hurts *that* much!

The young, mortally wounded creature flings herself on her face, grasping at the unstable sand to steady her in her anguish. Her body rocks with the convulsions of her weeping. Jacky, Jacky, will your defiance make a bad world good? A faithless man faithful? You fool, you utter fool. (To the ears of the widow seated in her drawing-room comes the sound of that choking cry. "Oh, oh, *oh-oh-oh* . . . Gyp, Gyp . . . I loved you so . . . I would have died for you.")

The girl jumps up. Her flounces are torn and hang about her feet. She gazes wildly at the moonlit water. What a wicked thought, and the little creature has everything to live for — money, position. Girl, get to your carriage, your home, your bed. Cannot you see that laying such stress on the physical side of life — and love — is in a way unchristian, undignified? It is nothing. The woman is only a passing toy for him — he will come back to you.

IX

THE MOON is gone. The tide is full. Now a fresh breeze blows up off the sea, ruffling the damp hair and torn flounces of the prostrate girl. Her sobbing has stopped. She raises her head and sees with wonder how the night is gone, how to the east watery green marks the coming of the sun. Corey has driven the pair down the cart path she took. The two gray horses stand in loosened harnesses. They must have seen her wake and stir, for their dark eyes are fixed upon her, their ears attentively pricked forward. Corey sits with his back toward her.

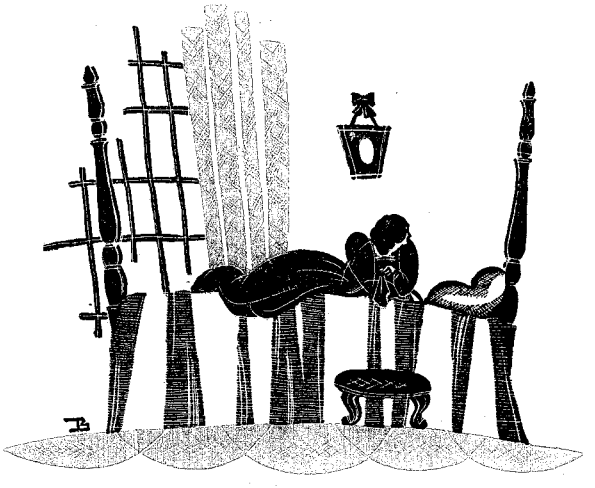
Inhuman, impersonal, unearthly, shadow upon shadow and light upon light, the day begins. She hears the crying of the gulls as they float out over the glassy sea. Land birds chirp in the bushes about Gray Gables. Dispassionately she gets to her feet and finds to her surprise that someone has laid a carriage robe over her. It is a blow to her egoism to realize she has been asleep, so fast asleep that Corey could come to her in the night and cover her from the cold. She thought she had cried all night.

Now he notices that she is awake. He is up on his bandy legs, tightening the horses' harness. She goes to him.

"Good morning, Corey." That sounds quite as if nothing had happened.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sloane."

"Now I think we had better drive home," said her lips. Her heart cried, "Now I have no home — now I am alone, forever and ever."



She flung herself upon the bed with a burst of passion.

"That's right, Mrs. Sloane." Delicately he does not look straight at her.

He speaks kind words of encouragement and praise to the horses — words he could not speak to his mistress. They are good girls, they are pretty, patient girls, and soon they will be home. Jacky seats herself, starts to straighten her skirts. Why, they are in rags about her. It is a bright blue poplin.

Her mother had given it to her and the first time she had put it on was yesterday morning. She wanted something new and especially becoming to wear back to Gyp. See it now — draggled and ruined. As she gazed upon it she remembered her mother's face — loving, sweet, intelligent. She wanted security, peace, understanding, love. She covered her face with her hands and broke into a flood of light, childish tears.

"There's the good girl," Corey was saying to Star-Light. But she must stand quietly until told to go.

That's like me, thought Jacky. I must learn to stand quietly, quietly.

The coachman came to her side. He was looking at her at last. And she looked at him. There was an expression of so much pity, understanding, and sorrow in his old and often cynical eyes that she stretched out her hand to him.

"There, there," he said, "don't you cry any more. One night of it is enough for any man — or woman either."

"Corey. . . . "

"Yes, Mrs. Sloane?"

"Corey, people do get over things like this and . . . ?"

"Get over it? Yes, and better off afterwards, I sometimes think. Let me tell you just one thing. Now nothing will ever hurt you so much. Even when he dies it won't hurt like this. Sorrow is like smallpox. You get it once and then you never really get it hard again."

"But you are pocked for life?"

The old fellow looked away and answered mournfully, from some vast hidden store of worldly knowledge, "Yes, Miss, I guess you're right."

X

POCKED FOR LIFE — yes, she had been pocked for life. Corey had been right — nothing, not even death, had hurt as much as that again. The surface of her being had been soft, like the skin of a baby. Then it became hard, flinty, scar-pocked for life. Death of the soul, death of love. No, love lived on . . . a sort of love. Not the tumultuous passion she once had given. Love of a sort — friendship, liking. She even reached a stage where she felt no jealousy of his light loves. Of course, if he flaunted them, drove them about Central Park in a high cart, she had had to speak to him about it. She had been able to discuss such things with him calmly, even with a cynical humor which James (no longer Gyp) could relish.

They had been worthy companions through maturity, through old age, up to the very gates of death. But once they had been lovers. That black night, the smell of the sea, the crying of the gulls, those dappled mares gazing at her just at sunrise, the torn dress, her mother's face — and old Corey's voice still echoing in her drawing-room, "Now nothing will ever hurt you so much again."

She found herself saying aloud to the rector, "There is so much one wishes to say to those . . . who have gone. And questions that will never be answered."

"Yes, indeed yes, Mrs. Sloane."

"I have wondered for over half a century why Mr. Sloane sent away old

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Corey, just three days after . . . a very, ah, regrettable incident at Bailey's Beach. Corey was my coachman. He helped me — and then he was sent away. I never knew he was going — or why, or where. A new man suddenly appeared. And now I'll never know. It wasn't because he was too old. My husband insisted that I keep a certain parlor maid — a wicked, insolent old thing. We kept her for years after her mind began to go. I fancy she had some blackmail hold upon the family. She used to mumble as she worked, like this. . . ."

Mrs. Sloane made some incoherent and rather sinister noises in her throat which frightened everyone in the room. They thought a stroke was coming on, that her mind was going. Edith, the Gibson Girl, rustled her black and flew to her mother's side. The rector made comforting sounds in his throat. The fair, frightened Catherine clasped her little Eustace even closer to her. Miss Marcia Sloane's shoulders hunched, her narrow, evil head dropped and began a curious sidewise swinging. Her father, old Marcus, last of the Sloane Brigands, woke up.

"How's that?" he asked. "Not sick, is she? Jacqueline's not sick?"

Young Bliss Hubbard's eyes left the clock. She stopped her harassed dreaming of her lover. She gazed at Gran. No, Gran was as well as ever. The girl was on her feet; with a sly, evasive turn of her perfect body she was out of the door. Her slender heels made no sound upon the heavy stair carpets.

Again old Marcus' voice — "How's that?"

"It's nothing," said the widow, getting grandly to her feet, staring about her from the black tent of her mourning.

"While the rector talked, my thoughts went back to that first charming summer at dear Newport — and the first parlor maid we had. The creature lost her mind."

"Mamma, how very distressing," comforted Edith, still unable to forget the gruesome noise her mother had made. "But just don't think about such things."

"Madame," said the maid at the door, "lunch is served."

"Very well, Blanche."

Glances were exchanged. Everyone knew that the maid was called Olga. She had been with Mrs. Sloane for years. *Blanche!* They feared it was the beginning of the end. *Blanche!* What a funny mistake to make. She had been so self-controlled all through this terrible affair — no wonder she was breaking down a little now.

Adventures of a Dictator

Continued from page 241

city without attracting attention. It was the custom in Korea that anyone who had seen death, and who was therefore unclean, might not enter the palace for one hundred days. I had seen death recently and was barred from the Emperor's presence, so my visit to the northern frontier was approved.

It was approved, that is, by the Emperor, but not at all by the Russian minister. Ordinarily he was quite pleasant, but he became violent when I told him of my mission. He made remarks about American adventurers intruding where they weren't wanted, from which I deduced that there might be some truth in the rumor that he had recently proposed to the Japanese Government that they divide Korea between them — the Russians to take the north and the Japanese the south. It seemed all the more necessary to find out what was happening on the border and to see if the great forests sheltered Cossacks as well as robbers.

I made haste to join General Ye at Euiju by coast steamer and pony. For some reason I was not feeling well. I was perplexed by the whole situation, but I was also feverish and my head ached intolerably. Traveling light — a soldier-servant and a ruffian Chinese cook — I pushed on into the mountains.

The cook gave me a good illustration of those ways that are dark and tricks that are vain for which the Heathen Chinee is noted. I had felt too ill to try to live on the native food and had sent out for a Chinese who could cook and ride. This man was brought to me, but he would not stir unless I paid him double wages, for he said that he was leaving his home to go with me and that his wife and children had to be supported in his absence.

I promised and gave him half the agreed sum for his family before starting. When we reached An-ju, opposite a flourishing Chinese town on the other side of the Yalu, he came to me to ask if I wanted my linen properly washed and ironed, explaining that he lived in that Chinese town and that his wife knew how to do foreign clothes. I had paid the rascal double wages for going home, not for leaving home.

III

From An-Ju I pressed forward as fast as the little post horses would carry me, and soon I left my men far behind. At the last village, before a long stretch of wild road, there were no fresh mounts to be had, but, though it was late, I was too ill to sleep then and decided to try to get through and strike the next settlement early in the morning.

Along toward midnight my plucky little horse gave out and fell. It was bitterly cold and clear moonlight, and the place looked most favorable for wolves. After looking about for some sign of human life, I finally thought I could make out a miner's hut far up the mountain. I hailed it, and presently a light appeared and a miner came down toward me with a little paper lantern. He studied me all over without a word, examined the horse, made me a sign to wait, and soon returned with a load of heavy mats which he put under the horse and over him, afterward covering him with bundles of straw.

Korean House

"Wolves?" I asked.

"No, not yet. Snow come — then wolves."

He beckoned to me and I followed him up to his tiny one-room hovel. There he seated me on the warmest part of the heated floor and offered me rice in a grimy bowl, evidently the unfinished half of his meal. I ate, for many of the country people have the same rule as desert Arabs about the temporary protection of a person who shares their food. Then he wiped the brass mouthpiece of his pipe and gave it to me.

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"You are from the city?" he queried.

"Yes."

"You are the Adviser?"

"Yes."

A long pause, during which he studied me completely while I puffed at his very bitter pipe.

"You are a long way from the capital. It must be nation's business."

I decided to try something on him. "It *is* nation's business. I am looking for —" (mentioning the name my scout had given me as that of the principal Korean lieutenant of the Manchurian marauders). I could see by his expression that he knew the name.

"Is he a great man?" he asked.

"He is a strong man and, I think, a good man. I want to talk to him about Korea. I cannot say now what I wish. I will tell you when the interpreter comes."

We sat for hours, till all at once we heard sounds in the distance — hoof beats on the frozen ground, exclamations as my men found my horse, and loud calls for me.

"Your people?" said my host. I nodded.

"Soldiers?"

I shook my head and held up one finger. Opening the tiny window, he set the lighted lantern in it. I had begun to suspect who he was, but presently I was certain. My soldier stormed into the hut and threw up his rifle at my host. I knocked it aside.

"But master, he is the man!"

Turning to my young interpreter, I told him: "Say that I was looking for help and found it; that I found food and shelter, safety and courtesy. Say that I need aid for Korea. I cannot save Korea when Koreans help foreigners across the border to make disorder. If this goes on, I shall have to bring troops, and I do not want Koreans to kill Koreans. I want peace and that is the message I came to give the man we were talking about. Speak to this man and tell him what I have said. I want peace, but I can fight."

I was not trying to destroy any intelligence I might find; I wanted to tame it and use it.

We reached Euiju and I was lifted off my horse with a raging fever and taken to General Ye's quarters. He had prepared a hut for me. My people spread out a straw mat on the hard mud floor, put a wooden block under my head for a pillow, spread a blanket over me, and waited for me to die.

Some young officers came in occasionally with singing girls and public dancers to cheer me with music. General Ye, in one of my lucid moments, took down my home address, to notify my people of my death. A remote garrison up the river sent down a case of Cyrus Noble whisky which they had ordered for a New Year's celebration. That whisky, with raw eggs, kept me alive; I could not eat the native food, which was cooked in castor oil and was served by the owner of the hut — a woman with some horrible disease which had eaten off her nose and lips and around her eyes until she looked like a living death's-head. She was quite cheerful about it and told me that her husband and children were all that way too. It was hard to separate her and the dancing girls from all the other bad dreams that came crowding through my aching head.

During my waking moments, for which General Ye watched patiently, we distributed our officers along the border posts and got the garrisons to show their teeth to the Manchu raiders. There was no sign of Russians, but there were Japanese who, from the description given me, were not coolies or peddlers. Ye did the work, consulting me when I looked sane, for most of the time I could not move and was not conscious of anything but pain.

Woodcuts by Lowell L. Balcom

"Traveling light, I pushed on into the mountains."

It was a great relief when my soldier-servant, through a lucky accident, chanced upon an American who was passing some sixty miles away. He turned out to be a doctor and told me that I had typhoid fever. He said I might live, since I had survived so long without him, if I would consent to be carried down-country to his home and be nursed by him and his wife. Bless all missionaries and their wives!

I mended rapidly under their care, but most ungratefully broke the doctor's strict orders and ran away one night in an attempt to get back to Euiju. It was no use. I fell off my horse and lay in the ditch until some miners carried me to their hut and notified the garrison that I was dead. I was awakened by the little General with a funeral procession come to bury me. He put me in a carrying chair and sent me back to Seoul — so I never hanged Chang Tso Lin.

The traveler in Korea soon learned that medical missionaries set an embarrassing standard for all other Americans, for all came to be looked on in the back-country as powerful medicine men.

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When suffering people came for help, one simply had to do something about it. For all its healthy climate, the country was full of disease. Typhoid and typhus were endemic and smallpox was so common that we lost all fear of it. Contagious eye diseases gave the mission doctors more practice than they could have got in a lifetime at home, and once in a while cholera swept down on us from China like a hurricane. At such times, the Koreans always turned to the Americans for aid.

IV

ONE SUMMER I was riding up north, near the American gold-mining concession. It was hard going, for the rains were heavy and the rivers were out. Two of my men had been drowned in swollen streams and I had had a dangerous experience with quicksand, so I decided to camp a while and wait for the water to go down before we attempted to cross the next river. While we were sitting there an old woman came through from higher up and implored us to help her husband, who had been terribly burned. I was ashamed not to try to pass a flood that had not stopped a grandmother. Wishing myself well out of it, I went with her, taking all I had in the way of remedies — a sheet, a bottle of carbolic acid, and a can of vaseline.

The straw thatch of the old couple's hovel had caught fire and fallen in, burning the man's back to a crisp from neck to waist. The flies had got into it and hatched, and it looked gangrenous. I could not back out, so I sharpened my knife to a razor edge and shaved away all the burned parts down to the clean flesh, while my patient lay and smoked his long pipe in silence. I still am not sure whether there are any large veins in that part of a man's anatomy, but if there are, I missed them. I soaked him in a strong solution of carbolic acid and covered him thick with vaseline, and then ran back to camp feeling as if I had been murdering. Several weeks later when I again passed that way, old Philemon and Baucis came out bearing gifts of eggs and chickens; the man had made a perfectly healthy cure.

I might point out that all country people were not so guileless. Once I was mounting one of the Emperor's Arab horses, given him by a French general, when the saddle turned and he bucked away to the next village, leaving a trail of coffee, sugar, and Winchester cartridges. I asked in the village if anyone had seen the horse. "You call that a horse?" chorused the elders. "He is a tiger — a flying dragon!"

It seems that the horse had been going so fast that at the turn of the street he had gone straight on, through a window and into a tiny room where the two oldest inhabitants were playing checkers. The animal was wedged in and the patriarchs crouched in corners to get away from his heels; the teacups were mostly in splinters in his side. I called for an estimate of the damages, but there was so much discussion about the matter that I told the village headsman to let me know on my way home, two weeks later. When I returned, there was a heap of broken crockery in the street a yard high and a bill a yard long, in which everybody in the village was to share; but that settlement was nearer the capital and sophistication.

There certainly was more luck than science in the amateur practice of medicine which was forced upon us. Once an American who had just brought out his bride had to go off on a trip, and he asked me to look after her and see that she was safe. One day I went to their house and found that no servant answered; the place appeared deserted. Going on through, I found the poor girl in bed, only half conscious, with a horrible case of black smallpox. My old remedies — carbolic acid and vaseline — were sufficient until we found a doctor; and she got well. The worst part came when she wanted a mirror in order to see what had happened to her. I was afraid to let her have it, but I was wrong; she took it like a hero.

The great cholera epidemic which struck the Philippines and spread up the China coast caught us without warning. One morning forty men were found dead in a cell in the central prison (a cell built for twelve and accommodating forty-eight). The jail was built on the main sewer canal and drained into it. Women washed their food and clothes in that canal and used it as a depository for refuse. There was no doubt that the

Korean Tombs

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cholera would spread through the town.

Dr. Kitasato, in Japan, had just announced the discovery of a cholera serum, and through the Japanese legation we procured several thousand doses, all that was available in such a hurry. The serum had to be administered in the small of the back in a quantity that took an instrument as big as a garden syringe. Nobody would touch the remedy until I tried it first, so I submitted. It ruined me — I was feverish for weeks and so sore and lame that I could hardly mount or sit my horse.

VI

No one would go near the prison cell, so I disinfected it myself with strong carbolic, burning all the clothes and blankets and scrubbing the eight survivors. Someone told me that sulphuric acid killed cholera and there was a good supply of that to be had, so I prepared a mild solution of it, sweetened with sugar to make a sort of lemonade, and made the prisoners drink it. No more died in that cell, even from my medicine. We cleaned up the entire prison in the same way and the epidemic died out there.

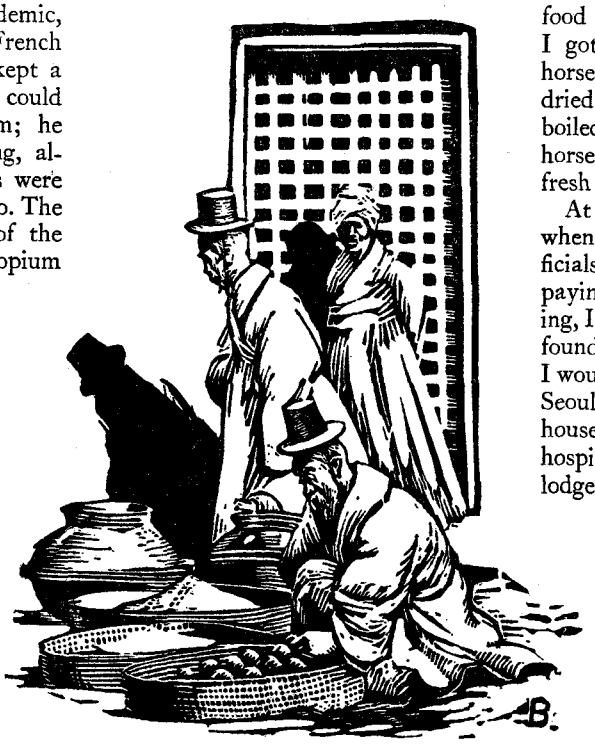
I was certain, however, that the cholera would spread by means of the sewer canal; and sure enough, it turned up all over town. Having been successful in my first cases, I was put in charge by the Emperor, though I was completely without knowledge of the disease, without drugs, and with no funds with which to compensate the few doctors I could get to help.

Eventually, after a good many thousand deaths, we wiped out that epidemic, the greatest in memory. An old French abbé told me that no one who kept a nicotine solution in his mouth could possibly catch the cholera germ; he taught the patients to chew plug, although many of our missionaries were trying to abolish the use of tobacco. The rest of our remedies consisted of the serum, sulphuric acid lemonade, opium pills (after three of which the patient would either recover or die), and dumping lime into the canal, not knowing whether or not it would do any good. Wherever a case occurred we swabbed out the house with disinfectants and removed the inhabitants to one of our three concentration camps. That is, we did if they were poor people and helpless; the rich would not budge or admit us.

The rich were not the only obstacles. Even in a plague, foreign rivalries made coöperation impossible. In a daily health bulletin I notified the diplomats of the location of my concentration camps and of health conditions, asking their help in keeping the camps completely isolated. A word from the Emperor supporting what I was trying to do for the general good would have been of the greatest moral value and might even have brought forth funds sufficient for genuine success.

An immediate response came from the Russian consul. At the bottom of my circular bulletin he made a note that nobody had a right to exclude him from any place, and he actually forced his way past my sentries at each camp in turn. If it had not been that in the growing struggle between Russia and Japan one had to weigh every act toward both in order not to appear prejudiced in favor of either, I am sure that I would have had him arrested and tried the issue with the Russian minister. But the Koreans were always afraid to raise any point about arbitrary acts of the Japanese, so I swallowed a good deal from the Russians in order to keep the balance equal.

Cholera is not a pleasant thing to watch. It is evidently more than ordinarily painful. I felt so badly about my patients that I spent a good deal of time with them, knowing that I was quite helpless but at least trying to keep up the appearance of helping them, for they were pathetically trustful. The old abbé went from camp to camp. Aside from the tobacco, he had no cure to offer; he simply talked with them, sat with them, held dying men in his arms, and soothed their relatives. His influence was wonderful.



Grain Merchants

One evening I heard a woman's wail of appeal from a hillside covered with graves. Under a rough shelter of straw matting lay her husband, dead of cholera. She threw herself at my feet, begging me to cure him.

"But he has been dead for days," I said.

"Yes, lord, for more than a week, but there were no Americans. Now you have come and you will give him back to me."

Those were the really hard spots. She would not believe that her husband was far beyond cure, even though what was left of him was crying out for burial.

VII

Whether in physical ills or any other trouble, this simple trust of the Koreans was astonishing. It was one of the things that helped me to bear the constant intrigue in the palace. Even though I never learned to talk to them fluently in their own language, I could make my wants known and understand theirs, and I am still sure that a strict supervision over their rulers and a lenient but consistent and honest rule over the mass of the people would have developed a fine race.

Although the Koreans could be vicious when driven too far, there was no feeling of danger in traveling about the country such as there was in China or even in Japan. I remember only one village where I ever met with actual hostility, and even then the inhabitants were only surly and refused to sell me food either for myself or for my horse. I got along without it and my Arab horse ate anything. I collected a lot of dried bean pods from the last harvest, boiled them till they were soft, and the horse ate the mess hot and went on quite fresh and happy.

At times I found villagers suspicious when I had a following, for native officials took what they needed without paying. When I encountered that feeling, I paid in advance, and after a while I found that they would not take pay and I would have to send back a present from Seoul to make up for it. The great houses in the country were always hospitable. Travelers of noble rank were lodged in the house itself, while two buildings were set aside for the others: one for travelers of lower rank, and the other for poor people, who were not only given shelter and food but also more food and rough shoes and some money to carry them on to the next stopping place. Food and lodging were always free at monasteries for as long as one

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wished to stay, though it was customary for the rich to leave a money gift.

Public inns were to be avoided. They were the sleeping place of beggars, lepers, and caravan drivers. All the men slept huddled on the warm floor in one room, while just outside, under an open shed, the ponies hung along a great trough, squealing and fighting all night for remnants of food. They hung literally; a wide belt was passed under them and they were raised by it almost off their feet in order to prevent injury by kicking. Gentling and training a horse never seemed to occur to anybody. One had to be really tired to sleep in these places, for the stable shed was placed as near as possible to the men's quarters.

One covered only about thirty-three miles a day — more with foreign horses. In the hot season we broke camp at three in the morning, getting well started usually by five. Between eleven and two we rested and then took a shorter march in the afternoon. By dark everyone was enjoying as much sleep as the cleanliness of his lodging allowed.

One night we lodged in a village off the main road, at the house of a young friend of the officer who rode with me. The friend was marrying that day, but he gave us the first use of his new dwelling, fresh and spotless, while he remained at his father's house for as long as we should stay. We had hardly entered before the courtyard and outer rooms were filled with the usual crowd of gossipers. Some wanted remedies for their troubles, some wanted only to see the foreigner, to feel his clothes, examine the queer things he brought, and hear his uncouth voice and talk.

They were not quite sure that my officer was not also a foreigner, for he wore a uniform unlike the native dress. Some were so positive that he was not a native that they could not even understand him, and commented on the similarity of American words to good Korean. "It sounds," they said, "exactly as if he were asking us to go out and leave the great man in peace" — which was precisely what he was saying to them in their own tongue, not in English.

We were rescued by a messenger from the bridegroom's father, who asked us to come to his house, for he had dancing girls there and strolling players. Accompanied by all the villagers who were not already collected for the wedding feast (for all the world like the description in the Gospels) we were met at the door by father and son, with deep genuflections, and given broad sitting cushions on the polished floor, a stiff pillow to lean on, and each a small table piled high with food. Then we watched the tumblers and dancers and the native plays, the plots of which always ended happily, virtue being rewarded.

I always used occasions like this wedding feast to talk over Korea's affairs very loudly and publicly so that all might hear — guests, dancers, servants — and so that the conversation might be spread throughout the countryside.

Korean Bandit

The men were fatalistic with the weight of centuries. In talking about Korea's precarious situation as a spoil of either Japan or Russia, they always said, "There is nothing we can do about it." I always insisted that there was a remedy, and they would answer that things were all right with me: my position was very different and nobody could harm me. Events proved that their pessimism was perfectly justified. There was no particle of use in struggling against the inertia of Korea, set between the upper and nether millstones of Japan and Russia.

We left with the setting of a glorious moon for our next night's destination, accompanied to the edge of the village by the musicians and a rabble of townspeople, each trying to thrust himself through the crowd with some graceful phrase of farewell or good wishes. Our horses were well fed and fresh; our servants much the worse for the wedding hospitality, but very happy and very noisy.

Our straggling train gave us something of the appearance of a widow's wedding. A village widow in Korea belongs to anyone who can take and keep her. Often she becomes the center of a rough game played between villagers, not for her sake but for sport. Some group of young boys, hearing of a passable widow in a village farther on up the road, sets out with musicians and sling throwers to capture her. Her own people are glad enough to get rid of her, but village honor demands a fight.

Sometimes it is a sham battle with a good deal of shouting and laughing; sometimes it develops into a pitched war in which the widow-chattel may be roughly handled. The girl's lot is distinctly unhappy if one of the invaders gets a good grip on her and a dozen stalwart protectors have an equally good hold on the rest of her. Both sides rain down cudgel blows on each other. When the raid is purely formal and the attack and defense prearranged between friends, she simply rides out of the village in a knot of shouting young fellows who pretend to look fierce and who are followed by a jostling group of protectors from her own party, laughing, calling ironical farewells, while the bamboo pipes shrill and the bagpipes squeal.

Our exit was something like that. The last of our new friends dropped off at the well outside the last house, where the village women came for drinking water and gossip, and where sometimes a tiger lay hidden to seize the last girl of the long line winding up the path, each with a huge jar balanced on her head. The songs of our caravan died down in the false dawn as we settled down to the road, and once more we rode through the land of the morning calm, past awakening wild things that watched us curiously and unafraid.

Eventually I was to learn that these provincial excursions of mine were to prove fatal to the success of my plans. The opposition, which at times seemed to include everyone but a few trusted lieutenants, was taking advantage of my absence to undermine whatever reforms I had been able to initiate.

Then word came over from China that the Boxers were rebelling. How would this uprising affect Korea? I didn't know, but I did know that I had better return to Seoul, the center of things. If a fire broke, it would start there.

Next month Mr. Sands' memoirs will deal with the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War in "The Death Rattle of an Empire."

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TRAVEL

Travel in Russia

by **WILLIAM C. WHITE**

WHATEVER may or may not be the truth about Soviet Russia, one thing is certain — the number of Americans who visit there is increasing each year. Soviet authorities hail this with much joy, envisioning a chance to get their share of the dollars which Americans bring abroad. They talk of building a twenty-story hotel, adding — to the amazement of the simple Soviet citizen — "a bath with each room," and — to his confusion — "with a place called a bar where the *Americantsi* can drink their national drink called '*koktaels*.'" Yet, despite the prospect of such luxurious conveniences, little information concerning actual travel conditions in Russia reaches this country.

The first requisite for travel there is a visa; it can now be obtained with more delay than difficulty at any Soviet embassy or consulate. The Montreal consulate is most convenient for preliminary negotiations. Usually several weeks must elapse before the visa is granted. However, personal application in Berlin, Paris, or London with a request that they use the telegraph can speed the process. Several tourist agencies now have connections which make the receipt of visas a mere formality.

Russia can be reached from Europe by four main routes. One is by weekly Soviet boat from London to Leningrad — a six-day journey, clean, comfortable, and cheap. There is daily air service from Berlin; the journey, costing seventy dollars, takes twenty-seven hours. In six years of operation there has not been a fatal accident. The most direct train route is Berlin-Warsaw-Moscow; the journey of forty hours costs, second class, forty dollars. Another train route, making the contrast between the cleanliness of the bourgeois West and the proletarian capital less abrupt, lies through Riga. It is ten hours longer.

Russian customs examinations are likely to be the easiest that a bearer of an American passport will find in Europe. They vary in severity, but complaints are few. Personal belongings are passed without question; there may be trouble, however, with cameras and films, silks, perfumes, and powders. If the officials insist on the payment of duty the tourist will have an opportunity to experience protectionism carried to its maddest extremes. It is inadvisable, therefore, to carry any parcels or gifts for others.

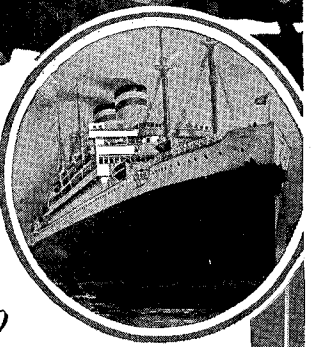
There are three first class (*à la Russe*) hotels in Moscow and numerous second, third, and fourth class. Of the three, the Savoy is to be preferred. There is little difference in price between the three — rooms cost four to seven dollars a day; rooms with baths are rare and cost twelve to fifteen dollars a day. Furnished rooms or pensions cannot be had at any price. The traveller will find the food question more complicated than the problem of rooming. The only good restaurants in the city are in the hotels, although there are many restaurants where one can go

P & A Photos

Nevsky Prospect

The Fifth Avenue of Leningrad

Rest and play en route



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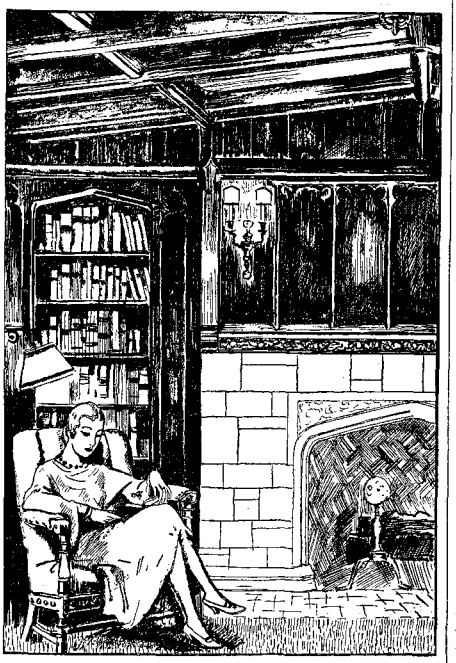
The finer things



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American and European Plans

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ATLANTIC CITY

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Travel

for "local color." It is annoying, however, to find some of the color on the plates.

Food in hotels is expensive and most Americans rapidly reach the only solution — to buy whatever is needed for breakfast in the market and to order only tea from the hotel. This is the one way to avoid a bill such as I saw last summer in the "Grand" — $3.50 for a dish of boiled fruit, two eggs, butter, toast, and "coffee." (Coffee! If you do go to Russia, take it with you.) Dinner, on the Russian timetable, comes from two to five. Table d'hôte is inexpensive and the tourist had better conform. For supper, things can be bought in the market. Here caviar costs from two to five dollars a pound. In the hotels it differs from the American variety only in freshness.

THE TRAVELER, knowing no Russian, who would see Moscow by himself will have difficulties. There are two government bureaus to help tourists — "Sovtorgflot," the Soviet "Cooks," which will furnish guides and interpreters; and "Voks," the "Society for Cultural Relations." While it is an open question whether one is "shown things," yet these institutions are better organized for showing achievements than deficiencies. Through their aid the tourist can make visits to as many hospitals, factories, and schools as he can endure, and to the Kremlin, which is opened once a week for groups.

In all questions of time and appointments the tourist should remember that the Russian word "immediately" means also "within an hour." That will save temper and misunderstanding. The tourist can visit museums, stores, and theatres with interpreters. They charge a dollar an hour. Unfortunately for summer tourists the theatres close in June and do not open until September, but the opera and the ballet begin the middle of August. Night life is almost non-existent. There are a few cabarets with "gypsies" — frightfully expensive and fourth class.

Those who wish to check up on Will Rogers' observations on the lack of bathing suits in Russia (and how many professors I have met who wished to!) will find the bathing beach by the Stone Bridge. A small boy will whistle for a policeman if the tourist stands too long.

The tourist in July will find that in a week, if not less, he has exhausted Moscow, or "Sovtorgflot" and "Voks" have exhausted him. The next city is Leningrad. There the same institutions exist to help the traveler, and prices and accommodations will be much the same.

A VISIT to Moscow and Leningrad shows as much of Russia as New York and Philadelphia show of America. Yet books have been written on Russia by those who visited only these two largest cities. However, for the sake of a broader understanding, if not for a book, the tourist would be foolish to leave Russia with a knowledge of only the two cities.

The whole train system will be a new experience. The fastest expresses (thirty-five miles an hour) carry sleeping cars. Other trains have two classes, "hard" and "soft." The wagons are divided into compartments of four, so at night one can stretch out full length and sleep comfortably — on boards in "hard" class, or cushions in "soft." Bedding can usually be secured from the conductors. Train journeys demand no great endurance.

Only the fastest trains have dining cars; on others it is well to follow the Russian custom of including a tea kettle in your kit. At every station there is a tank of boiling water. The passengers dismount, get water, buy food from the buffet or from peasant women, and go back to the compartment to breakfast, dine, or sup.

Travel is extremely cheap; "soft" class for a thousand miles costs less than twenty dollars. But there is one great difficulty. All seats are reserved on every train (except in a few crowded "hard" wagons) and cannot be booked in advance unless the station be a terminal. Therefore it is often a problem to get tickets when breaking the journey at some intermediate stop. Standing in such ticket lines and trying to continue standing is good practice for college fullbacks.

AMERICANS in Russia usually travel two routes. Either is full of interest, and the cost and time required is about the same. The first favored route is to the Volga and by boat down that river. Tourists will be surprised by the comfort, peacefulness, and cleanliness of a Volga journey. The boats are large and the accommodations in first and second class most comfortable. Everything is amazingly cheap. From Nizni Novgorod, where most travelers begin their journey (though it is more picturesque to begin at Yaroslav) to Astrakhan — 1800 miles — costs eighteen dollars, first class. Food is extra.

The boat draws into a village landing in the early evening. Little boats dart out from shore with a few villagers and the inevitable accordion or balalaika. From nowhere there swells some old song. The fourth class passengers join in. Here, at least, is Russia.

The other route is to go south by train to the Crimea, wander there amid Tartars and their vineyards, along the Russian Riviera, and then go by train or boat to the Caucasus, crossing the same Georgian road.

Yet Russia offers much more than two well-traveled routes. There are many

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Travel

boat journeys along routes where Americans are seldom seen; the Caucasus offers a thousand different possibilities. There is the Don Bas, with its concentrated industrial development, for those wishing a close-up of the factory proletariat. In any large village in Russia a carriage may be rented for as long an overland journey as one may wish, with the opportunity it offers to view peasant life at close range.

In all Russian travel it is well to remember several things. The question of safety does not have to be unduly considered. Except for the Caucasian back roads, there is no more danger than in southern France. The question of food supply, with all the population on bread cards, is far more important. For this reason and for others it is well to have as many letters from Moscow institutions as possible — the more signatures and seals there are on them, the better they are. Americans can get such letters from "Voks."

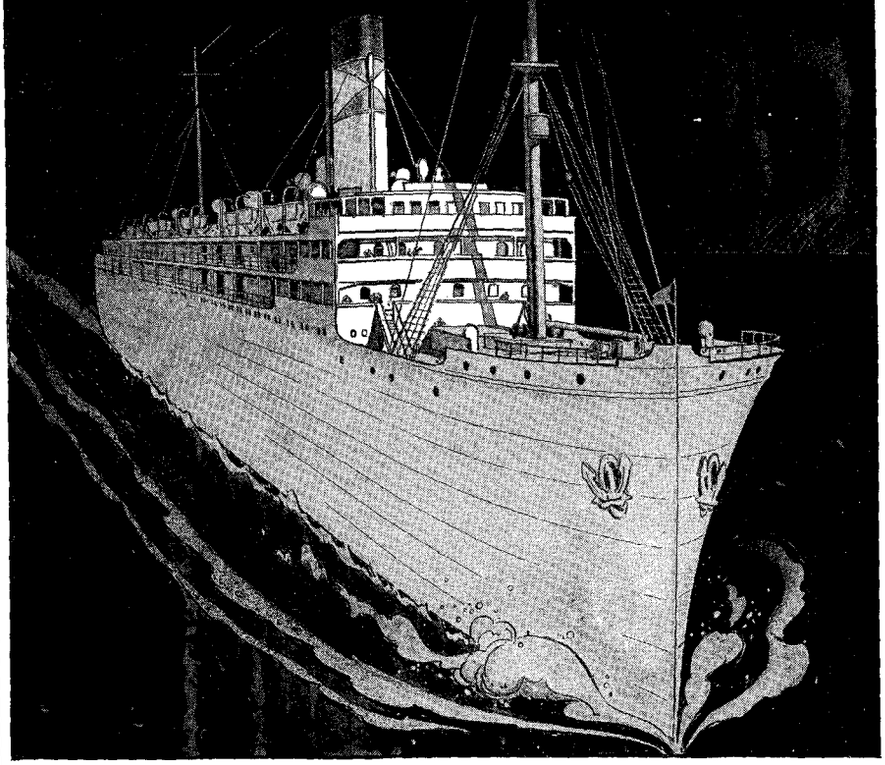
Further, when traveling in the provinces one must not expect modern hotel service. Cameras, by the way, are permitted everywhere without special permit, but cinékodak film must be developed before leaving Russia. The Russians do a good job.

Most important is the question of language. Except in Moscow little English is used. French is not spoken at all — the class who once spoke it are now speaking it in Paris. German will help a great deal; many Russians were war prisoners and many speak it for business reasons. Larger parties always take an interpreter with them. People traveling in pairs or alone must know a smattering of the Russian language.

Several American groups are operating tours to Russia. Those run by educational groups have been most successful. Tours offer the best means of following the beaten path with the minimum of disorganization. For the more adventurous Russia is open (all but Turkestan) to go where you wish. The Soviet government operates summer tours for its own people and foreigners can join them. They are very cheap, they go everywhere, but they are likely to demand a good deal of patience, endurance, good digestion, and calloused backs.

In many ways the American will find Russia far more expensive than other countries to the west. The government needs foreign money and tourists are made to contribute their share. The American who would go to Russia is advised to take plenty of money with him. Banks will eagerly accept either letters of credit or travelers' cheques. But more than money Russia needs understanding. The American is likewise urged to take plenty of that — or, rather, the will toward it.

GREAT WHITE FLEET
Caribbean Cruises



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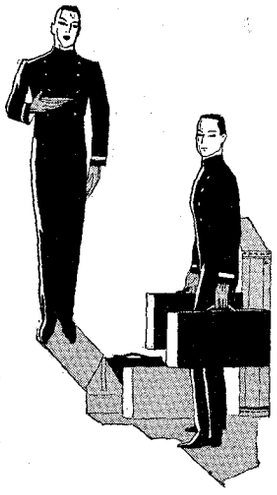

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Travel News

GLOBE-TROTTING

AMONG THE several world tours scheduled for the 1930–31 season is that of the fifth annual Floating University cruise, which will sail from New York on the *Samaria* on December third, returning June seventh. Co-educational in plan, this maritime college will divide its routine into two semesters, one during which the campus will float westward around the world to Italy, the other comprising an inland tour of Europe similar to the Grand Tour of the eighteenth century. Students may register for either or both semesters. The academic program includes lectures, recitations, and study each day at sea, as well as a series of supervised field trips in each city and port for the purpose of supplementing classroom work. Final examinations are held at the close of each semester, and those passing them may receive credit points which are acceptable at nearly all land universities. Recognized instructors from various American institutions — including Colgate, Georgetown, Washington and Lee, and the Universities of California, Montana, and Oklahoma — have already been appointed as faculty members, and others will be added later.

The President of the Floating University, and also the originator of the idea, is Dr. James E. Lough. The organization and management are conducted by the University Travel Association Inc., in coöperation with the Cunard Steamship Company and Thomas Cook and Son. The minimum all-inclusive rate for both semesters is $2485, and for the first semester alone $1850.

The *Samaria*, however, will not be exclusively a ship of scholars, for she will also serve the general public as a world cruiser. Passing down through the Caribbean, she will sail into the Pacific by means of the Panama Canal and then turn northward to pick up passengers at San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. From the Golden Gate she heads for Hawaii, then on to Japan (with inland excursions to Tokyo and Kamakura) and from there to China, Formosa, Manila, and Siam. In mid-March the boat reaches Suez, and in springtime the Riviera. On the third of April she docks at Southampton.

Still another Cunard world cruiser to sail this winter (January tenth is the date it leaves New York) is the *Franconia*. The same size as the *Samaria*, this ship will start around the globe in the opposite direction, going eastward to Europe instead of westward through the Canal. This will be the eighth successive year in which the *Franconia* has circled the globe. Ports never before included in any world cruise will be visited — Madras, Bali, Kudat, and Belawan Deli. The duration

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Travel News

of this tour is 138 days and the prices begin at $2000.

These two itineraries are those followed in general by most world cruisers. In addition to the boats named above, the following will also sail around the globe this season. (All of them depart from New York.) The *Empress of Australia* — a Canadian Pacific steamer which leaves on a 137-day tour on December second, minimum passage $2000; the *Belgenland* — a Red Star ship whose cruise will last 134 days, with a price of $1750 and upward; the *Resolute* — a Hamburg-American liner leaving on January sixth, price $2000; and the *Columbus* — a North German Lloyd boat under charter to Raymond and Whitcomb, starting a 107-day cruise on January twenty-first at a minimum price of $2000.

The Dollar Steamship Line also operates a round-the-world passenger service on a regular schedule throughout the entire year. To provide fortnightly sailings, the service of eight ships is required, all of which are named after ex-Presidents of the United States. Liberal stopovers are allowed, so that those wishing to make a more comprehensive tour may leave the boat at any port of call for an extended visit into the interiors of the different countries, later joining a sister ship which offers the same accommodations. The shore excursions are planned and managed by the American Express Company.

Not a world tour but nevertheless one which will be attractive to many travelers is the Cunard Line's Great African Cruise. "Eighty-eight days of sunshine in the world's most healthy climate" is the inducement here. The ship is the *Transylvania*, widely and favorably known as a cruise liner, and it leaves New York on January seventeenth to return on the twenty-fourth of April. The itinerary includes Trinidad, ports in South America (Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires), Capetown, Durban, Mozambique, Zanzibar, Aden, Port Sudan, and Alexandria. Naples, Monaco, and Gibraltar are also visited. Those who wish to stop over in Europe are provided with return transportation to New York without additional cost up to December thirty-first, 1931. The price for this cruise is $1450 and up, round trip.

For those whose time is more limited the following shorter cruises may be of interest: a 91-day tour of the Pacific on the Matson liner, *Malolo* — $1500 up; a round-South America cruise on the *City of Los Angeles*, a Los Angeles Steamship boat with rates at $1050 up. There are, of course, numerous West Indian and Mediterranean tours at frequent intervals. The Mediterranean tours vary in length from 73 to 46 days and in price from $1000 to $695. They sail during the months of January, February, and March.

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Kruger National Park—a five-million acre natural "Zoo" where roam more than 250,000 head of Africa's varied big game.

Durban, "Siren City", on the Indian Ocean, where East meets West, and bordering Zululand with its native kraals, quaint customs, and weird tribal ceremonies.

Oudtshoorn, land of the preening ostrich and the Cango Caves, eerie chambers filled with nature's fantastic sculptures.

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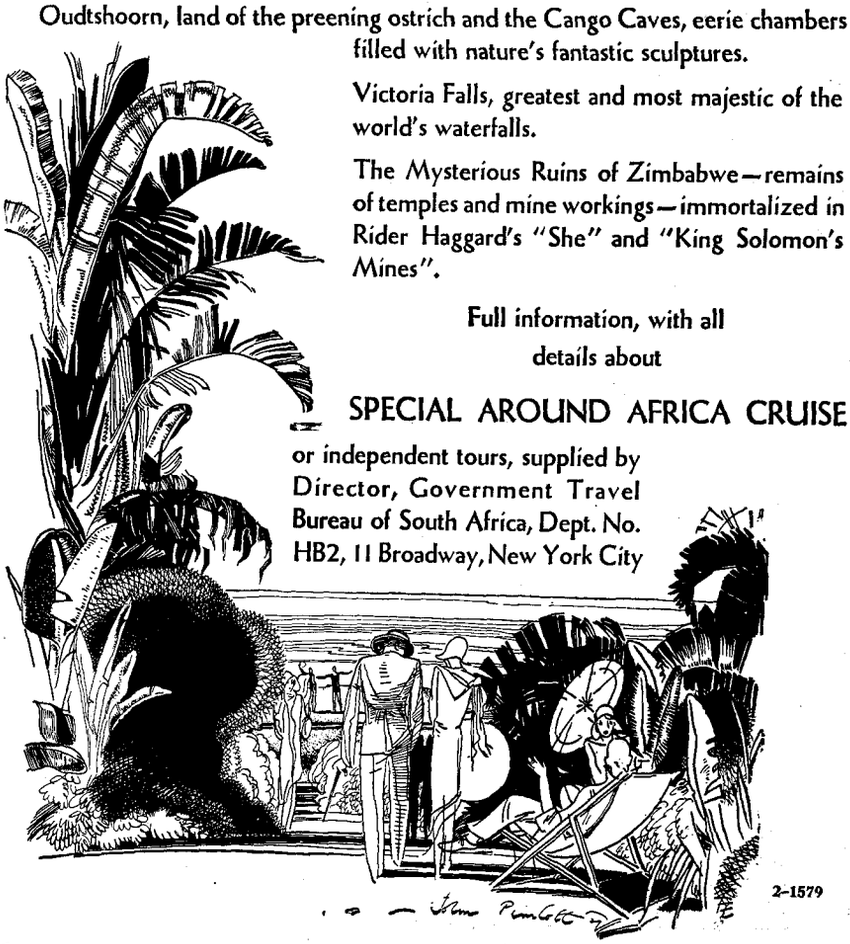

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Old Testament Ethics

To the Editor:

THE FORUM might do much better than permit a newspaper man, an observer of Big Business, to overstep his assigned task and suddenly blossom into an expert in Biblical studies and, with the flourish and rhetoric so peculiar to the tyro in Biblical studies, proceed to establish a thesis on the basis of hand-picked, random illustrations. John T. Flynn doesn't know the Old Testament. I have reference to his article "God's Gold" in the July FORUM.

Listen to Flynn: "and the ethics of the Old Testament are bad ethics . . . don't know a worse collection of heroes to hold up for the imitation of the young than those early Hebrew gentlemen. . . ."

Thus his sweeping condemnations: all Old Testament ethics are bad; its followers, Jews and non-Jews, must necessarily be unethical; Big Business is unethical because it was raised on Old Testament ethics.

I just wonder how much of the Old Testament was really studied by the financial magnates of this era. But let us leave this to their biographers.

One of the permanent values of the Old Testament is that no character is whitewashed. None are presented as saints. The Bible condemns evil in any man and gives praise where due. The whole of Israel is reproved constantly by sage and prophet when so deserving. The fact that the Bible gives the life incidents of a character does not necessarily stamp each one of them as praiseworthy.

Did Big Business really burn the midnight oil on Abraham's lying to save his wife, or on Jacob's deception to escape Laban's craftiness? It likewise happens that it is the Old Testament, in the Decalogue, that condemns stealing and murder (Ex. Ch. 20). It is the Old Testament that enjoins mercy and kindness to widow and orphan and the indigent. Possibly Big Business hadn't heard of Deuteronomic laws enjoining "perfect and just weights and measures."

RABBI NATHAN KOLLIN

Ottawa, Canada

Less Tabasco, Please

To the Editor:

I am taking your time and my own to go farther than to say that I like THE FORUM. I have a grandson whose notion of a good dinner is to have his plate ringed round with bottles of catsup, Worcestershire sauce, and various relishes. Personally I can get along without much tabasco. I am not for ruling out Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, or even that bad boy from Baltimore, but I confess that I do not care to have them hold the floor all the time.

I look back to the good old days when Stenson was astride Modestine looking at life slowly and reporting charmingly, when Aldrich and Howells and the humanists could comment without chagrin or apology. And in spite of an eminent authority, who said only yesterday that the movies give us a true picture of contemporary life, I choose to think otherwise.

I wish our magazine editors would do more than any of them are doing now, as I see it, to catch and preserve some of these more idealistic moods of our modern world. The robots are going to get us soon enough anyway. Now that you have merged with *The Century*, I should think you would have good excuse for giving us, if not less catsup, at least more plain, solid food, with now and then a draught from some Sabine farm. But in any event, I'll continue to pull my chair up to the FORUM counter and hope for the best.

JAMES ALLEN GEISSINGER

Balboa, Calif.

Coolidge Had His Hands Full

To the Editor:

In your August issue Edward Campbell Aswell elaborates a pretty severe indictment of this country during the past decade as personified in the Coolidge administration. He seems to feel that the United States has failed in its duty to produce an outstanding leader as its President.

A national leader in any country, regardless of circumstances and without respect to the dominant position or obscurity of that country, is a matter of luck. History shows that such great chiefs in any particular land are apt to arise not oftener than once in a generation. We had such a man in Roosevelt, and by the law of averages it is rather soon to expect another. Mr. Aswell condemns Coolidge for not being a Washington, a Jefferson, or a Lincoln; but such men cannot be made to order, nor can a man make himself one offhand.

Even though Coolidge is hardly likely to go down in history as a brilliant President, certain factors should be taken into consideration in fairness to him. He held office during the period when the world was trying to find itself, after the greatest upheaval of modern times. Since modern civilization is more elaborately organized than previous ones were, it is more greatly upset by disturbances; hence, in proportion, the World War can probably be said to be the greatest economic and political tumult of history.

Certainly, in the aftermath, the chief executive of a leading nation is warranted in proceeding with caution. In some respects the post-war situation has been a more difficult one than the war itself; for there has been lacking the unanimity of effort that motivated the nation in war. On the side not touched by Mr. Aswell, it may be remarked that there are times when a captain does well by no more than keeping his ship off the rocks.

P. H. WARD

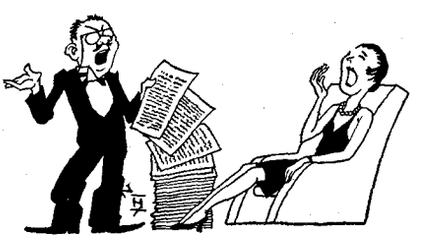
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor:

Please convey to Mr. E. C. Aswell my sincere appreciation of his remarkable article on "Coolidge and the Do-nothing Decade." His penetrating vision has given us a clear statement of the fatal slump through which we are passing.

WILLIAM A. WOOD

Framingham, Mass.



Revamping the Home

To the Editor:

"A Home-cure for Boredom" by Maude Dutton Lynch in the July issue is a keynote article pointing out the dire need of reconstructing home environment for the youth of this country. It should be read by every mature person, and especially by young couples just starting married life in "deficiency" suites where the breakfast eggs, toast, and coffee can be served from the electric range without having to get out of bed.

EUGENE P. HIGBEE

Cleveland, O.

He Thrives on Agnosticism

To the Editor:

In the Rostrum for August a dissatisfied reader deplores the lack of Christian articles in your series of "Living Philosophies" and asks to be given "something besides a diet of agnosticism."

I do not believe a great many readers are dissatisfied with the series. By all means let us hear from the thinkers. Salvation is won in no other way. The agnostic's position is usually more tolerant and honest than the religionist's. He doesn't know and admits it. On the other

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Should the Railroads Merge?

AT last, this important national topic is thoroughly covered in a complete, most enlightening article in the October issue of WORLD'S WORK. It is one awaited by leaders of industry — an illuminating discussion that railroad executives themselves had long hoped this author would give them.

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Dr. Ripley, Professor of Political Economy at Harvard, student and writer, has long been recognized as the country's outstanding lay authority on railroads. His close association with and for the government on railroad matters, as well as his vigorous study and writings on the subject make his article one that every business executive should read.

By all means be sure to reserve a copy of the October issue of WORLD'S WORK from your newsdealer. Or still better, use the special introductory coupon below which will bring you the next six big issues for only $1.00 — HALF PRICE.

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THIS FREEDOM — FOR THE PHILIPPINES by Sherwood Eddy. An intimate and sympathetic study of the how and why of eventual independence for the islands.

BRANCH BANKS AND BANKING by Johnson Heywood, formerly of Spencer Trask. Mr. Heywood with the experience of years behind him, points out the immense advantages of branch banking in making money available when and where it is most needed with the least red tape.

THE ATHEIST CRUSADE IN RUSSIA by Maurice Hindus. Mr. Hindus, himself a Russian, returns from a visit to his home town to tell what he has found there. Sympathetic with the people but not with their governmental methods, Mr. Hindus paints a splendid picture of the Russian and his present religious difficulties.

MARTIN JOHNSON writes from Africa of his explorations into the land of pygmy people and animals, which, prior to his coming, had never known the sight of a white man.

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Our Rostrum

hand, the religionist doesn't know and while not admitting it seeks to explain his religion from that standpoint. That Christianity gets such a slim representation is not the fault of Christianity but its modern interpretation. Stereotyped and hopelessly material, it rises no higher than man-made creeds and laws of state.

J. Howard Taylor

Perryman, Md.

Are Our Credos Adequate?

To the Editor:

Your vital series of "Living Philsophies" sends me in haste each month to secure my copy of The Forum. There is nothing more interesting than the philosophy of eminent living people who are adjusting themselves to life in this age of disillusionment and doubt. How reconcile the facts of modern science with a belief in something greater than ourselves, and create a faith that will not outrage reason?

So far most of the life philosophies you have published are singularly free from any belief in orthodox religion, and this fact alone has been worth discovering. One notices, however, a feeling of aloofness to mankind in its humanitarian aspects, such as moved the heart of Christ to teach the love of our fellow men, no matter how humble. This was one of the motives that made life worth while.

William R. Watson

Montreal, Canada

[Editor's Note: — *Among the credos still to be published are those of Irwin Edman, Lewis Mumford, Hu Shih, and Joseph Wood Krutch. Perhaps in some of these will be found the quality which Mr. Watson has felt lacking in their predecessors.*]

The Chair of Evil

To the Editor:

Until I read "The Chair of Evil" [August Forum], I had the impression that good and evil were generally understood to be relative rather than absolute terms, as the participants in the dialogue so naïvely assume. Even then the only definition of evil achieved is the vague "it is what we all are until we approach goodness by work, faith, courage, and an honorable mind."

All in all, this is the most ridiculous and puerile discussion of the problem of good and evil I have read since I ceased attending Sunday school.

Harry M. Newkirk

Hollis, N. Y.

Christian Minds

To the Editor:

In your editorial note attached to a letter in Our Rostrum in the August Forum you allow the inference that the Christian view of life is held more generally by men of inferior calibre than by "the outstanding thinkers of our time" to stand as a challenge to your readers. I accept that challenge and suggest the names of several who have first class minds, of whom you might request credos.

Professor W. E. Hocking of Harvard University. His latest book, *Types of Philosophy*, contains a Confessio Fidei.

Professor Douglass MacIntosh, of Yale University, whose book *The Reasonableness of Christianity* won the $6000 Bross prize.

Professor H. N. Wieman, of Chicago University, whose books, including *The Wrestle of Religion with Truth*, have had a wide reading.

To go abroad, as you have done, but to Christian thinkers instead of those who do not hold that viewpoint, why not try Miguel de Unamuno, one of Spain's greatest and most popular literary figures? Did you ever hear of Dr. Adolph Deissman of Berlin? Is his Christian mind inferior?

Gordon Poteat

Denver, Colo.

You May Speak Freely

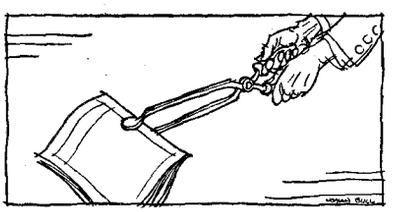
To the Editor:

I'm for The Forum and its policies. It was "Our Rostrum" that corralled my subscription and will keep it as long as it wants while the present policy continues. I think we are living in a glorious age when we can voice our beliefs and disbeliefs without fear of dungeons, racks, and torches, and a magazine that publishes liberal literature such as "What I Believe" and "Our Rostrum" deserves all the support that the liberal thinkers of the nation can give it.

I'd like to ask the Reverend Marcus L. Bach [August Rostrum] if he'd like a return to the good old days when he and his kind could completely silence dissenters à la Torquemada. For fifteen centuries or more God's self-appointed controlled the common conscience — and with what result? Burnings, tortures, racks, dungeons. Is there recorded in history any such barbarisms chargeable to the rationalists? If so, I don't know them.

R. A. Taafe

Leesburg, Fla.



That Blackman Story

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber to The Forum for a number of years, and it is about time that I wrote you expressing the enjoyment and benefit that I have derived from it.

The articles are invariably pertinent, intelligent, interesting, and stimulating, and the stories not infrequently brilliant. The work you are doing in discovering new writers is in itself praiseworthy in the extreme.

What finally aroused me from my lethargy and induced me to write to you was the "Bad Blood and Naughty Words" caption in the last Rostrum, under which were listed several letters pummelling the magazine for allowing good, staunch Anglo-Saxon expressions to creep into print.

Is it not curious that these conscientious objectors invariably are not prudes? And that, further, they always are familiar with all the naughty words in our and several other languages; but that they are very, very solicitous of weaker mortals?

I'm always reminded of the remark reputed to have been made in the New York Legislature by the irrepressible Jimmy Walker to the effect that he has yet to meet someone ruined by a book!

W. C. Broadgate

Cleator, Ariz.

To the Editor:

I was greatly surprised to read in the August Forum several letters condemning the story *Bad Blood*, by M. C. Blackman, which appeared in the June issue of your magazine. I did not suppose that The Forum was widely read by people of so little imagination.

The facts which the story portrays are certainly unwholesome and the language used in the portrayal is revolting, but what more effective means could there be of rousing our indignation against injustice, bestiality, and brutality than by merely painting their portrait? This Mr. Blackman has done skillfully and artistically, and the effectiveness of his method is attested by the fact that some of his readers are ready to decapitate the Editor of The Forum for even printing the story.

Florence Emily Cain

Deland, Fla.

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The Wets Give Me a Pain in the Neck

by ARTHUR BRIGGS

A bold departure from the current fashion in magazine and newspaper editorial policies, this article is a straightforward and logical argument, in the best FORUM manner. The drys will find much to admire in Mr. Briggs' sentiments—and the wets will find material for reflection in his array of facts. Both camps will delight in his outspoken comments on wet hypocrisy, in the November issue of FORUM and Century.

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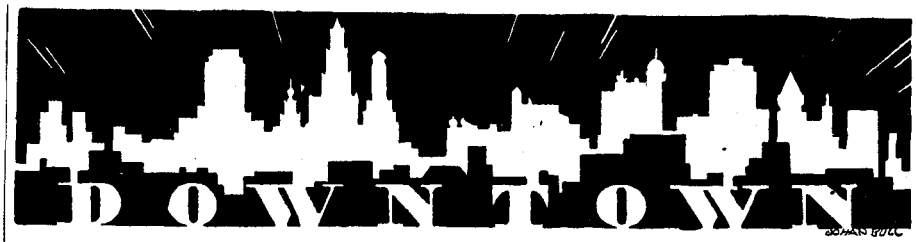

Forecasting the Future

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

THERE IS no better way of forecasting the future than on the basis of past experience, whether the application be made to business, finance, or matters of ethics. Experience need not have been derived at first hand in order to teach its lesson. The science of economics, and its applied branch in the field of finance, is but the accumulation of experience.

As Disraeli once observed, "Experience is the child of thought and thought the child of action." And this year a banker whose opinion is valued most highly in the business world, Otto H. Kahn, declared in respect to the pessimism that accompanied the depression in business, "We have been through similar periods of test and trial before, and the best guide for forecasting America's future is America's past."

That business will emerge from the current depression eventually may be taken for granted and needs no discussion here. The real question for the investor is how to translate experience into action. In the last forty-five years business activity has proceeded with a fair degree of regularity in cycles of about forty months, measuring from peak to peak, or from the valley of one depression to the next. The intensity, or degree of activity, of each cycle has varied considerably, but the undulations have been marked and their historical sequence could doubtless be traced back for many decades further, were statistics available.

It is only within the past two or three decades that business has emerged from its old fashioned air of secrecy to the point where elaborate statistical records of all kinds of business are available. While President Hoover was Secretary of the Department of Commerce he greatly broadened the access to statistics of business performance.

The records of the last forty-five years show that the longest of the industrial cycles, measuring from valley to valley, has been slightly over four and one-third years, while the shortest of the cycles has been about two and one-half years. The last dip in the business cycle reached its climax in December 1927, the climax of a year of industrial activity of which the most striking feature was the closing of the Ford Motor plants for seven months. On the basis of past experience we may reasonably look forward to a beginning of the upward turn any time in the next twelve months, if the low point was not actually established last July.

COMMODITY PRICE MOVEMENTS

EXPERIENCE, furthermore, teaches us that the decline in commodity prices, which has been the outstanding characteristic of the current depression, is nothing fundamentally new. Even though some commodities are selling or have sold far below the cost of production — notably sugar and wheat — we may safely conclude, upon the basis of experience, that the pendulum eventually will swing the other way. The trough of a wave never reaches to the bottom of the ocean. Commodity prices in general follow fairly clearly defined cycles which have been charted by economists over a period of more than a century.

But unlike the cycle of business activity, or productivity, the cyclical movements in prices have come in great tides. On every tide, however, there are surface waves, which the day-to-day and month-to-month fluctuations in commodity prices strongly resemble. Three great tidal waves of commodity prices have been charted in the past 130 years. The peak of the first was reached about 1814, the second about 1865, and the third in 1920. Note, if you please, the coincidence of these three great periods of inflation with great wars. The first period of inflation was unmistakably connected with the Napoleonic Wars in Europe and our own little war with Great Britain in 1812. The second coincided with the Civil War in this country. And the third was the aftermath of the World War.

(The causes of these movements have been discussed in these columns previously: they may be stated briefly as being the result of enormous war demand for materials, enormous expansion in national debts, and currency inflation.)

After each of these great tidal waves of price advances came deflation, continuing for a period of thirty years. Study and analysis of this historical precedent has been widespread this year, yielding frequently the gloomy forecast that if

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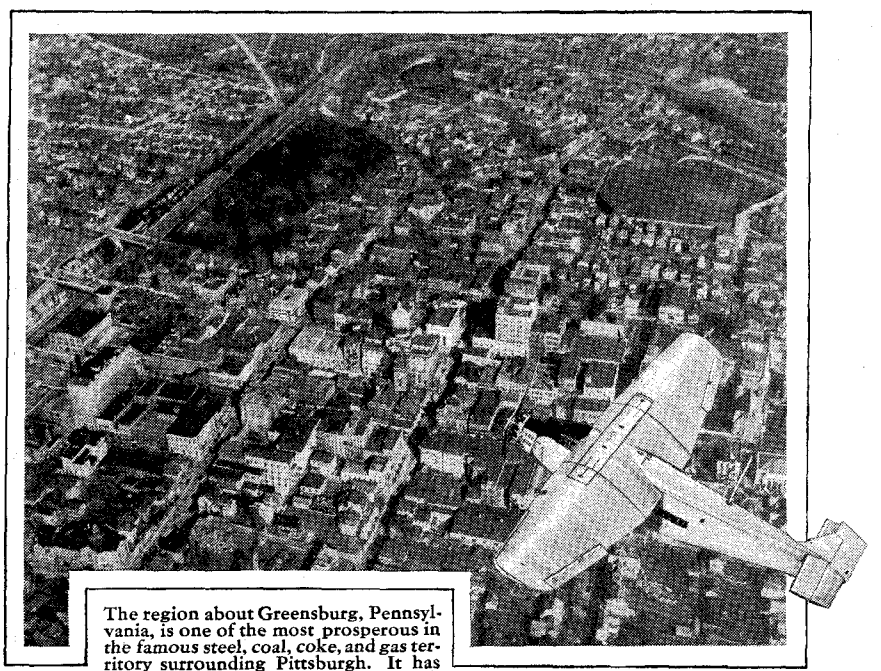

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precedent is to be followed in this case we shall not see the lows until 1950. This rather overlooks the point that the most violent period of price deflation occurred in the twelve years immediately following the establishment of the high water mark of the price level. The fact is that about 90 per cent of the total price decline in the thirty-year downward trend was accomplished in the twelve years immediately after the inflation peak. Thereafter commodity price declines were not a major factor in the business situation.

In view of the terrific decline in prices in this country since 1920 there is every reason to believe that this is the situation today. It is possible that commodity prices may decline for some years to come, judging by experience, but it is also probable that the declines from now on will be more gradual and cause a minimum of disturbance to business, economic, and social conditions.

LOOKING AHEAD

EXPERIENCE shows — and so obviously as to seem almost to admit no controversy — that stocks rise and fall in rhythmical movements. Yet it was only a year ago that the "new era" school was convincing thousands that the business cycle was a thing of the past, particularly as it applied to stock market trends. Now, however, stocks have taken a terrific downward turn, in line with the usual phenomena of the business cycle. It is not yet certain that the lowest points of the current movement have been established, although probably that is the case when viewed in the aggregate.

Now the superficial student of experience must watch his step carefully. Most of those who are preparing for the next period of prosperity in the security markets are acting upon the assumption that the same stocks or groups of stocks which featured the rising markets of 1924 to 1929, the so-called Coolidge boom, will lead the next boom. That is a rule which old Mother Experience does not teach. There are stocks of successful industries in this country which to a certain extent rise and fall with the regularity of a good old fashioned pump handle in operation. But each boom is productive of certain big money makers in the stock market, while the leaders of previous booms too frequently are moving within a comparatively narrow price range. Experience fails us when it comes to the selection of the particular issues which are likely to work out most profitably, but it does indicate that leadership in one boom is not a prerequisite of leadership of the market in its following booms.

To get down to real cases: In the bullish cycle which, broadly, extended from the beginning of this century to the climax in 1906 or 1907, the railroad stocks were

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the money leaders of the market, with some of the copper mining issues running them a close second in the race for popularity. Those were the groups dear to the hearts of the speculators of that age.

After the shock of the panic of 1907 speculative activity subsided for many years, only to revive again with the outbreak of the World War. The rails continued to retain many of their friends, but the aggressive new type of hustling speculator was concentrating his attention upon the industrials. War orders spelled prosperity for many languishing industries. The spectacular jump of Bethlehem Steel from less than $40 a share in 1914, to better than $700 a share in 1917, is still vivid in the mind of investors of that day.

But it was only one of many such instances. America's shipping industry, due to restrictive legislation, among other factors, had never been profitable. The shares of such companies were the last that speculators or investors would have dreamed of buying under normal conditions about that time. On the eve of the war the stock of the International Mercantile Marine was selling at a few cents per share and a receivership was imminent. But a year or two later it was one of the most active speculative issues on the market, above $60 a share, while the preferred stock jumped from 3 to 128½.

Coincident with this prosperity which the war brought to the United States came the invention of the self-starter for automobiles, which enormously increased their popularity. Outstanding shares of the General Motors Company increased in value from $10,000,000 to more than $800,000,000, establishing a long train of individual fortunes in its wake.

But where were the railroads meanwhile? In 1917 the rails went into a decline which bordered upon a panic. Nearly one-third of the mileage of the country was operated by receivers at one time and the financial breakdown of the transportation system was so complete that the Government had to take over the operation of the carriers and lend them its credit.

THE DEPRESSION OF 1920

THEN CAME the drastic deflation of 1920. Even sound bonds shrank in value to a point where investors began to lose faith. Liberty Bonds, representing the credit of the strongest nation on earth financially, sold at 86 cents on the dollar and high grade corporation issues were enormously depreciated. But the depression passed, as all depressions have. By 1922 stocks were beginning to herald the dawn of a new day and this time the oils were the particular leaders of the market. The demand for gasoline and petroleum products had expanded enormously, but the sources of new supply of oil were not

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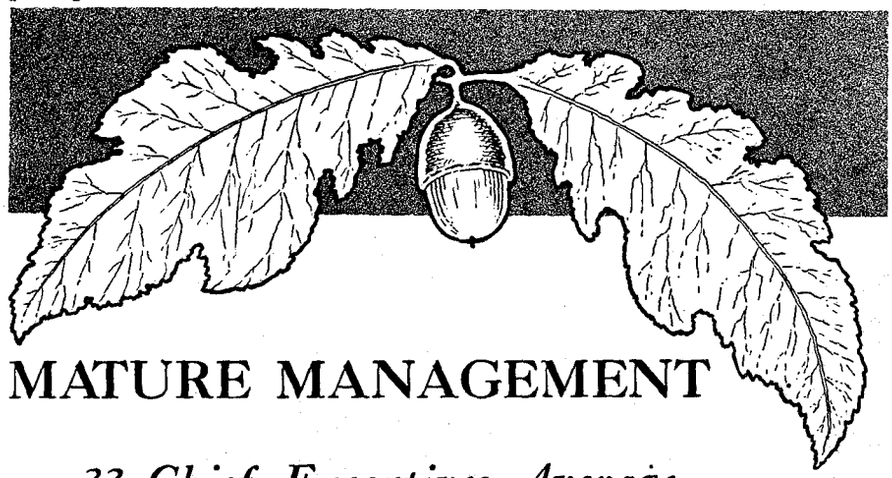

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FORUM INDEX

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Downtown

keeping pace. There was serious doubt whether there was enough oil in subterranean domes to meet the potential demand. Oils were bought because the wisest geologists were confident that the petroleum supply was nearing exhaustion.

No trader of that day can forget the scramble for shares of the Mexican Petroleum Company. Standard Oil of New Jersey soared from the equivalent of $90 a share to $250. Almost anything in the way of a reputable oil stock made money for its stockholders. At the same time an enormous demand for railroad equipment stocks sprang up. The railroads had been allowed to run down during the war and were sadly in need of rolling stock. Locomotive companies and car builders reaped a great harvest, and their stockholders reaped some extraordinary rewards in the stock market.

Following a minor reaction in 1924 the stage was set for the great bull market. But the speculative favorites this time were the public utilities and companies identified with the power and light industry from a manufacturing standpoint. Industrials in general were popular once more, but the great profit makers were mostly companies that were hardly known in the industrial lists of a decade or two before.

General Motors, realizing that their chief competitor, Henry Ford, was still offering the same old product that he turned out in 1915, took the market away from him by a shrewd policy of catering to the demand for a low-priced car of up-to-date design. Their stock was boomed from a value of about $275,000,000 in 1924 to nearly $4,000,000,000 in 1928, creating hundreds of millionaires in the process. Ford was forced to bring out a new model, which he did successfully, and he is now back in his former position dominating the market. But chemical stocks, radio manufacturing stocks, and all stocks of industries in the pioneer stages made the biggest profits, along with the utilities.

Such is the record of experience. Its chief lesson is that securities of companies engaged in pioneer industries and soundly managed are those that will probably lead the markets of the future. What the stocks will be and what the industries is anyone's guess. Some believe that the development of the natural gas industry will be the outstanding feature of the next epoch. Others stick to the aviation companies, notwithstanding that they experienced a great boom in the bull market. Others look to the profits in petroleum through the new hydrogenation process, and still others believe that the rubber and packing stocks have possibilities. Some look to industries not yet established, such as television. Unfortunately experience cannot help us much in this respect.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS OF THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

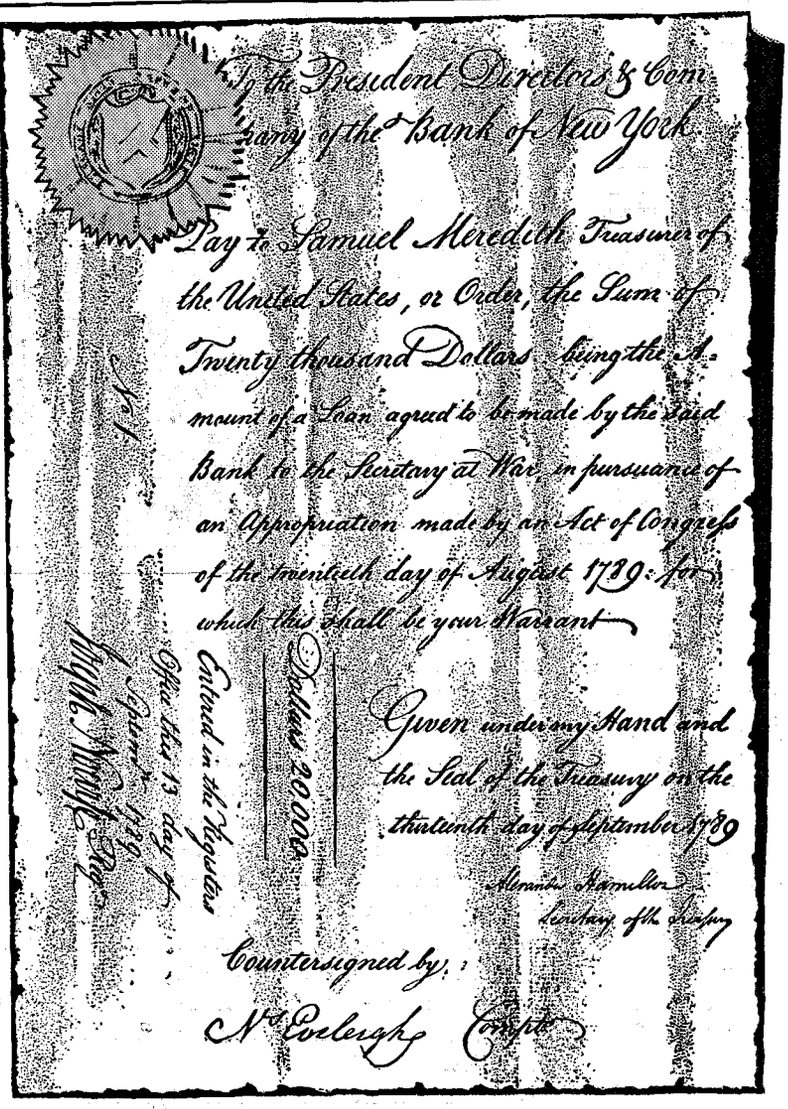
THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

Continued on next page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LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD. A convenient book for recording bond holdings — amounts, interest dates, maturities, prices, taxable status, etc. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

THE FASCINATING STORY OF WALL STREET'S GREATEST SKYSCRAPER. An illustrated booklet describing the erection of the new 70-story Manhattan Company Building, New York; and Starrett Securities which share in the ownership and profits of this building. Also contains a brief history of New York's skyscrapers from the earliest days. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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OUR MUSICAL ADOLESCENCE . . . *by Daniel Gregory Mason*
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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. We suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

THIS MONTH we repeat the challenging notice, first announced in the September issue, regarding the contest on dates. In the September, October, and November issue of THE FORUM Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells state what are, in their opinion, the most important dates in history. Read the rules on page 232 and prepare your paper. In addition to the rules given, if you are a member of a women's club please state the fact when you submit your manuscript. Should a club woman win any of the prizes offered, this page will make a special feature of it.

II

ACCORDING to Raymond Leslie Buell, the United States is not so philanthropic or so impersonal in its dealings with our island neighbors as the champions of the Monroe Doctrine would have us believe. To Mr. Buell's article in this issue of THE FORUM add the discussions suggested below.

A. THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA

The Platt Amendment — Cosme de la Torriente — *Foreign Affairs*, April 1930

Cuba's Bitter Sweet — Isaac F. Marcosson — *Saturday Evening Post*, June 7, 1930

The Crisis in Cuba — Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse — *North American Review*, July 1930

Cuba's Economic Anguish — *Literary Digest*, April 12, 1930

B. THE UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES

National Greed and the Philippines — Carter Field — FORUM, January 1930

Our Failure in the Philippines — Henry Cabot Lodge — *Harper's*, January 1930

Freeing Philippines to Tax Them — *Literary Digest*, December 28, 1929

Philippine Independence and Peace in the Pacific — Nicholas Roosevelt — *Foreign Affairs*, April 1930

The Philippines — Henry T. Allen and Manuel Roxas — *Current History*, May 1930

C. THE UNITED STATES AND PORTO RICO

What Next in Porto Rico? — Luis M. Marin — *Nation*, November 20, 1929

A Porto Rican View of American Control — Leopoldo Cuban — *Current History*, March 1930

Poor Porto Rico — *Nation*, March 12, 1930

American Difficulties in Porto Rico — Thomas E. Benner — *Foreign Affairs*, July 1930

D. THE UNITED STATES AND HAITI

Haiti Under American Control — A. C. Millspaugh — *Current History*, February 1930

Haiti After 1936 — H. P. Davis — *Outlook*, March 19, 1930

American Achievements in Haiti — R. Nelson Fuller — *Current History*, April 1930

Haiti Takes a Day in Court — A. W. Hinshaw — *World's Work*, July 1930

III

AMONG THOSE moderns who advocate sex promiscuity and unrestraint, Bertrand and Dora Russell are preeminent. In this issue of THE FORUM, a well-known physician tells why and wherein the Russells are at fault, as he sees it. We suggest two other articles along the same lines, and Mr. Russell's own book in refutation.

A. OLD FASHIONED MARRIAGE

Sex Madness — Logan Clendenning — FORUM, October 1930

A Criticism of Bertrand Russell's "New Morality" — William C. Bruce — *Current History*, March 1930

Saving Marriage by Sex Education — *Literary Digest*, February 22, 1930

B. TRIAL MARRIAGE

Marriage and Morals — Bertrand Russell — *Liveright*, $3.00

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TOASTS

As early as 1913 Albert Einstein's pre-eminence as a physicist had become so evident that a special position was created for him in Berlin — director of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Physical Institute. Previous to that he had supported himself as a teacher and examiner of patents at Berne, and later as a professor of physics in several German universities. He was given a stipend sufficient to enable him to devote all his time to research without any restrictions or routine duties. Now the whole world recognizes him as, probably, its greatest thinker, though it is doubtful that one in a million understands just what it is that he has accomplished. To most of us Einstein, the man, has been as nebulous as his theory of relativity, and it is a pleasure to be able to present this glimpse of him as a human being.

Elmer Davis

Ten years on the staff of *The New York Times* gave Elmer Davis an opportunity to view politics at close range. Though he has turned now to writing novels and special articles for magazines, he has not lost touch with the political situation. In it he sees no reason to hope for an early arrival of the millennium, if we are to take the programs of our existing political parties as measures of our progress. *Show Window*, published in 1927, held up various well-known personalities as targets for his mild cynicism. His *Giant Killer* was one of the best selling novels of 1928.

Dr. Logan Clendening lives in Kansas City because he likes it there. He admits having been married to the same wife for sixteen years, and ascribes his marital happiness to the fact that Mrs. Clendening neither bothers him with conversation about what are sometimes called his intellectual interests, nor plays the piano, nor sings at twilight. He has practiced medicine for twenty years in the city where he was born, and has also been — for the same length of time — professor of clinical medicine in the medical department of the University of Kansas. It is only recently, since the publication of his book *The Human Body* in 1927, that he has become a writer of magazine articles on subjects of general interest. He promises himself that he will give it up soon and go back to medicine exclusively.

Since 1927 Raymond Leslie Buell has been research director of the Foreign Policy Association. Prior to that time he was a member of the faculty of Harvard University, where he lectured and tutored in government, and spent a year studying conditions in Africa for the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College. He is a frequent contributor to both American and European periodicals and is also the author of *Contemporary French Politics* and a number of volumes on international relations.

Esther Forbes was born in New England and brought up on *Godey's Lady's Book* and volumes on witchcraft and demonology. Most of her life has been spent in Massachusetts, though she studied at the University of Wisconsin and lived for several years in New York and abroad. During the war she became a farmerette near Harper's Ferry and liked it so much that she went back for several harvests after the war was over. Then she joined the editorial staff of Houghton Mifflin. "That was a pleasant contrast," she writes, "calling hogs one day and reading manuscripts the next. Both occupations I found most congenial." Now she is married and lives in the country near Boston, where she is working on a play and a new novel. She has already published two — *O Genteel Lady!* and *A Mirror for Witches* — which were very favorably received.

Since Will Durant last appeared in Forum pages, he has been around the world and, to quote from one of his recent letters, "learned more of my ignorance." He says, "I return humbled by the complexity of truth and all on fire to help India regain her freedom." Mr. Durant is now concentrating his efforts on *The Story of Civilization*, a four volume history which will doubtless follow in the paths of *The Story of Philosophy* and *Mansions of Philosophy* as a best seller.

Esther Forbes

Waldemar Kaempffert has been described as either a scientist with a keen imagination or a highly imaginative man with a turn for science. He has been a patent attorney, vice-president of an engineering company, has studied criminology in Vienna, has written books on the history of astronomy and the art of flying, and has been an associate editor of *The Scientific American* and editor of *Popular Science Monthly*. Now, as director of the Museum of Science and Industry, which Julius Rosenwald founded in Chicago, Mr. Kaempffert continues his studies in the application of imagination to science.

After her graduation from Vassar College, Henriette de Saussure Blanding traveled in Europe for a year prior to her marriage in 1914. She is now living in the Santa Clara Valley in California and writing verse in the few intervals afforded by the upbringing of three daughters and a son. After the war she went to Zurich to study analytical psychology under Dr. Carl Jung. Although she has not yet had a book of verse published, her poems have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and other periodicals.

Not all the many years during which William Franklin Sands served in the diplomatic corps were spent in Korea. President Taft sent him to Panama at the time of the construction of the Canal to negotiate the union of the offices of Minister to the Republic and Governor of the Canal Zone, in the interest of efficiency in carrying out the great work. There were years in Europe as well. It was surprising, comments Mr. Sands, "to have gone from America into the heart of the old civilizations, into the remains of feudal Europe, into old Asia . . . Indian Central America, and Mexico, and to have come out to find old fashioned Lenin and Trotzky still working at the ideal Republic of Plato."

Born in Wales and educated in France, R. Le Clerc Phillips has lived for the past ten years in New York. During the greater part of this time she has written for the magazines, and for over five years was a steady and voluminous contributor to *The New York Times*. For two years she was on the editorial staff of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. She says, "Although many people, I suppose, would consider such work very dry, I can scarcely imagine any more thrilling."

Having already established himself as a diplomat, scholar, philosopher, poet, and critic of international affairs, Salvador de Madariaga appears now in a new guise. He has written a book called *Sir Bob*, just published in this country — one of those double-edged books which purport to be nothing but nonsense for children and prove to be sound sense for adults if anyone takes the trouble to dig under the surface. In his more dignified moments Señor Madariaga lectures at Oxford.

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